A

CHILD'S HISTORY

OF

GREECE.

BY JOHN BONNER,
AUTHOR OF "A CHILD'S HISTORY OF ROME," &C.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS.

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A

CHILD'S HISTORY OF GREECE.

CHAPTER XXIX.

PERICLES.

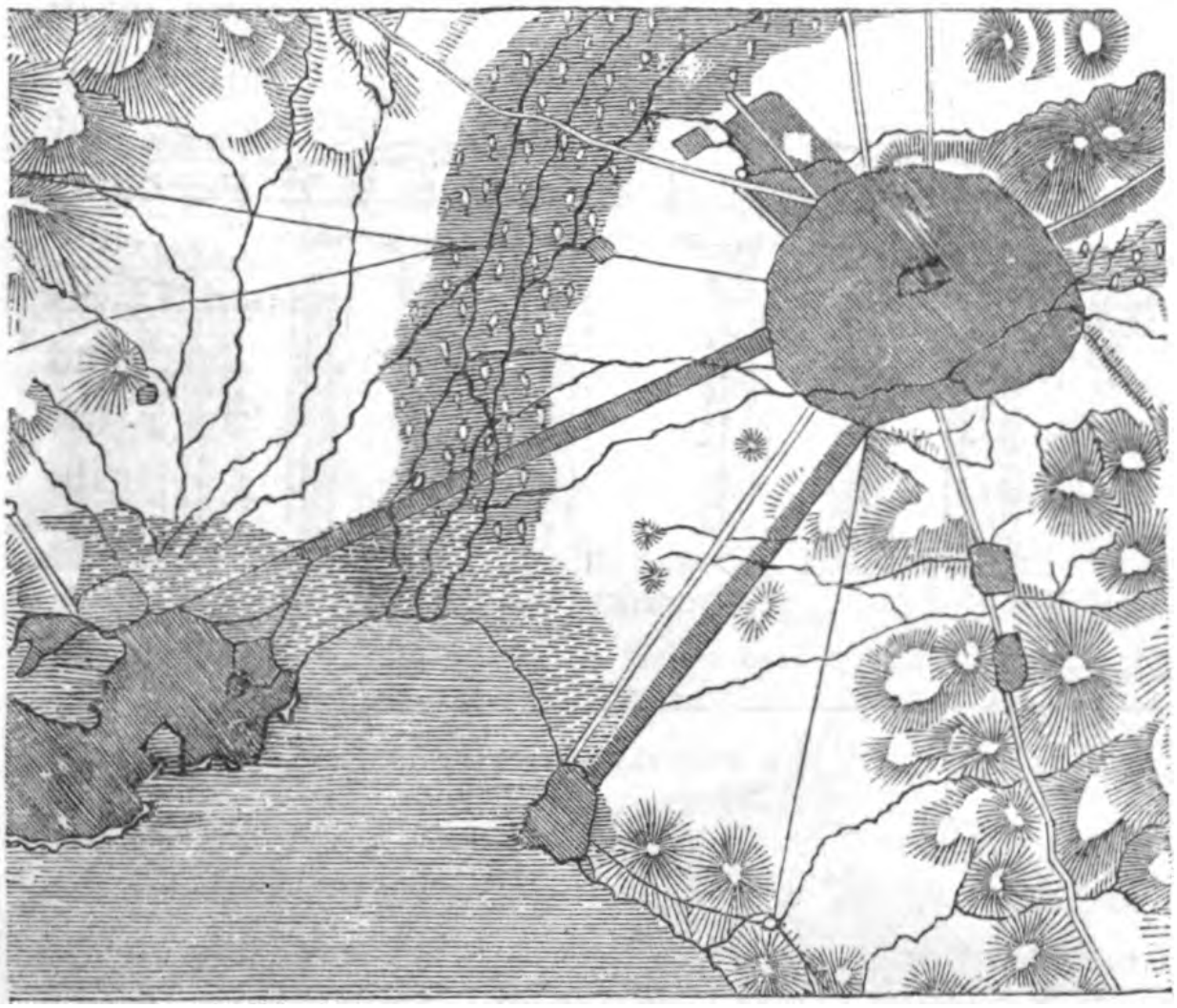
TRUCE or no truce, the Athenians and Spartans could not be friends. So when the Phocians and the Delphians went to war to decide which of the two were to own the oracle at Delphi—it was a profitable concern, and brought in a fine income to its owners—the Spartans took one side and the Athenians the other, and thus kept up their old feud. This matter settled, the Athenians having carried their point, the Spartans next stirred up the Bœotian towns to revolt against Athens. Pericles was making ready to lead an army against them, when off started from Athens a thousand hot-headed youths, who said they would settle the matter without help from any one. They got as far as Cheronea, and made short work of the Bœotians there, but on marching away from thence, they were set upon at night by a great Bœotian army, and all killed or made prisoners.

Next, up rose against Athens the islanders of Eubœa, a rich and industrious people, who had always been friends of the Athenians, but were now dis-

posed to take sides with Sparta. Pericles set off in great haste, landed on the island, put down the Eubœans, and placed matters on their old footing; but he had scarcely finished the work when the Spartans came trooping over into Attica, the five years' truce being ended, and laid siege to Eleusis. It was all that Pericles could do to race back home and make ready to defend the city. He got rid of the Spartans—we hardly know how; probably by bribing the leaders, which was the cheapest and easiest plan—and being weary of all these squabbles and petty wars, and having great plans of his own to execute which required peace and tranquillity, he agreed to a peace with Sparta which was to last thirty years.

He had some time before added greatly to the strength of Athens by building long walls from the city to the sea-port, which were some four miles apart from each other. He built them tall and strong, as their foundations show to this day, and so secured forever a safe way between the city and the ships.

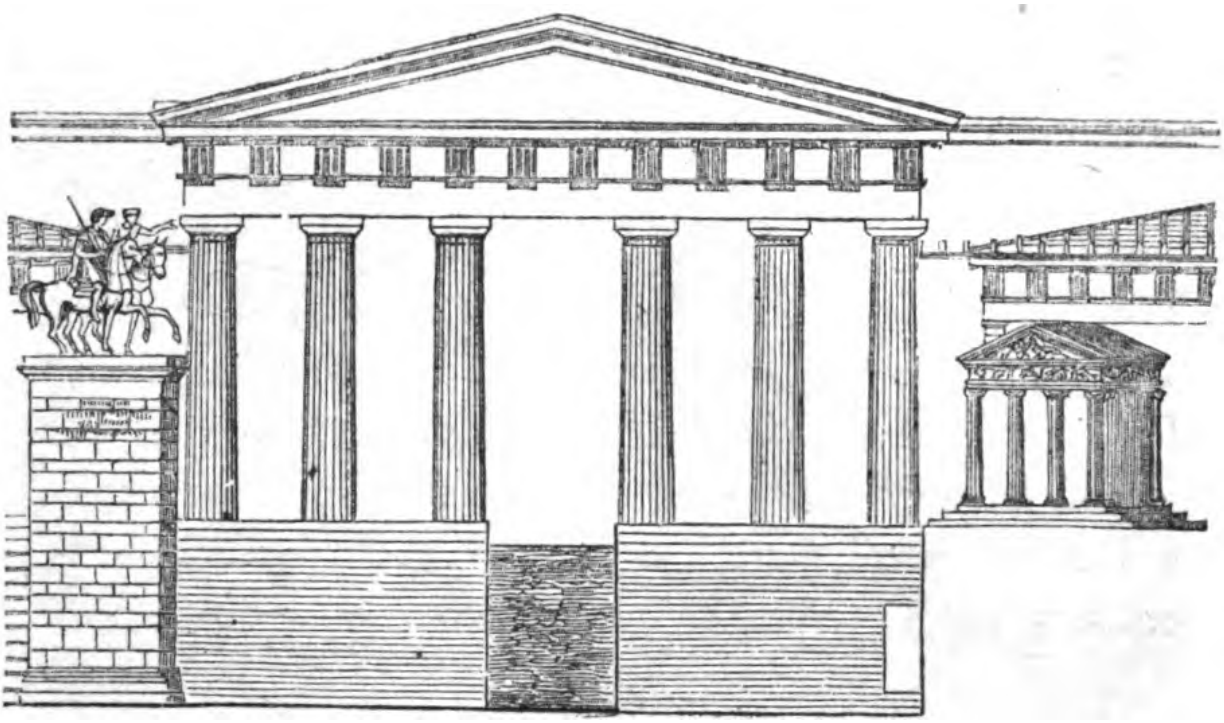
He now determined to beautify as well as strengthen Athens, and for this purpose he took from Delos the money belonging to the great league between Athens and her allies. The nobles' party made a fine handle of this act of his, and accused him of robbing the allies of Athens—very justly, too, I am afraid; but the people being very anxious to see their city improved, and Pericles protesting that the greater the fame of Athens was the safer her friends would be, the money was taken, and Pericles carried his point.



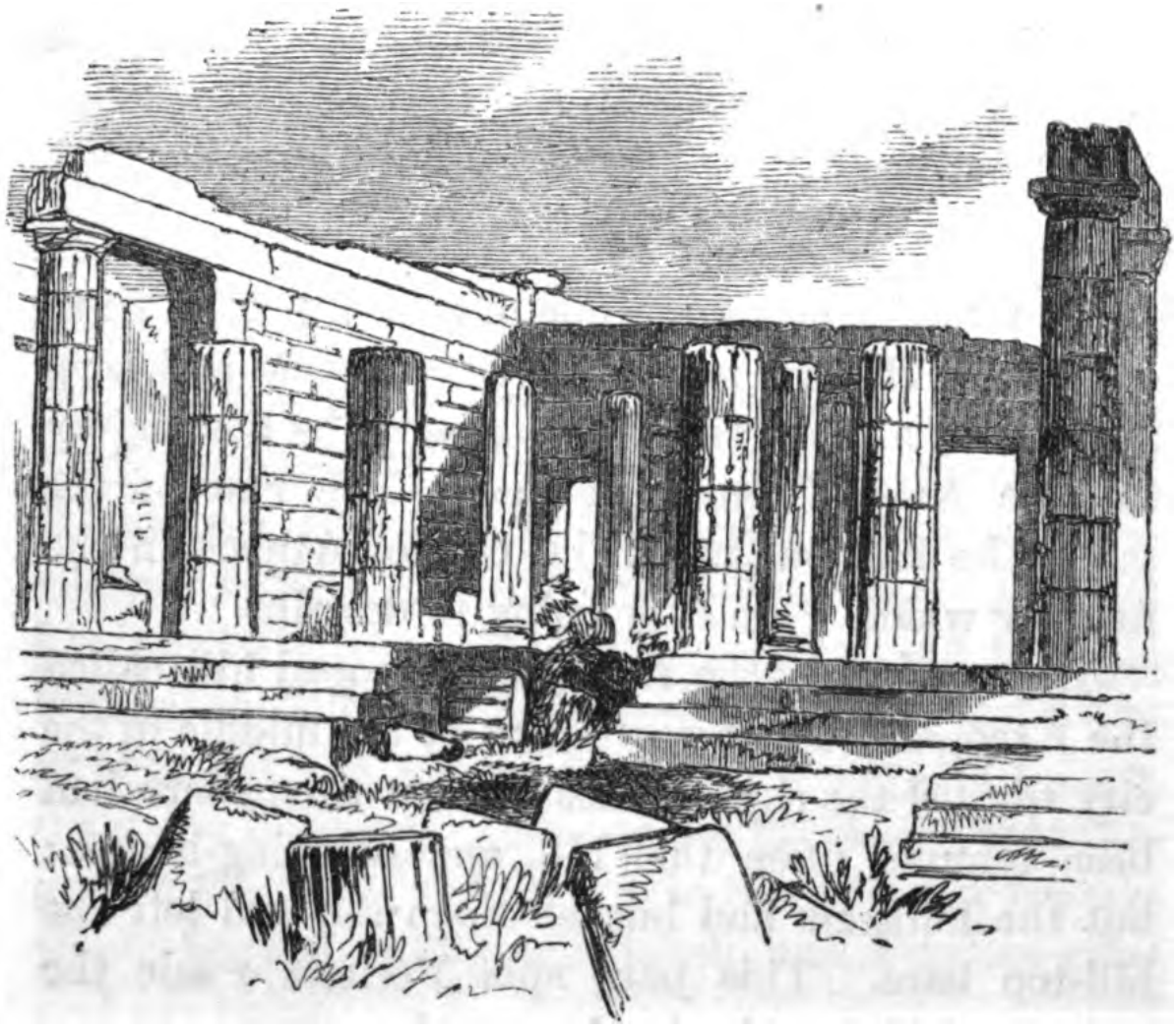
ATHENS AND ITS PORT TOWNS.

He set aside two sums, one to keep a fleet of sixty sail in the Ægean, to protect Greek trade and keep the Persians quiet, the other to serve as a stand-by in case Athens were attacked. The rest of the money he laid out upon the city of Athens in the manner which I am now going to describe.

You remember the tall, square-topped hill called the Acropolis, which soared out of the middle of the city toward the sky. Once upon a time there had been temples upon this hill, and dwelling-houses; but the Persians had burned them all, and left the hill-top bare. This bare spot Pericles made the most magnificent site in the world.

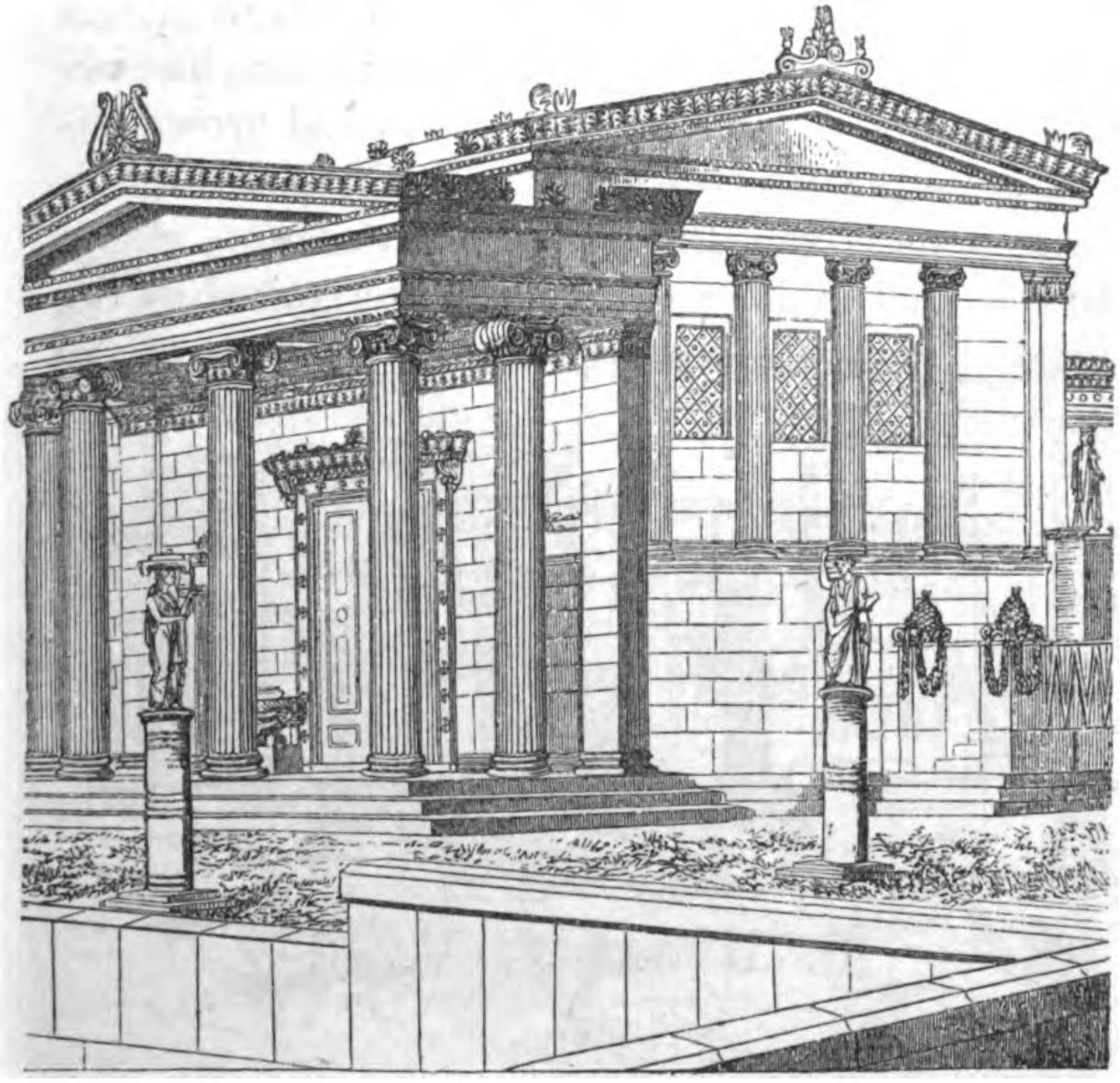


THE PROPYLÆA AS IT WAS.

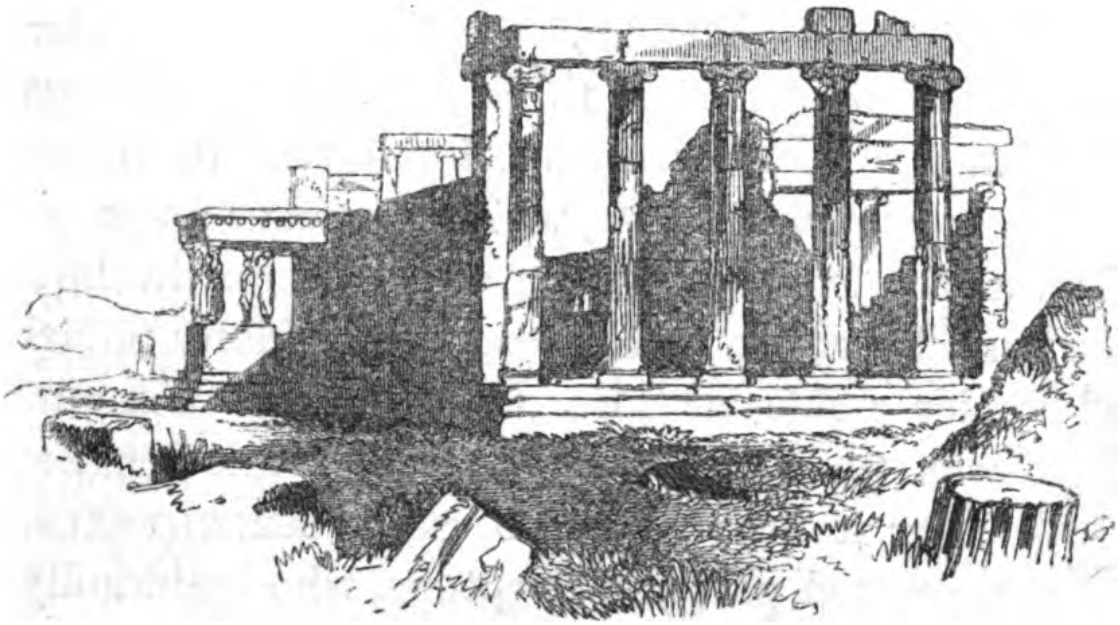


THE PROPYLÆA AS IT IS.

You will best understand the form and splendor of the buildings he raised there from the engravings in which they are pictured. There was the PROPYLÆA, a gorgeous temple, which served as a sort of lodge, at the head of the steps leading up the hill. You passed through it, between rows of lofty pillars and under noble arcades, to reach the summit. There was the ERECHTHEUM, another fine temple, named after a hazy old hero called ERECHTHEUS, and consecrated partly to Neptune, who had kindly smitten the foundation rock with his trident, and

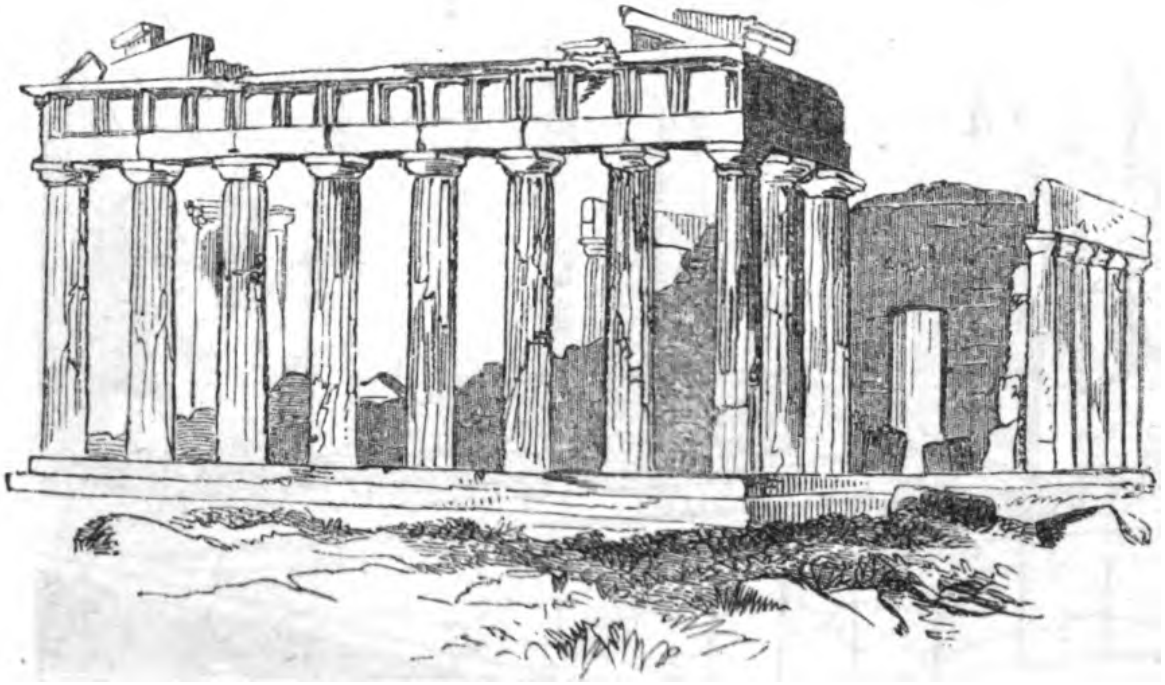


THE ERECHTHEUM AS IT WAS.



THE ERECHTHEUM AS IT IS.

caused a spring to gush forth, and partly to Minerva, who, not to allow herself to be beaten, had ordered an olive-tree to grow, and it had grown directly by the side of the spring. Greater than either of these was the glorious PARTHENON, also a temple, and perhaps the noblest ever raised by the hand of man. You may judge from the cut on the



THE PARTHENON AS IT IS.

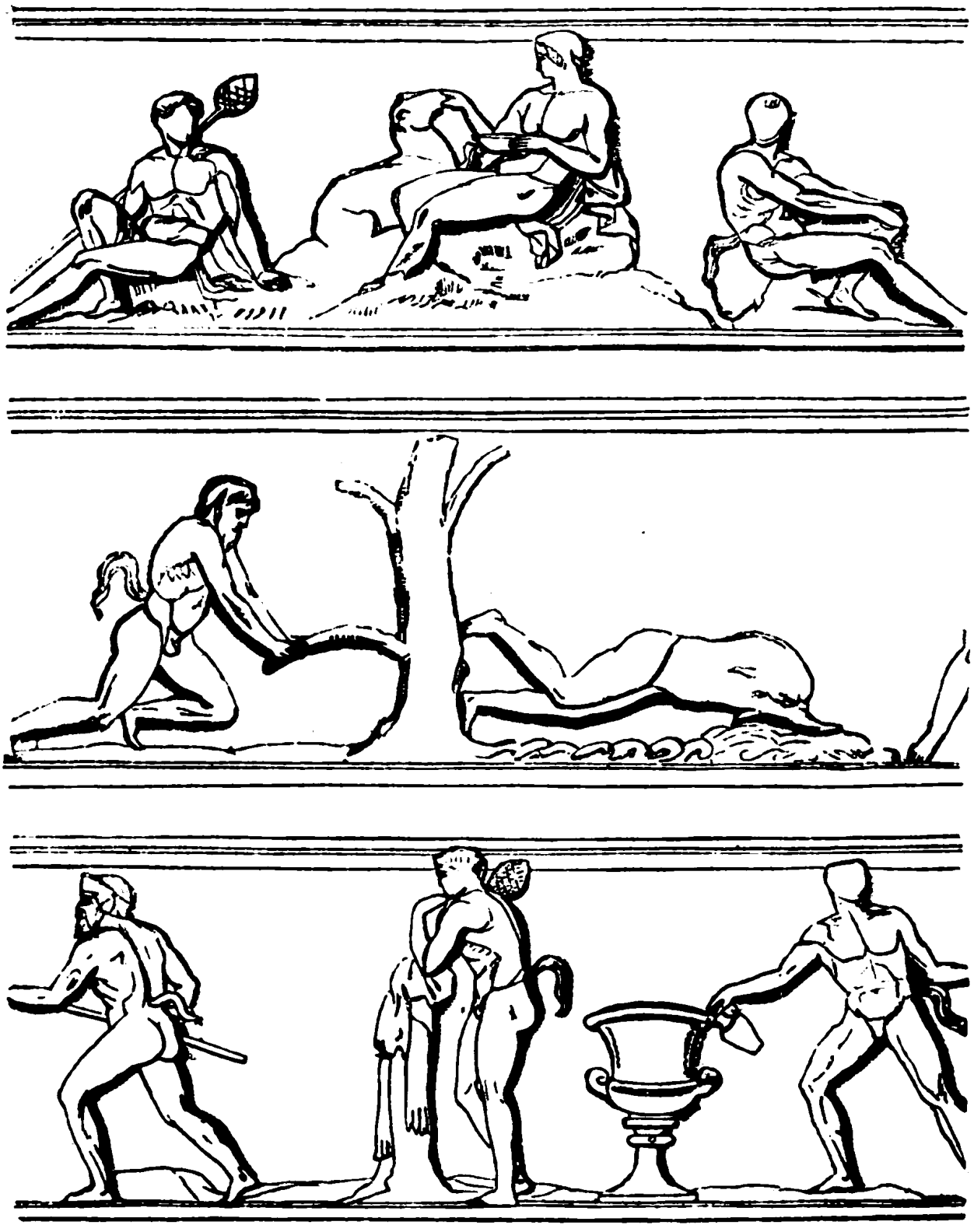
frontispiece how magnificent a building it was. Remember when you look at it that it was two hundred and twenty-eight feet broad, one hundred feet deep, and sixty-six feet high—a monster in size, as well as a miracle of beauty and art.

All these buildings were richly adorned with paintings and sculptures. Of the paintings we know nothing. The colors soon faded, the outlines grew faint, even the walls and panels that were covered with them long ago crumbled into dust. But very many of the sculptures outlived the nations which created them, and long after Greece had become a wild, desolate land, passed into foreign museums, where you can admire their exquisite beauty to this day.

The most famous of the Greek sculptors of this age was PHIDIAS, who was also the architect of the Parthenon. He filled Greece with noble works of art, some of them far more wonderful in their way than any statues of our time. Most of his stat-

SCULPTURES FROM THE PARTHENON.

ues were larger than life—forty, sixty, and seventy feet high. One was an immense bronze Minerva, which stood in a fighting attitude on the Acropolis, and could be seen from a great distance. A story about this statue said that when Alaric marched



SCULPTURES FROM THE ACROPOLIS.

A PILLAR.

down to conquer Athens, he no sooner cast eyes on the huge figure, with shield, spear, and outstretched arm, than he ran away with all his men. Another statue was a majestic Jupiter which stood at Olympia, and was only shown to the public after the

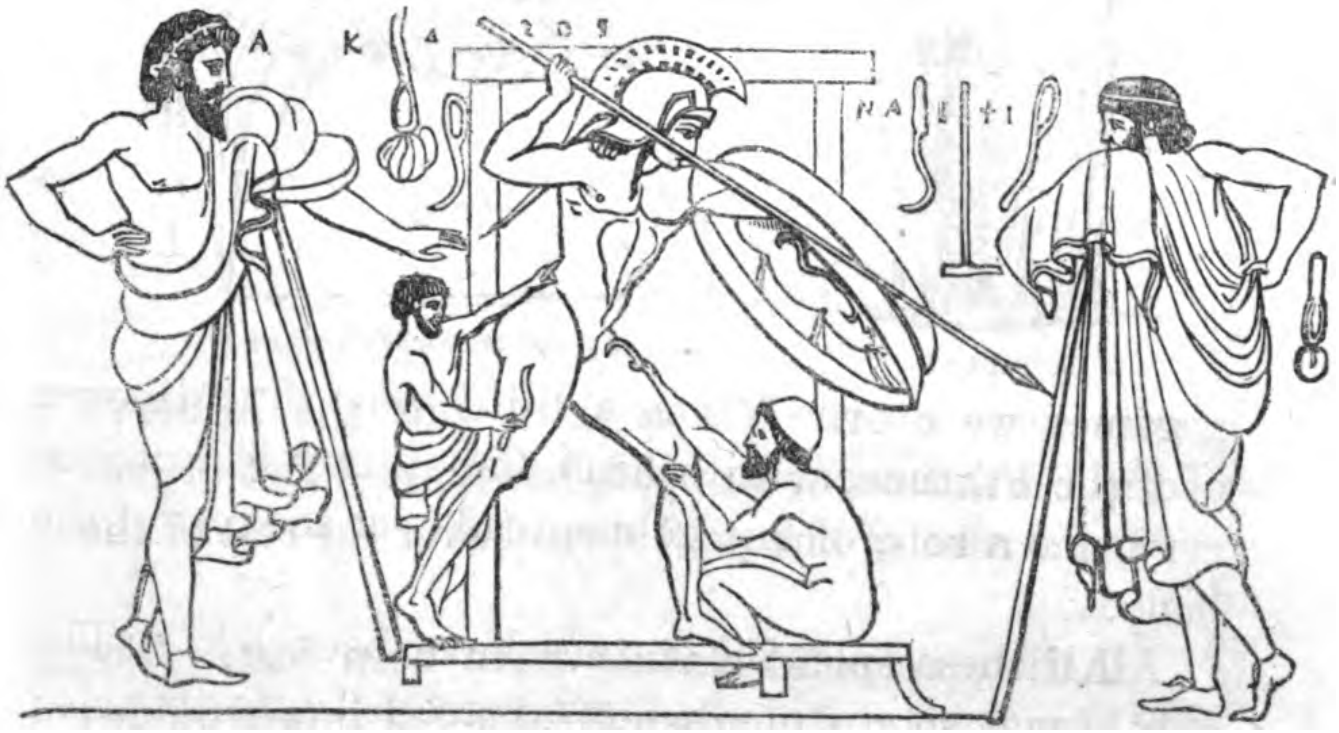
HEAD OF OLYMPIAN JOVE.

games were over. Yet a third was the Minerva of the Parthenon, with head, hands, and feet of ivory, and a robe of fine gold spread over the rest of the body.

All these splendid statues have been lost. The gold was soon stolen when Greece fell into trouble; and we can only judge what they must have been by the smaller statues which have come down to us. Of these, it is enough to say that they have been the guide of sculptors and the study of artists from the

A MODELER.

time of Phidias to our own day. Perhaps they have never been equaled since. Whether or no, I think it is a truly wonderful thing that such exquisite and sublime works should have been produced by the people of Athens, considering how short a time they had flourished, how petty a country theirs was, how backward they were in science, how rude in their way of living, and, above all, how miserably such great nations as the Egyptians and Babylonians had failed in their attempts at art.

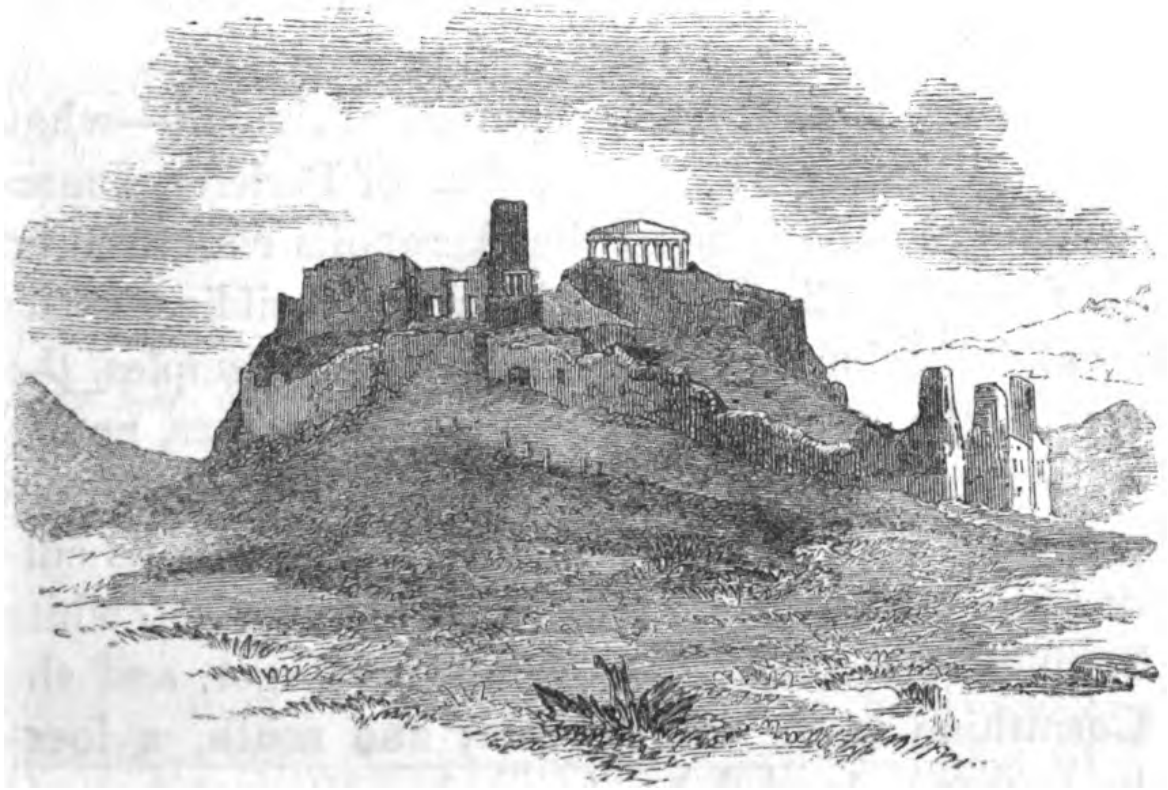


ATHENIAN SCULPTOR'S SHOP.

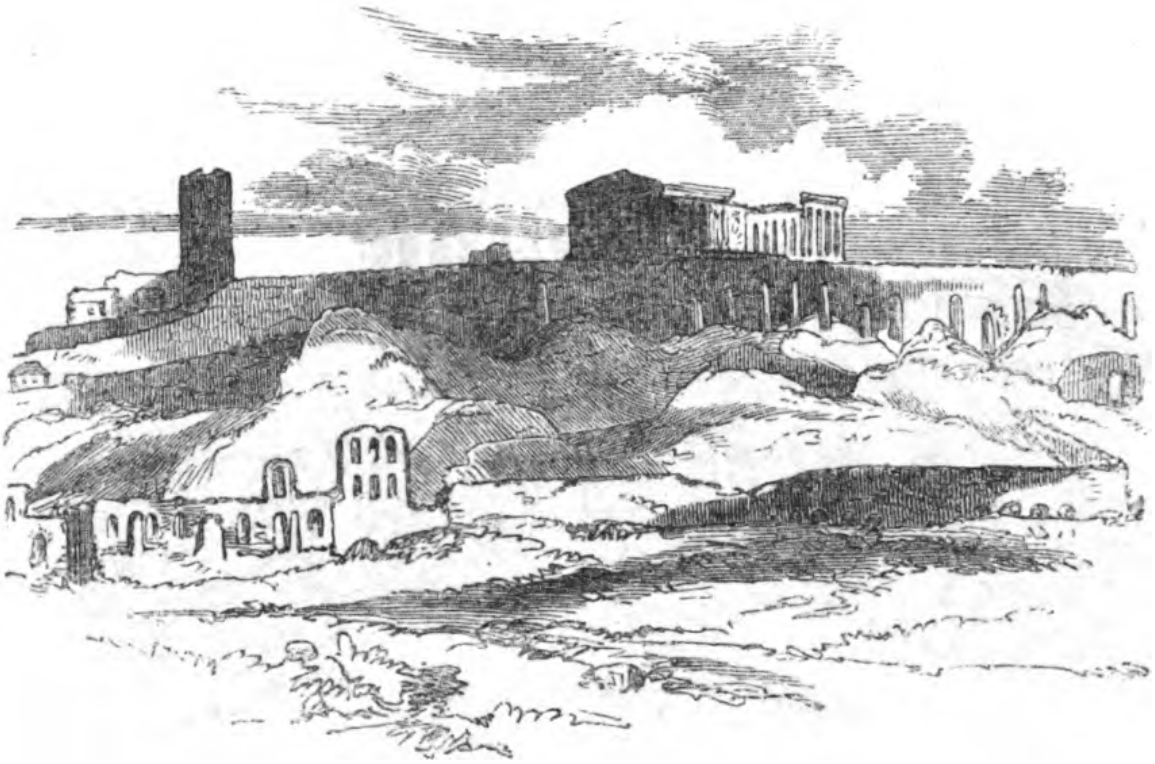
Fancy, if you can, the Acropolis as it was when these gorgeous buildings and those noble statues crowned its top. What a dazzling sight! And

THE ACROPOLIS AS IT WAS.

ah! how altered now! There are a few columns standing, and here and there a piece of broken wall, which the stormy winter winds are blowing down piecemeal. Great lumps of white marble strew the



THE ACROPOLIS AS IT IS.



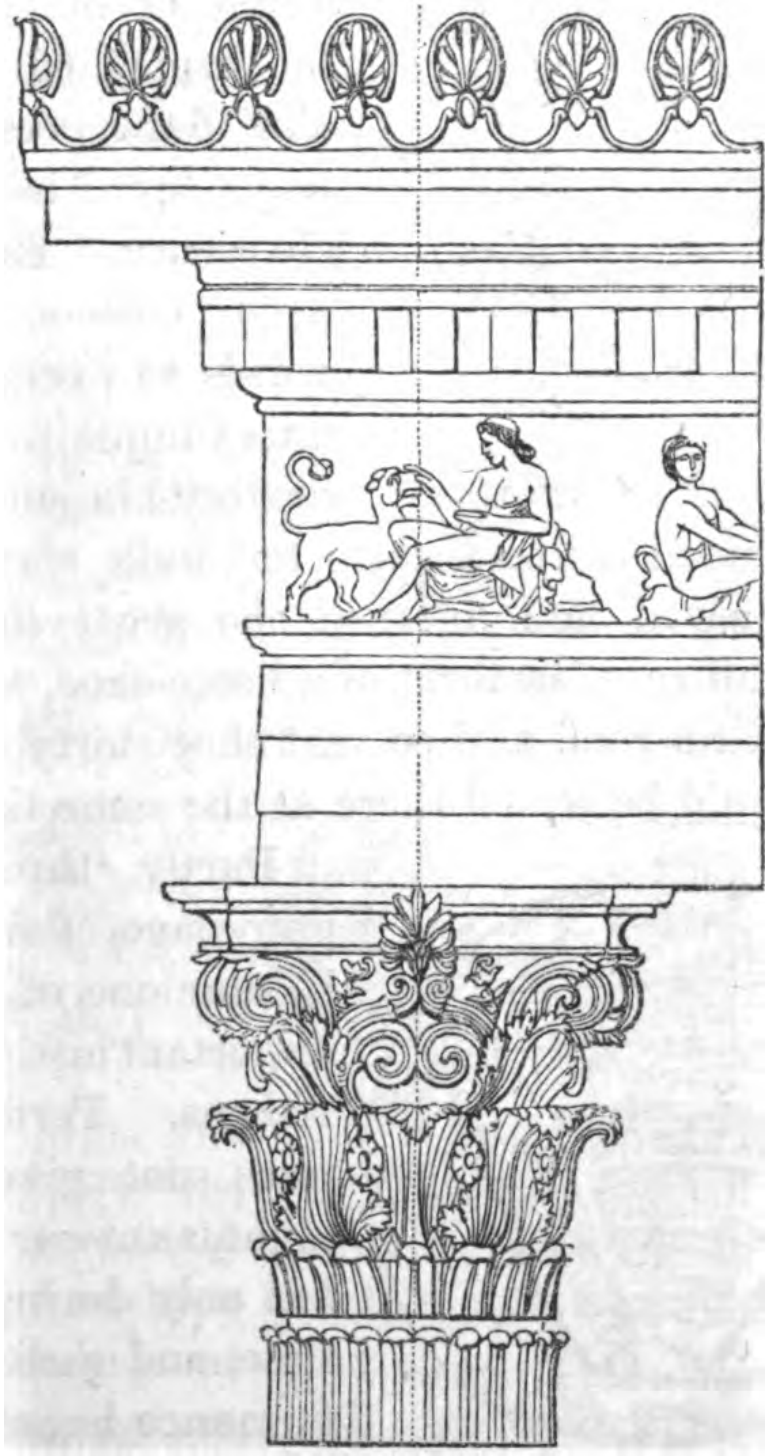
THE ACROPOLIS, FROM THE HILL OF THE MUSEUM.

uneven ground; ragged holes gape where men are digging for buried sculptures; your foot, perhaps, as you walk along, will strike against the corner of some richly-carved fragment peeping out of the grave where it has lain hidden ever since our Saviour came upon the earth.

And the view from the summit of the hill—what a change here too! In the time of Pericles, a man standing on the edge of the Acropolis could see at his feet a bustling city, rich in fine buildings—the great Theseion, the huge theatre, the temples, the groves, the gardens, all dotted with statues, and, a little farther westward, Mars' Hill, where the old men held their council; beyond, the long walls cutting the plain to the sea-port, and farther yet, white Salamis, and the lofty blue line of Argos, and the Corinthian hill. North, east, and south, a lovely country, dressed in vineyards, olive-groves, and

plantations, and silvered by two little winding streams, spread to the foot of the dark mountain range of Attica.

Now there is little to be seen from the top of that hill but ruins. A small, dirty town, no larger than Richmond, Virginia; a grove or two of olives, looking very desolate and lonely; some stray country-



CORINTHIAN ARCHITECTURE.

man, in his picturesque dress, driving his mule to market over a bad road; masts in the port, taller, and perhaps thicker, than in olden time; the blue hills of Argolis, and the rugged rock of Corinth, cut out as sharply as ever against the clear sky.

ATHENIAN COIN.

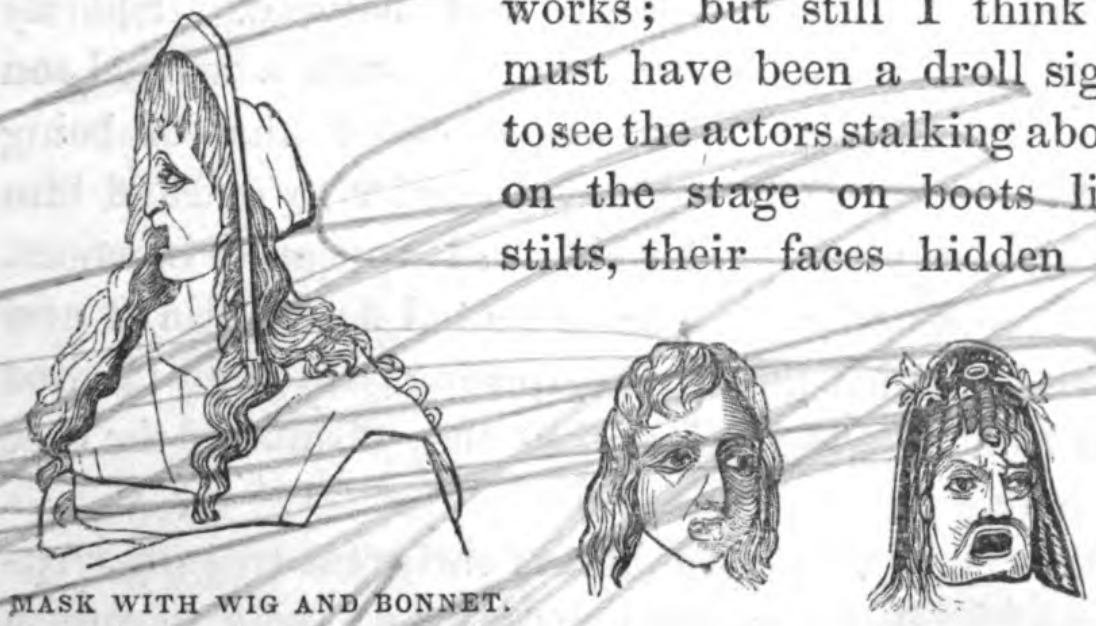
Pericles wrought as earnestly to improve the minds of the people as the aspect of the city. The Athenians had always loved poetry and eloquence. He encouraged both — gave rewards to poets, and set an example of splendid oratory himself. He was a great friend to the theatre too, built a small one, and improved and adorned the great theatre—a huge building in the form of a horse-shoe, with stone seats and no roof, and so vast that thirty thousand people could be seated there at the same time.

THEATRE OF DIONYSUS.

Partly through his patronage, the theatre became one of the most important institutions of Athens. Performances were not given every night, as at our theatres, but only during holiday time, and then the performance began early in the morning and lasted

all day. All the people of Athens (except married ladies) went to the theatre. The price of admission was about two cents, but the poor were always given free tickets. Every year a prize was awarded to the best tragedy. The chief magistrate of Athens swore in a jury, usually chosen from the leading men of the day, and they, on their oaths, gave judgment in favor of the tragedy which they thought the best.

Some of these old Greek tragedies are noble works; but still I think it must have been a droll sight to see the actors stalking about on the stage on boots like stilts, their faces hidden by



MASK WITH WIG AND BONNET.

MASKS.

monstrous masks, and spouting sorrowful verse. ÆSCHYLUS was the oldest of the great tragic writers. He had been a brave soldier, and had done yeoman service at Marathon. He wrote tragedies for many years, till one unlucky day he lost the prize, and went away to Syracuse, where he

was killed, says the story, by an eagle, which mistook his smooth, bald head for a stone, and let fall upon it a tortoise, in order to break the shell.

BUST OF SOPHOCLES.

Next came SOPHOCLES, who wrote such admirable tragedies that the Athenians made him a commodore in their fleet. He lived to the ripe old age of ninety, much honored and beloved. Shortly before his death, a wicked son of his accused him of being crazy, in order to defraud him of his property. The old man appeared in court, and, as his only defense, repeated a scene in a new tragedy which he was composing, which so thrilled the hearts of the judges that they dismissed the case at once.

BUST OF EURIPIDES.

The last of the great tragedy writers was EURIPIDES, who wrote a great number of plays, some of which are good. His death was very miserable. Like Æschylus, he left Athens and went to spend his last years abroad; and one day a pack of hungry dogs attacked him and tore him to pieces.

The Athenians had comedies as well as tragedies. Their most famous writers of comedies were ARISTOPHANES and MENANDER. The works of the former have come down to us. These Athenian comedies were very unlike the comedies which are

SCENE FROM A GREEK COMEDY.

BUST OF MENANDER.

played at theatres in our time. They resembled our newspaper articles put into dialogue. Living persons—the chief men of Athens—were brought upon the stage, and abused and ridiculed, and made to do and to say foolish things. This shows you how free a people the Athenians were; also, how old the fashion of abusing public men must be.

While Pericles was thus fostering art and letters, and embellishing the city of Athens, he did not forget political affairs. He improved the laws; he strengthened the city, and built a third wall to the sea-port; he founded a number of colonies on pleasant spots in Italy and other Mediterranean coun-

tries; he encouraged trade, and made Athens richer than she ever was before or since.

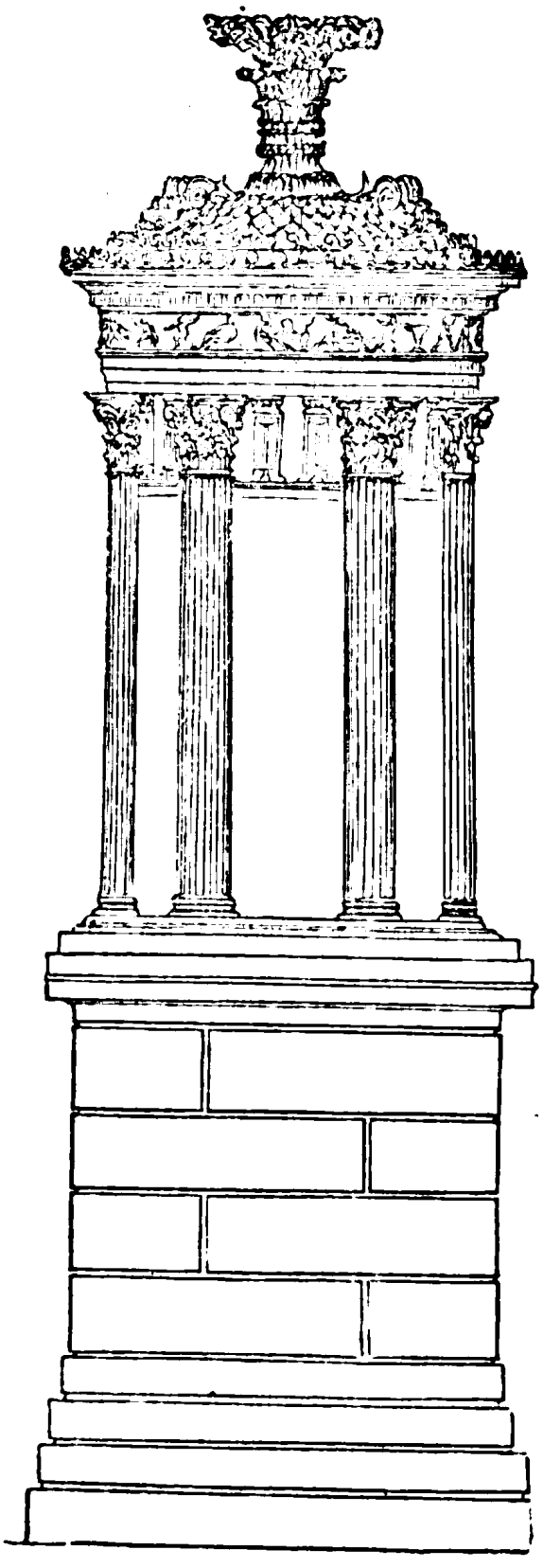
All these matters settled to his contentment, at last he broached his great scheme—the union of all the Greek states, and the formation of a general confederacy. He said that if all the states of Greece were united so as to form one nation, instead of wasting their strength in bloody wars with one another, they would be able to defy not only Persia, but the whole world. And now that the time had come, he sent special messengers to Sparta and all the other Greek states to lay before them a plan of union.

You remember that when JAMES OTIS and his friends in Massachusetts proposed a meeting of delegates from all the American colonies to take counsel how the Stamp Act could be best resisted, and how the colonies could best unite for their common defense, there was much wavering and doubt in certain of the provinces, until CHRISTOPHER GADSDEN, of South Carolina, threw his weight into the scale on the side of union, and overbore all objections. I am very sorry to tell you that there was no Christopher Gadsden in Greece. No great-hearted Spartan arose at that vital moment to say that Pericles was right, and that Sparta was for union. On the contrary, jealous Sparta would send no delegates to Athens, would not hear of a confederacy, would have no part with Pericles.

So the excellent scheme for the Greek United States fell through.

The sad events which I have yet to tell in the

rest of this history were the consequences of this unhappy failure. You will read what I have yet to write with sorrow and pity, for it is the story of a great people slowly worn out by civil wars. Of Greeks fighting ceaselessly against Greeks. Of one Greek state setting its utmost strength to blight another Greek state, then being itself blighted by a third, soon in its turn blighted by a fourth. Of a race of men, brave, manly, refined, intellectual, who might have become the greatest nation in the world, refusing to be a nation at all through jealousy of each other and pitiful spite. Of the decay of genius, and art, and letters, and virtue, and love of country, in the agonies of wars, and under the curse of military power. And, lastly, of the final overthrow of Greece and all her glories by the brute force of Rome.



MONUMENT OF LYSICRATES.

It is an old story, as

old as the fable of the bundle of arrows. I hope you will not forget it. As you read, you may perhaps sometimes think of another country where there are several independent states linked in a bond of union, as these might have been in Greece, and you shall thank GOD that in that country there is no fear of fatal dissensions between State and State.

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CHAPTER XXX.

DEMOCRATIC STRUGGLE.

THE poor Athenians—the working-men, the fishermen, the mechanics, and the farmers, had had a long and a hard struggle with the rich, and the nobles, and the landowners, for the right of voting at elections, and helping to make the laws which were to govern them. I have just told you how they succeeded at last, and how, thanks to Pericles, all the people of Athens enjoyed equal rights.

The same quarrel between rich and poor, landowners and men who owned no land, sons of great men and sons of small men, was going on all over Greece; in some few places, the poor men and the workers had won the day and set up republics; but, for the most part, the rich, and the nobles, and the landowners were still the masters, and kept the poor comfortably down.

At Sparta, the select circle of pure-blooded Spartans, who were too proud to work, and too selfish to share the blessings they enjoyed with their fellow-countrymen, still kept up their small family party of Ephors, who managed all public affairs, and did not allow the people even to ask questions. They were still chosen from the pure-blooded Spartans aforesaid; but as for the Spartans of inferior blood, they rode over them roughshod. These five and

their friends were quite certain that the Athenian democrats were rogues and fools, and panted for an opportunity of doing them a mischief.

So it came about—the Spartans being very bitter against democracy, the Athenians very bold and ardent in its favor—that whenever, in any of the states of Greece, the poor people made a push for their rights, they looked to Athens for comfort or help, while the ruling classes, nobles, rich men, and landowners turned to Sparta as their natural friend.

There was such a push made, just at this time, by the poor people of the island of Samos, who had just been dragged into a useless and bloody war with Miletus, and forced by their rulers to spread havoc and ruin among the Milesians. They sent word to Athens of their present straits, and Pericles came sailing over, pulled down the Samian rulers, and set up a democratic government in their stead. The rich men and the nobles sent, on their side, to Sparta for help; and trusting that it would come in due time, the moment Pericles had sailed homeward, they upset the government he had founded, and took the management of affairs again. But they were disappointed; no help came from Sparta; and, in a trice, back sailed Pericles in an angry mood, threw down the rich tyrants with very little ceremony, and made them pay pretty dearly for the trouble they had given him.

Then another quarrel of the same kind arose in the island of Corcyra, which had been peopled by Corinthians. There the people had the upper hand,

and the rich and the nobles had no more to do with the government than their neighbors; but a dispute arising with Corinth, which was a firm ally of Sparta and a hater of republics, and Athens becoming mixed up in the quarrel, there was a fight there too.

It would take me too long to tell you intelligibly how this dispute began; it will be enough to say that Corinth and her colony fell out, and that the former sent a great fleet to reduce the Corcyreans to submission; but the latter, who were a seafaring people, and bold, and not at all afraid of their mother country, manned their ships, met this Corinthian fleet, and destroyed it. Then the Corinthians, raging at having been beaten by a colony of their own, set all their carpenters to work to build a new and far larger fleet; and, at the same time, began to intrigue in an underhand way for the overthrow of the democratic government of Corcyra.

The Corcyrean democrats sent to Athens for help; and though the Corinthians likewise sent messengers thither, to threaten the Athenians with all manner of vengeance if they dared to interfere, Pericles gave his opinion in favor of granting help to Corcyra, and a few ships were granted accordingly, though not enough to save the Corcyreans from being beaten, and a great many of their sailors taken prisoners by the Corinthians.

I may as well add at once the end of this affair of Corcyra, though it did not come to an end just yet.

The cunning Corinthians laid a plot to overthrow the democratic government at Corcyra, and set free all their prisoners on condition of their joining in

the enterprise. One day, while the Corcyrean senate was sitting, these traitors, together with several of the rich landowners of the island, rushed into the state-house, stabbed to death sixty of the senators, overturned the government, and proclaimed themselves chief rulers. That day they swept every thing before them; but during the night the people gathered together, armed and barricaded themselves, and at daybreak a terrible fight began. The traitors held one half of the town, the people the other; they fought and slaughtered each other till the streets ran with blood, the women even mixing in the fray, and throwing tiles from the roofs on the traitors' heads. When victory began to declare for the people, the traitors set fire to the town, and the fight went on amid the roaring of the flames, and the crash of falling houses and burning temples. But even this could not save the traitors. They were beaten, and toward evening four hundred of them took refuge in a sacred grove and temple of Juno.

For four days they were left in peace; but on the fifth, the people of Corcyra had a hard fight with some friends of theirs who came from Peloponnesus, and, though they won the day, were so enraged at their troubles that they began to massacre the traitors and the rich landowners also in cold blood. All who appeared in the streets were hewn in pieces. Then the cruel people asked the four hundred, Would they stand their trial for treason? Fifty of them answered that they would; but having come out of the sanctuary, they were put to death savagely in

the sight of their friends. The remainder, praying that the gods would avenge them, hung themselves on trees, stabbed themselves, or starved to death where they were.

Another band of the traitors made their escape to a strong fort hard by the town, and blocked the approaches, and defied the people for a long time; once or twice even growing so bold as to threaten the government and frighten the townsfolk terribly. But they, too, were overcome one fine day, and treacherously given up by their captors to the cruel people. It is said that some miserable wretches lured them into attempting to escape, and then gave the alarm; at all events, they were most brutally and savagely murdered like the others. Some were made to march between two lines of soldiers, who beat, kicked, stabbed, and wounded them as they passed by; others were shut up in a large building, and shot to death with arrows fired through holes in the roof, while the leaders of the people stood quietly outside, listening to their despairing shrieks for mercy.

So ended the miserable strife at Corcyra, and thus bloodily were the traitors punished for trying to upset the government of the people.

Another just such struggle took place in the little town of Platæa, in Bœotia, which was a firm friend of Athens, and governed like her. A few rich Platæans stirred up the Thebans (who were opposed to republics, and hated Athens mortally) to help them to the mastery of their native place; and so, one rainy night, three hundred bold Thebans slipped out

of Thebes, got into Platæa without being seen in the black darkness, seized the chief men there, and made a herald shout through the startled city that the friendship between Athens and Platæa was ended, and that all good Platæans must submit to Thebes.

Out from their beds sprang the Platæans, roused by the herald's voice; and groping through the darkness, and creeping from house to house, and from roof to roof, they concerted with each other, and as the night wore on, made ready for a fierce fight as soon as they could see. By early dawn the narrow lanes were barricaded, and the gates barred; then, with a great shout, the Platæans fell upon the invaders. The Thebans fought well, but they were weary, and drenched by the rain; too few, besides, to hold their own against a whole city; so they were all taken or killed, and the rich landholders put off their designs for the present.

ASPASIA.

Even at Athens the party of the rich landholders and the nobles was strong enough and bold enough to give Pericles a great deal of trouble. They brought a foolish charge of impiety against his friend ANAXAGORAS, and forced him to leave the city. A lady named ASPASIA, who was very accomplished and beautiful, and who gathered around her the best and the ablest men of

Athens, they also accused, hoping, through her, to wound Pericles, who was her closest friend; but on the day of the trial, when the judges took their seats, and Aspasia was brought before them pale and trembling, Pericles himself appeared to defend her, and the stern, cold statesman poured forth such a stream of fiery eloquence in behalf of the woman he loved that the gray-headed judges could not master their emotion, and Aspasia was acquitted.

I wish he had been as fortunate on the next occasion, when his enemies accused another friend of his, the great sculptor Phidias. But it seems he could not rescue him from their clutches; and in the sight of the Parthenon, with his noble statues looking down upon them, these miserable creatures seized the old sculptor, thrust him into prison, and poisoned him there.

When the nobles and rich landholders were able to do these things in democratic Athens, you may fancy what power they had in places like Sparta and Corinth, where they held the mastery; and you can quite understand how they hated Athens when they saw her helping the people against their tyrants in Corcyra, at Platæa, at Samos, and elsewhere.

It was this hatred of Athens which now led to a great meeting of delegates from all the states of Peloponnesus, and some states of Upper Greece, to take counsel on their common affairs. The meeting was held at Sparta, and at it the King of Corinth made a furious speech against Athens, accusing her of having broken the thirty years' truce by mixing

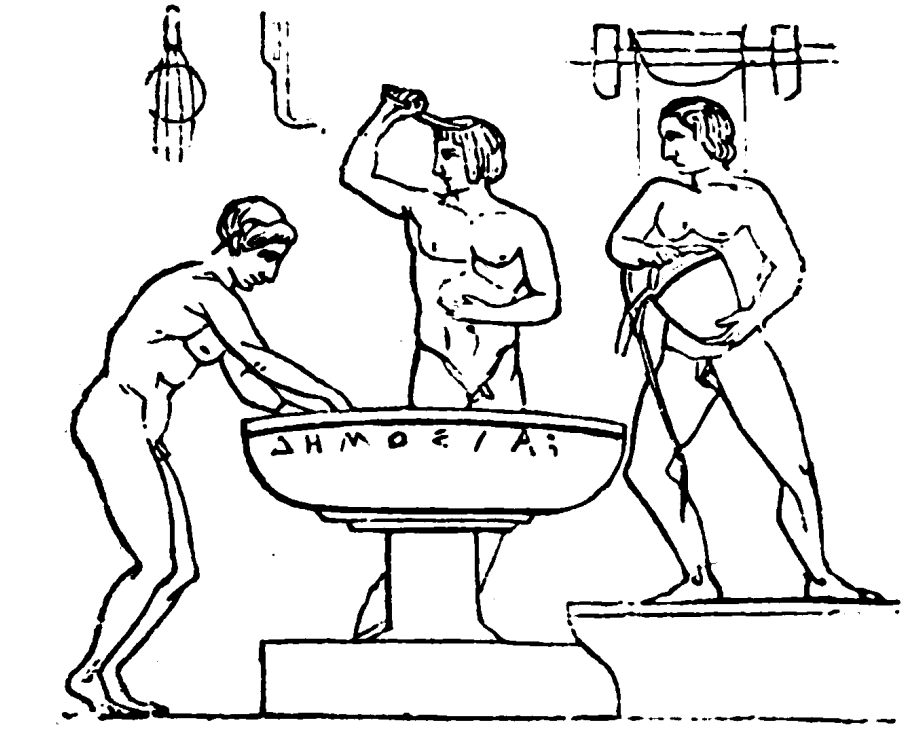
in the war between Corinth and Corcyra, and calling for war against the Athenians. The Spartan king, it is said, was opposed to a war with Athens, having perhaps some notions of justice in his heart; but the five tyrants were bent on war, and so were all the rich landholders in Sparta and other states, and the kings and noblemen from Peloponnesus; and thus, when it came to a vote, a large majority of the assembly were for war.

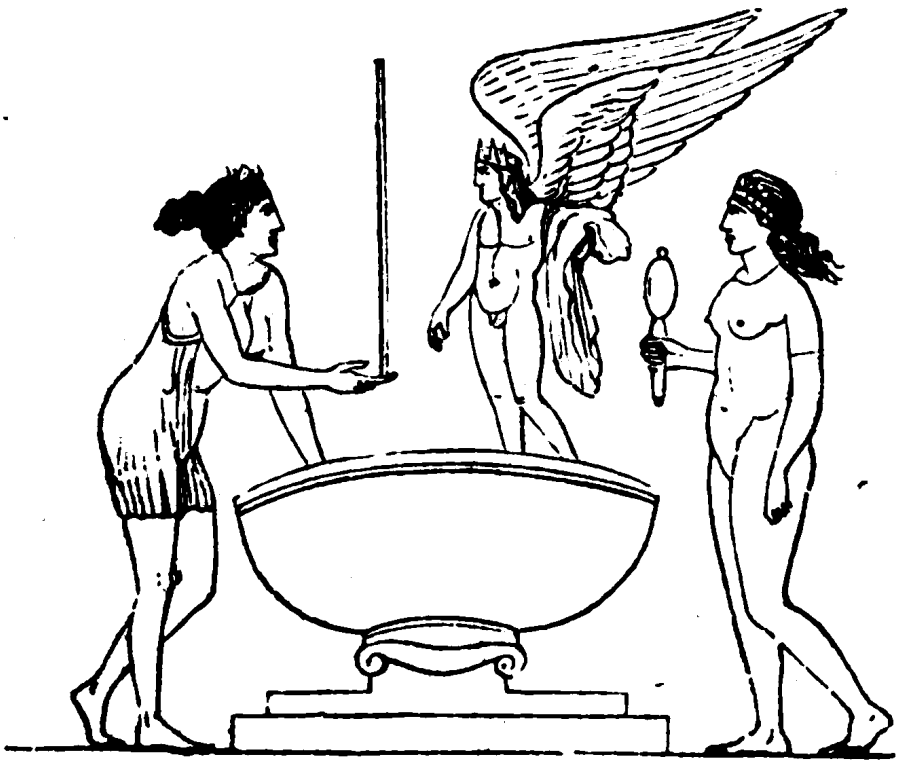
Word was sent to Athens that if she did not at once comply with certain demands, which would have quickly put an end to her greatness, she would be attacked. The nobles and landowners' party were for giving way, but Pericles, in a voice of thunder, proclaimed that Athens would not even listen to messengers who came to threaten; and the people being all of his mind, the Spartans were sent home.

There was nothing for it now but war. Athens was sternly resolved to see the quarrel through. She had a good army of about thirty-three thousand men, three hundred ships of war well equipped, and gold and silver equal to some six or seven millions of our money in her treasury. Her people were prosperous and refined. She had a few allies, but her main reliance was in the bravery and the intelligence of her people.

Sparta was at the head of a league which could send over a hundred thousand fighting men into the field—a league far greater than that which had driven the Persians from Greece. The league had ships too, and money, though less than Athens; but

there was one thing which it had not, and that was right on its side.





ATHENIAN BATHS.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE FIRST OF THE WAR.

THE war now began. Up from hill, and dale, and plain, in Peloponnesus, the Spartans and their allies came, a mighty host, under the good king ARCHIDAMUS, to invade Attica. They made right merry and feasted royally by the way, jesting with one another about making an end of Athens, and boasting that they would scatter her ships and her people to the winds of heaven. Each state through which they passed on their march welcomed them—Sicyon, Corinth, Megara most of all; partly, I dare say, because it was much safer to look pleasant than sorry, in presence of such an army, and also because all these little states were bitterly jealous of Athens.

A FARMER.

Pericles had not men enough to meet the enemy in the field, and ordered every Athenian to leave his farm, and his vineyard, and his cottage, and come and live in the city behind the great strong walls. They came in such a swarm that every house in Athens was filled, and tents were raised on every vacant spot, and sheds of rough boards

thrown up by the sides of the long walls; even then, many and many a poor child could find no better home than a tub or a basket in some shady place. A terrible time the mothers and children had of it, huddled together as they were in the sultry summer weather.

Worse than the heat and the throng was the sight of the ravages committed by the Spartans. The harvests were just ripening; the Spartans set fire to them, burned crops and houses, tore up the vines, rode races over the gardens, and tried their very best to make the fair face of Attica a wilderness. From the top of the Acropolis and the great wall the Athenians could see the smoke rising from their dear homes, and the clouds of dust which marked the gallop of the enemy's horsemen; they raged at their own helplessness, and their hearts swelled, and they cursed Pericles for not letting them go out to fight like men.

PERICLES.

He, calm and cool in the passionate crowd, bade them remember that trees and crops would grow again, but that men could never be replaced; so long as he was their chief, he said, not one man should stir from Athens. But he wrought early and late to fit out the fleet; raised money to build more ships; sent a squad-

ron to lay waste the coast of Peloponnesus; and cheerfully agreed to a proposal of the angry people, that every Athenian general should swear to ravage the country of their nearest neighbor and bitterest foe—Megara—twice a year from that time out.

After doing all the mischief they could, the Spartans went home; but early next spring they came trooping back again, and the Athenians shut themselves up in the city as before. The spring had been very rainy; the sun now burst forth in a fierce raging heat, and the crowded, choked alleys of Athens and the sea-ports were filled with a scalding vapor which rose from the ground and sickened all who breathed it.

At first there was a cry that the wells had been poisoned. But it was soon found out that man had no part in the sudden visitation. The Plague, hurrying from distant lands, was upon Athens. No such awful disease had ever been seen before. It was so terrible that men who rose well from their beds were dead before night; many were seized in the street, and never got home; hundreds and hundreds died by the road side in trying to crawl to a spring or a cistern to slake their raging thirst; the hale were too frightened to tend the sick, and fathers ran away from their sons when they were attacked, mothers from their daughters; some staggered to the temples to pray to the gods, others drank wildly and plunged into ghastly revelry to drown the horrors of their mind; at every corner lay a heap of corpses, which there was no one to bury, and which the dogs would not touch; often among them per-

sons who were not quite dead, but who had not strength to move away; all Athens was crazy from agony and fright. In a very short time one quarter of the people in the city had died, and of those who had recovered, great numbers had lost their sight, or their limbs, or their reason.

While the sickness was raging at Athens, Pericles had sailed to ravage the Spartan coast. When he returned, he found that the people, who during his absence had sent to Sparta in their misery to beg for peace, and had been sternly refused, were furiously enraged against him, and ready to take his life.

He was an old man now. His only sons had died of the plague; so had his sister; so had his dearest friends. They say that when he laid the funeral garland on the brow of the corpse of his youngest and best-loved son, the cold, iron-willed statesman, who so seldom gave way to feeling, and whose face looked as hard as marble, trembled and tottered in the people's sight, and was heard to sob aloud.

But the angry men of Athens were too sore from their own sorrows to feel for his. They dismissed him from office, fined him, and railed at him in the streets. He went to his own home, a lonely old man, bent with anguish and deep concern for his country; and while the people, in *their* affliction, insulted him as they passed his door, he beguiled *his* affliction by writing speeches to comfort his countrymen and to strengthen them in carrying on the war.

Very soon, as the dreadful disease died out, and the haggard Athenians began to take heart, they repented of their injustice to Pericles, and restored him to his office, and made amends for the wrong they had done him. He toiled for them about a year; then fatigue, and care, and old age did their work, and the great statesman died.

As he lay on his death-bed, the chief men of Athens stood around him, cheering his last hours by reminding him of his victories, of the great laws he had made, of the number of times he had been chosen chief magistrate. "You forget," said he, in a feeble voice, "the circumstance of which I am proudest: no Athenian ever wore mourning through any act of mine."

So passed away the greatest man of old Greece. I hardly know where to look for an equal to Pericles in all history. Perhaps, if ALEXANDER HAMILTON had lived, he might have been worthy of being compared with him. He was an eloquent speaker, a skillful soldier, a wise statesman, a deep lover of the true, and the good, and the beautiful; fair in his dealings with other men, but always trusting to his own judgment for guidance. He was slow to make resolves, but he never changed them when made; his plans were very cautious, but they were executed with terrible vigor. His control over the Athenian people was more complete and lasted longer than any other man's in their history, yet he never flattered or deceived them. When all around were fickle, he was steadfast; when all his fellow-leaders were corrupt, his purity was above suspicion.

If he had a fault, it was that he loved his country so well that he was sometimes unjust to her enemies and her rivals.

I think that is a character which has not often been seen in the world.

Still—let live or die who did—the war went on, and there was no end to the burning, and the robbing, and the laying waste, and the killing on both sides—the Athenians having the upper hand by sea, the Spartans by land.

King Archidamus, with forty or fifty thousand hungry men, marched over the mountains, pitched his camp opposite the town of Platæa, and summoned it to surrender without loss of time. The Platæans sent their wives, children, and old men to Athens, and with them a messenger to ask the Athenians what was best for them to do; and the Athenians made answer that they must fight to the last.

On the hour that this answer arrived, the brave Platæans (there were only four hundred of them altogether, with eighty Athenians, and a few old women to cook for them) barred their gates anew, mounted guard on their wall, and bade defiance to King Archidamus and all his men, saying that, as for Platæa, it would never surrender.

In our time, as you know, a great army, like the one which was before Platæa, would very quickly batter a breach in the wall of a beleaguered city, and take it by assault, if it was defended by no more than four hundred and eighty men. But the Spartans had no cannon, and were very unskillful in fighting against stone walls. They cut down trees

from the forests hard by, and piled the logs one upon another till they had raised a wall round Platæa high enough, as they reckoned, to see over the city wall, and throw darts down upon the garrison.

Seventy days they toiled at the work, drawing their logs to the spot, building, and filling up the spaces between the timbers with earth and stones, and at the end of this time they found they were no nearer the capture of Platæa than when they began; for the Platæans had worked as hard as they, and with what wood they had, and stones, and bricks, had raised their wall so that it still towered over the one outside. Then the Spartans tried to burn the town. They built a great heap of fagots as near the wall as possible, and piled dry branches and sulphur upon it, and set fire to it one dark night. It blazed up fiercely, and crackled, and scorched the faces of the Spartans till they ran to hide behind their wall; but, as good luck would have it, the wind blew the flames away from the town, and no damage was done.

All this while the brave Platæans were giving their besiegers a great deal of trouble. They would creep out of the town of a dark, rainy night, and pull down part of the Spartan wall; or they would dig underground passages right under it, and scoop away the earth on which it rested, so that parts often fell in with a crash; or they would sally forth in little parties, swoop down upon a Spartan bivouac, lay about them fiercely with sword and spear, then dash back before the Spartans were fairly aroused, and creep into the town in safety.

Said King Archidamus, after some months of this work, "We must starve out these obstinate Platæans." And he and his great army sat down patiently to wait till all the food of the brave little garrison should have been consumed.

For more than a year they lay before Platæa without stirring, the brave men within the town mounting guard as usual on their wall, and watching—drearily enough toward the last of the year—for help from their friends the Athenians. Every day the sentinel on the wall strained his eyes in trying to discover some dust or other sign of movement on the road from Athens, but every evening he returned with the same weary story, "There was no one coming." There was very little food left in the place, and the soldiers were on short allowance; they had killed and eaten their dogs; so now the question was, Should they surrender or starve? and the answer was, "Athens told us to fight to the last: we will not surrender!"

A GREEK WARRIOR.

On a very dark December night, in a heavy rainstorm, two hundred and twelve, the bravest of the

brave garrison, stole out of a hole in the wall, and ran softly to the besiegers' lines. Cautiously planting ladders against the Spartan wall, they scaled it, and began to descend on the opposite side; but in the act, one of them threw a brick down, and startled the nearest sentinel. He gave the alarm directly, and in a few minutes all the camp was aroused, men were rushing hither and thither, lights were flashing, officers were shouting, all was uproar and confusion. Happily, the Platæans had brought no lights with them. In the pitchy darkness the Spartans could not see them, while they could make out the Spartans very plainly by the light of their torches; so, in the turmoil and storm, they contrived to shoot every Spartan who got in their way, and burst through the camp with only the loss of a single man.

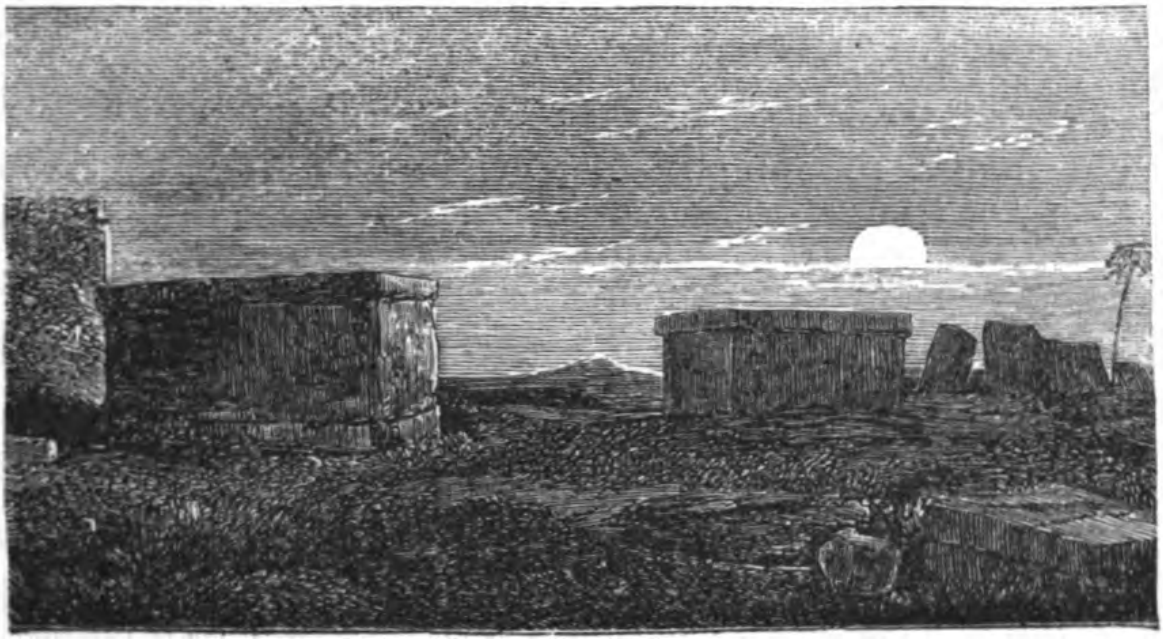
The people in the town, hearing the noise, and seeing the lights flashing, made sure that all their friends had been killed, and next morning they sent a herald to the Spartan chief to beg the sad favor of being allowed to bury their dead comrades. You can fancy their joy when they heard that all had escaped safe but one.

"Now," said the remaining Platæans, "we shall surely be helped by the Athenians when they know how hardly we are pressed." And they reduced still farther the daily allowance of food, and cheered each other up, and made a jest and a boast of being able to live on next to nothing, and watched—ah! how they watched!—from early dawn to the last of the twilight for some sign of life on that distant road to Athens!

But there was no sign ever seen. The road was as still as always; the dust never stirred; no sound of bugle or footfall came over the hills in the still night air; and so, when the Platæans were worn to skeletons by hunger, and could hardly hold up their swords, they surrendered their city to the Spartans.

The condition of the surrender was that "no man should be punished unjustly." It will help you to judge of the Spartan idea of justice to learn that this gallant band of heroes was led before five Spartan judges, who put the single question to them, Had they assisted Sparta in this war? When each had answered, as he only could answer, that he had not, he was led out and butchered instantly. So the whole of the band perished.

To reward the mean people of Thebes, the brave city of Platæa was given up to them, and they straightway destroyed it. It was afterward rebuilt, and again destroyed; once more built up, and again pulled down for the last time. It is now a moor,



PLATÆA.

with a few stones strewed here and there, which may have seen great deeds and rare sights, for any thing we know; but there is nothing to remind you of the great-hearted people who have made its name famous forever.

I am greatly grieved to be obliged to tell you that just about the time the Spartans were playing the butchers at Platæa, the Athenians were proving that they were no less inhuman and cruel.

One of the allies of Athens, and a member of the great league which was made at Delos, was the lovely island of Lesbos, which lay about seven miles from the coast of Asia Minor, and was famous, as it is still, for its figs, and its oil, and its dark-eyed, rosy-mouthed girls. Now Mitylene, the chief city of Lesbos, though an ally of Athens, was governed on the Spartan plan by the rich landowners and nobles; and thus, when this war broke out, its rulers felt that they were on the wrong side, and that they would be more at home if they were to join Sparta, which was for putting down all republics, and supporting governments like the one at Mitylene. There was one little difficulty in the way, which was this: the Mityleneans owed most of their wealth, and their trade, and their well-being generally to the protection which the powerful Athenian fleets had given them, and to the respect which the Persians and other foreign nations had learned to pay to the allies of Athens. But gratitude was a virtue which did not trouble the rulers of Mitylene much. When they saw Athens hard pressed, they said that her difficulty was their opportunity, and revolted and went over to the Spartan side.

Athens straightway sent a fleet with an army commanded by a man named PACHES to reduce Mitylene. Promises of help had been made to the Mitylenean leaders by the Spartan government, and a few ships were even sent to defend them; but the Spartans were very chary of meeting the Athenians at sea, having been badly beaten in various encounters, and the ships never arrived. So, after a brief tussle, Paches overcame the Mityleneans, and sent a thousand prisoners to Athens, and asked what he was to do with the remainder of the rebels.

The chief man at Athens just now was a very bold Democrat named CLEON. He had been a dealer in hides and a tanner; but, being a man of extraordinary energy and great eloquence, he had given up trade for politics, and become a leader of the people. He was not, I think, a bad man, and he only gave utterance to the public sentiment when he cried that the people of Lesbos must be put to death as traitors.

At all events, when his motion was put to the vote, it was carried, and word went out from Athens to Paches to put to the sword every male in Lesbos, save only the men of one town, who had held fast by Athens.

But that night, as these Athenian freemen lay down to sleep, heavy thoughts hung upon their minds about the deed they had done. In their dreams they had horrid visions of the poor wounded Lesbians shrieking for mercy, and of cruel Paches—a very bloodthirsty villain, and a right choice for an executioner—bidding his men spare none, but

slay all—all—all! And when the sleepers started up in their affright and told their wives of the shocking dreams they had had, I dare say the warm-hearted women wept over the cruel scene, and begged mercy of their husbands for the Lesbians, if it were still time.

For, early next day, a new meeting of the people was called, and humane speeches were made by some of the best of the Athenians, and a motion was carried, amid great excitement, to repeal the order sent the day before to Paches.

Never was such stir or earnestness at Athens. Twenty-four hours had passed since the first message had left the sea-port. The fastest ship in the harbor was taken, the best rowers put on board, and the men were bidden to row for very life. Off went the brave ship, scarce an hour after the order had been passed in the assembly, and from the minute she dashed out of Piræus till she hove in sight of Mitylene those gallant oarsmen never ceased to pull. Boys went round from bench to bench with dishes of barley meal steeped in wine and cups of oil, and fed them as they toiled, and generous Athenians cheered them on when they flagged with noble words and large promises. There was no rest or sleep for any living being on that errand of mercy.

And they were not too late. The cruel order had arrived; Paches was planning how he should most quickly do the deed; the soldiers were sharpening their broadswords and pikes, but, thank Heaven! no blood had been spilled. So the Lesbians were saved.

MYTILENE.

But the thousand prisoners who were at Athens were slain in cold blood. I suppose the Athenians thought that some terrible lesson was needed, or other of their allies might revolt and bring ruin on Athens. Perhaps they were outraged by the ingratitude of Mytilene; but these reasons are, after all, a very miserable excuse for so infamous a piece of butchery. It is a bloody page in the history of Athens.

Paches, returning home, was accused by two ladies of Lesbos whom he had insulted, and ran himself through with his sword in open court; thus fitly winding up so savage a business.

CHAPTER XXXII.

CLEON.

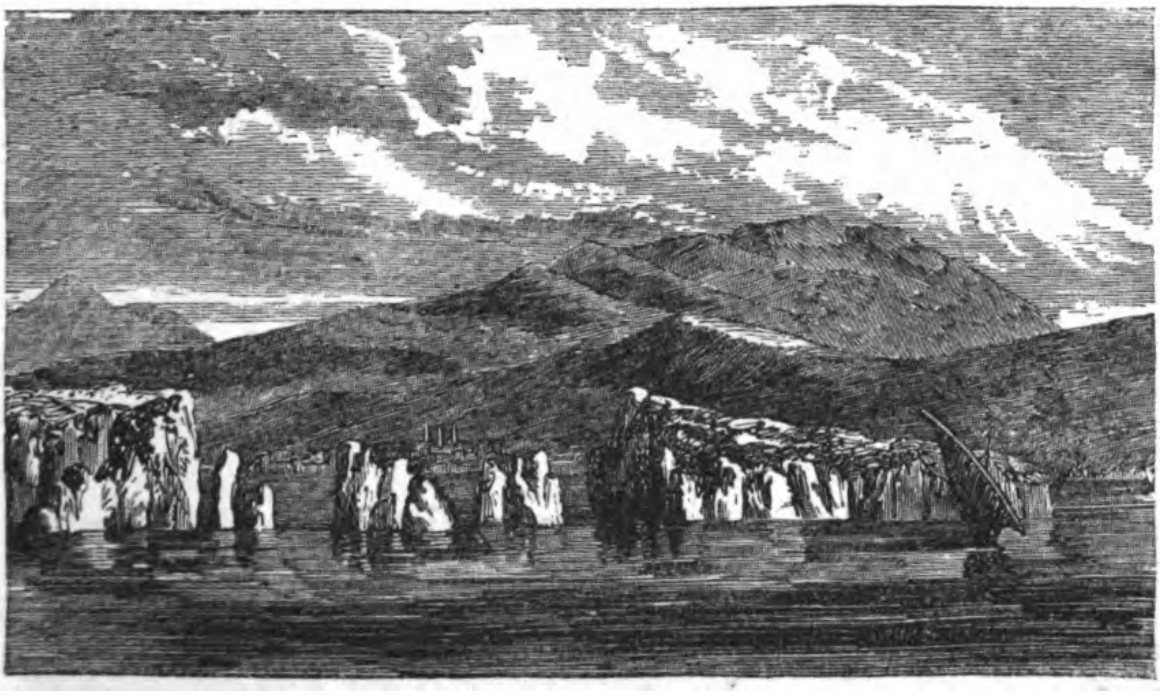
SIX years now had the war lasted, and five summers had the Spartans spent in burning and laying waste the country round Athens (one year they made no invasion in consequence of an earthquake, which frightened them so that they staid at home to pray); six seasons, too, had the Athenians spent in sailing round and round the rocky coast of Peloponnesus, running their ships aground in many a cove, burning a village or a farm, and hastily re-embarking before the people of the country could gather an army to fight them.

Tired of this miserable work, in the seventh year of the war, a brave Athenian general named DEMOSTHENES, who was cruising round the Laconian coast, suddenly ran his ships aground near a rough crag called Pylos, on the western coast of Peloponnesus, took possession of it, and began to build a wall round it. The Athenians had no building tools with them; but Pylos was a steep and rugged rock, which Nature had fortified pretty well already. Demosthenes blocked up the only road to the main land with great stones, and, his men working might and main, in six days he sent word to Athens that he was able to stand a siege.

When the Spartans, who were in Attica at their

old work, heard that the Athenians had actually got a fort in Spartan territory, they flew into a terrible rage, and came marching down to attack them, swearing that they would not leave a single man to tell the tale. Part of their force they put on board ship to attack Pylos by sea, and set over the squadron the bravest and ablest leader they had, BRASIDAS. The Spartans were very eager and angry, Demosthenes very cool and determined. They had far more men than he, but he had great rocks on his side and high cliffs. When the attack was made, the Spartans were driven back, their brave leader Brasidas falling wounded out of his ship, and leaving his shield behind him.

Then, while the Athenians were rejoicing over their triumph, and the Spartans were consulting together as to what should be done next, down came sailing a great Athenian fleet, and fell upon the Spartan ships, as they lay in the bay, and utterly discomfited them.



NAVARINO—PYLOS.

Opposite Pylos there was a long, woody island called Sphacteria, upon which the bulk of the Spartan army had encamped after their repulse. "Now," said Demosthenes, "we are masters of the sea; we

BAY OF PYLOS.

must shut up these Spartans in the island." So the Athenian ships compassed the island on every side, so that not a single Spartan could escape, nor any help arrive to them from without. Here was a

change indeed—the besiegers besieged—the furious Spartans caught like rats in a trap.

A hard time they had of it on that wild, rocky island, under the trees and in clefts of rocks, with hardly enough food to keep life in them. Their friends at home, after sending to Athens to beg vainly for peace—ah! how the tables were turned and the parts changed!—were very uneasy on their account, and offered great rewards to such of the Helots as would swim out on dark nights and carry them bags of corn or linseed mixed with honey; and a few brave men, some for the bribe of their freedom, some for the love they bore their masters, did swim out, and so the pent-up Spartans did not die.

All this while the Athenians on their crag opposite were hardly better off than the people on the island. They were huddled together and cramped for want of room; they had no water but the brackish, dirty liquid they got by digging in the beach; and when the men grumbled, and wanted to be led against the enemy, Demosthenes always answered that he was not ready, and that they must wait yet a while.

News of all this traveling to Athens, when the people met in their assembly to discuss it, Cleon, the leather-dealer, rose and said it was a disgrace that those Spartans had not yet been captured in that defenseless island; in which opinion I think you will agree with Cleon. However, up jumps NICIAS, a leader of the nobles' party, and a great enemy of Cleon's, and shouts to Cleon, "Well, why don't you

go yourself and take the command, if you think the generals so much at fault?"

Now, as Cleon was a leather-seller, this idea of making a general of him looked like a good joke, and his enemies in the assembly laughed till their sides ached, and roared to him, bantering him: "Yes; go, Cleon! Hurrah for Cleon the general! Nothing like leather!" and so on, while Nicias and the leaders of the nobles' party smiled and chuckled, as who would say, "I think we rather caught the tanner there."

But after a moment Cleon called for silence, and said very quietly that there was no use making a noise about the matter; he would go, and, what was more, he would promise to bring back the Spartans from the island, dead or alive, within twenty days. At this there was more laughing and mock cheers from Cleon's enemies. It was quite delightful to see how merry those Athenian nobles were when they fancied they were going to kill off the terrible tanner.

Leaving them to their merriment, off went Cleon, took the command from Demosthenes, and gave orders for the attack. A great fire had cleared most of the wood which covered the island, and left the Spartans without shelter. Their stronghold was stormed by a band of brave Messenians, and being hemmed in on all sides, to save their lives they surrendered. Cleon put them on board his ships, sailed homeward, and arrived at Athens before the twenty days were ended, thus fulfilling the promise he had made. I suppose that Nicias and his friends were grave enough by this time.

At all events, whatever *they* did, among the people there was nothing heard but shouts of rejoicing and gladsome songs. Cleon the tanner was cheered, and feasted, and almost torn to pieces by those who wanted to hug him in their arms; and when more Spartan envoys came with proposals of peace, they were hustled out of the city with a message to Sparta that Athens must have a town or two to repay her for what the war had cost.

CYMBAL PLAYER.

In sullen, frowning Sparta, men asked each other, with gloomy looks, what they should do; and the only thing that they could think of was to massacre some Helots. These Helots, as you remember, were the slaves of the Spartans, though of the same race. They were often cruelly treated by their harsh task-masters, and were at times prone, as I think I should be in the like case, to turn round upon their tyrants and do them a mischief. To guard against this very likely occurrence, the Spartan government now gave out that all Helots who could prove that they had behaved well in the war would be set free and adopted as citizens of Sparta. Two thousand, the bravest and the best of them, came forward, and were formally admitted as citizens. There was a great feast given to them, with dancing, and songs, and music; garlands were set upon their heads by fair girls, and the chief citizens made grand speeches

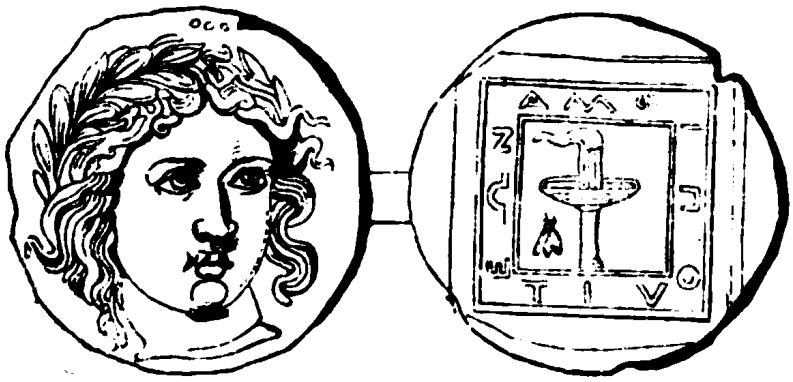
in their praise; after which, when all the festivities were over, and the new citizens were in ecstasies, every man of them was assassinated.

I should have liked to hear after this that the Athenians had met the Spartans in a fair fight, for I am sure that murderers of this mean sort could not stand up against brave men in an open field. But for the present there was nothing of the kind; only small skirmishes here and there, towns captured, ripe fields laid waste, petty sea-fights, and other small miseries, in which the Spartans did about as well as the Athenians, and sometimes better, thanks to a cunning and very valiant leader of theirs, the same Brasidas who was wounded at Pylos.

This sort of thing went on till the Athenians, who had grown very bold and adventurous since the business of the island, made an expedition into Bœotia to avenge their poor Platæan friends, took a great temple near the borders, gave battle to the Thebans, and were very thoroughly beaten. They shut themselves up in the temple they had taken; but the Thebans, being ingenious mechanics, contrived a great blow-pipe, with which they set fire to the temple from a distance, and smoked and singed the Athenians out. After this smart check to their pride, the Athenians made a truce with Sparta that was to last one year.

Brasidas, who was in the north of Greece, scheming to make friends with the wild Thracian and other northern chiefs, and to win them away from Athens, pretended that he never got the news, and went on with his work just as if no truce had been

proclaimed. The Athenians sent a fleet to watch him, with the great historian THUCYDIDES as one of its generals; but Brasidas was too cunning and too swift for the dignified historian, and took the fine city of Amphipolis under his very nose.



COIN OF AMPHIPOLIS.

For this the Athenians very justly sentenced Thucydides to twenty years' banishment, and, the truce ended, equipped a great armament, and sent it, under the command of Cleon, to retake Amphipolis. It was a bad business for them and for him.

Brasidas at Amphipolis laid a trap to catch the tanner-soldier into which a more experienced leader would not have fallen. When Cleon landed and marched against the place, he saw no outposts, no sentries, no engines of war, no men on the wall, no sign of life any where. If he had been as good a soldier as he was a politician, he would have suspected something; but as it was, he concluded that the Spartans had run away already, and came jogging along with his men in a tumultuous crowd, without order or discipline. Brasidas was watching him, with very keen eyes, from a hole in the wall. When he drew near, the Spartan cried, "I see by the quivering of the spears and the reeling of the

bodies of these Athenians that they will not stand against us. Open the gates and charge!"

Down upon the startled strangers poured the Spartans in close, heavy column. At the first shock the Athenians gave way and ran like sheep, huddled together in a dense mass, back to their camp. Cleon, running for his life, was killed by a Thracian, and so was the brave Brasidas, one of seven only whom the Spartans lost that day. It was a very disgraceful defeat for the Athenians, and greatly lowered their pride.

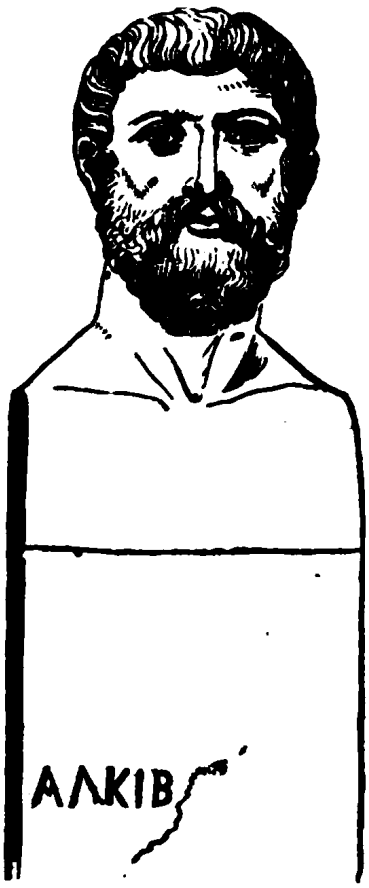
Cleon had been the great foe to Sparta at Athens; now that he was dead it was much easier to make peace; and Sparta, grieving for the loss of Brasidas, being still very anxious to end the war, a new truce was concluded between the two states that was to last thirty years.

I may add here, as we shall see no more of Cleon in this history, that you will often find him abused by writers of Greek history, I think unjustly. He was a leather-dealer certainly, but, as he is not accused of cheating his customers, I do not consider this to have been a fatal fault. As to his public life, he was a strong partisan of war, and a bold, unflinching enemy of Sparta; but so were all the best men of Athens. I wish he had not been so careless at Amphipolis, and I am sorry he ran away when the Spartans attacked him, for otherwise his life was honorable, and his acts worthy of a brave man.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

ALCIBIADES.

I HAVE now to tell you the story of the famous ALCIBIADES, a great man in those days, and one whose special business in this world was to make mischief.



ALCIBIADES.

His father, a rich but worthy man, had died when he was an infant, leaving him to the care of his good friend Pericles, and bequeathing to him a handsome fortune. Pericles found it easier to rule Athens than this wayward boy. Before the youth's beard was grown, all Athens was talking of his bold adventures, of his narrow escapes, of his wild freaks. He was so handsome and so pleasing in manner that the gay Athenian ladies, high and low, were in love with him; even the men found it impossible to dislike him, and some of the best of them, such as the great philosopher SOCRATES, were proud of having him for a friend.

He led a life which was an endless series of outrageous frolics. One day he went into a school and asked the schoolmaster for a copy of Homer:

the schoolmaster replying that he had no Homer, Alcibiades boxed his ears, by way of teaching him to provide himself with good books in future. When a friend of his was accused of crime, he walked to the pillar on which the indictment was hung, tore it down, and thus put an end to the case, laughing in the face of the grave magistrates when they stood horror-struck at so impudent a deed. Drinking one evening with a jovial party, he laid a wager that he would beat his father-in-law, an old and very respectable citizen; and going forthwith to the old gentleman's house, he asked to see him, knocked him about, and won the bet. Any other man who had dared to do such things would have soon had an opportunity of judging of Athenian prison fare; but Alcibiades was such a darling that people only laughed at his follies, and shook their heads, and said he would be wiser some day.

LADY SWINGING.

A new freak now occurred to him. He thought he would like to be a politician, and to take a lead in public affairs. His first idea was to become the agent or special friend of Sparta at Athens. So, to gain the favor of the Spartan people, he was very civil to the prisoners who had been taken by Cleon, gave them fine dinners, praised Sparta from morning to night, and made speeches every where in her favor. But he lost his pains, for the Spartans, who were a morose, grim people, would have nothing to

do with a wild young fellow like Alcibiades, and appointed a staid old citizen as their agent.

Alcibiades vowed a terrible vengeance for this affront, and he soon had a chance of fulfilling his vow; for the conditions of the truce were not yet performed, and after a good deal of message-sending, and grand argument, and keen trickery, such as usually figure in the dealings of nations who want to overreach each other, the Athenians were about to declare the truce at an end, when the Spartans sent an embassy to Athens to settle finally the matters in dispute.

To these Spartan envoys Alcibiades went privately, and pretending to be greatly concerned about their success and the honor of Sparta, advised them, when they appeared before the assembly of the people on the next day, to say that they had come, not to settle matters, but to hear what the Athenians had to propose.

The Spartans must have been very simple, or they would have perceived the treachery of this advice; but, making sure that Alcibiades was their friend, they did as they were prompted; and when Alcibiades rose in the assembly, and asked them, in his very smoothest and most coaxing tone, what their business was, they answered, "Oh! we have only come to hear what you Athenians have to say."

This was the very thing the Spartans had been repeating ever since the peace; they were always wanting to discuss, never to act; and the Athenians, who had been solemnly assured that these last envoys would make an end of the dispute, burst into

fury when they heard their answer. In the uproar, Alcibiades rose and made an indignant speech against Sparta, full of fire and anger at the dishonesty of the envoys. He had had no idea, he said, how shockingly depraved man's heart was. And he looked terribly at the poor Spartans, who sat open-mouthed, bewildered, and trying from time to time to mutter some sort of excuse. For his part, said Alcibiades, he would have no more words with such base men; let them go home, and Athens would choose herself friends at Argos. The Athenian people, being very angry, agreed to his proposal, and the Spartans returned whence they came, a good deal wiser, I hope, for their journey.

Close on this league with Argos followed the great Olympic games. For many years the Athenians had been shut out from the games by the war. Alcibiades resolved that he would now redeem their absence, and do credit to Athens.

One of the chief games was chariot-racing. Race-chariots were light vehicles, often richly adorned with gold, and silver, and ivory, and built very strong, so as to stand a shock against post or chariot-wheel. Four blood-horses were harnessed abreast; the driver stood behind on a stand of wicker-work, so close to the horses that he could often see nothing for the dust. Chariots of this kind, with horses and harness to match, cost so dear that it was thought very extravagant for a private person to have one of his own at the games. Most of the chariots that were entered for the races belonged to cities, or states, or governments, and were paid for out of public money.

Alcibiades came riding over to Olympia with seven of the most splendid chariots that had ever been seen, and with horses of such mettle that one of his chariots won the first prize, another the second, and a third came in fourth in the race. Then, when the games were over, he gave a public banquet, which was the most sumptuous affair those Greeks had ever witnessed. His tent was hung with gorgeous drapery, and his golden ewers and service of plate were the most magnificent at Olympia. There was nothing talked of, either at the games or elsewhere, that year, but the great wealth, and the beauty, and the magnificence of Alcibiades the Athenian.

When he returned home, all Athens turned out to welcome him with songs and shouts, and, as usual, his statue, as a victor at Olympia, was set up in a public place, and the Athenians raved about him more than ever.

War breaking out between Sparta and Argos, off he goes with a party of Athenians. The truce was in full force, but he laughed at truces, joins the Argives, and marches down to fight the Spartans. When the two armies met, near the town of Mantinea, he made a stirring speech to his men, and fell on with might and main; but this time the Spartans, who had no speeches, but only quick-steps from their fifers and pipers, won the day, and gave the Argives a terrible drubbing.

However, Alcibiades took the mishap very little to heart, and leaving the Spartans and Argives to fight it out—there were more battles, and skirmishes,

and marches, and countermarches, and treaties made, and treaties broken between these two wretched little States than this book might contain—he went home to Athens, and fulfilled his destiny by leading the Athenians into one of the most detestable deeds of their history.

There was an island in the Ægean called Melos. It is a miserable desert now, half swamp and half sulphurous rock. Its people had positively refused to take part in the late war between Athens and Sparta. Of course you know, as I do, that they had a perfect right to remain neutral if they chose; but great nations, in modern as well as olden times, have had a habit of bullying their weaker neighbors into joining them in their wars; and so the Athenians had sent word to Melos that Athens ruled the waves, and would the Melians be so good as pay attention and govern themselves accordingly?

The Melians still persisting in keeping out of the war, and using their strength and their wit in the far better business of fishing, sowing, and trading, the Athenians had made a note of the matter for future reference, and now Alcibiades called aloud for the punishment of that wicked island. I hope there were some brave and good men in the assembly at Athens who opposed him, and pleaded the cause of the Melians with spirit and humanity; but if there were, their voices were overborne by Alcibiades and his friends, and the decree went forth to punish Melos.

A fleet sailed away from Athens and blockaded the island. The people, knowing well what they

had to expect from their cruel besiegers, built up walls of defense, and did battle on them stoutly, and husbanded their little store of provisions, and hoped, and hoped till they could hope no longer, and hunger forced them to yield. Then, you will be shocked to hear, every male citizen of the island was put to death, and every woman and child sold into slavery.

It would not be right to judge those Athenians by our rules of to-day, for they, as you are aware, had no such teacher of humanity as the Bible. It was quite common, as indeed you must have perceived long ago, for conquerors in war to butcher their prisoners, and no one thought it wrong when it was not in violation of some promise or treaty. Still, giving the Athenians the full benefit of this excuse, I think you must consider the massacre of the Melians an atrocious crime, and one which a just Providence was sure to punish.

At all events, this business was no sooner dispatched, and the earth trodden down over the graves of the poor murdered Melians, than Alcibiades found more evil work to do.

This time Sicily was the spot he was thinking of. It had been settled long before by colonies from several Greek states, and the island being sunny and pleasant, the settlements had prospered, and some of them had grown very rich. There, as every where else, quarrels had arisen about forms of government; some of the Sicilian towns had followed the Athenian plan, and set up republics, while others, like Sparta, had left the work of government to their rich landholders. When the war between

Athens and Sparta broke out, these Sicilian towns must needs have a finger in it, and diverted themselves by cutting each other's throats and firing each other's houses, by way of convincing each other on the government question.

The great city of Syracuse being on the Spartan side of the dispute, the democratic towns had the worst of the contest, and one of them, Egesta, was about to be swallowed up and made to receive a government of rich landholders, when its people bethought themselves of asking the Athenians to help them out of their difficulty.

Said Alcibiades, who cared very little for Egesta, but was ready for any enterprise in which glory or money could be got, "Let us first send to Egesta and see what sort of a place it may be."

Now the Egestans were uncommonly shrewd rogues. They knew very well that the Athenians would never trouble their heads about them if they ascertained how poor they were. So they bestirred themselves for the coming of the Athenian commissioners, and borrowed of their neighbors gold and silver dishes, and gilt ewers and basins, and ever so many other articles of rich plate, and when the Athenians arrived, an Egestan citizen asked them to dinner, and showed off all this gold, and silver, and plate as his own. Next day another Egestan invited the strangers to his house, and set the same gold and silver plate before them; and on the following day some one else entertained them with the very same furniture. This was kept up for several days, the precious dishes and ewers traveling from house to

house by night; and so, when the Athenians returned home to give an account of their mission, they reported that the Egestans were monstrously rich—every man of them owned plate worth a vast sum.

PRIMITIVE VESSELS FROM ATHENS AND ARGOS.

This was all that Alcibiades wanted to know, and he began to stir the people up for a great expedition against Sicily. The wise philosopher Socrates, and Nicias, and one or two others, said that Athens had best let Sicily alone, and attend to her fields, and her trade, and her mines; but the greater part of the people were not as wise as these; and when Alcibiades harangued them in glowing style, and painted to them the dangers and the excitement of the expedition, and talked of the great glory it would shed upon Athens, and also of the gain they would all reap from conquering an island so rich that even small towns like Egesta contained vast quantities of gold, and silver, and precious ornaments, they went

crazy with enthusiasm, and were all for going to Sicily. I believe the same thing has happened once or twice since in like cases, and I suppose will happen again.

Every body set to work to equip the squadron. Ships were built as if by magic, and fitted out as no Athenian ships had ever been before. All the young men wanted to go, and the generals were obliged to refuse many who enlisted. The rich thrust their money on the government; the poor begged to be allowed to work for the great expedition that was to enrich Athens and make it as great a power as Persia.

But one morning, in the midst of this great excitement, a terrible accident occurred. When the people of Athens rose from their beds at daybreak and went out into the streets, they were horror-struck at finding all the statues of Mercury, which stood at the doors of many of the houses, in the public squares, at the crossings, and at the entrances to

STREET OF THE TRIPODS AT ATHENS.

the temples, broken and battered out of shape. These little statues were mixed up with the Greek religion, and were always regarded with respect and awe by the Athenians. To injure one of them was the greatest insult you could have offered to a citizen of Athens; and the people felt, on seeing them all broken, as the Mexicans might feel if they found all their crosses by the wayside cut down, or as we might feel if one day all our churches were profaned, and the Bibles torn and thrown into the mud.

A terrible gloom hung over the city on that May morning, and men walked about with set teeth and cheeks pale with anger, inquiring for the villain who had thus insulted their gods; but no clew was found. Next day the people's rage was still greater, and guards were set to watch the temples, and numbers of unhappy slaves were seized and put to the torture, to try to make them confess; but still no trace of the criminal was discovered.

I have no doubt the deed was done by a band of conspirators, who wanted to frighten the people out of the Sicilian expedition, and also to ruin Alcibiades; for just as the excitement was beginning to die out, some one got up in the assembly and accused him of having broken the statues. Alcibiades stoutly denied the charge, and demanded to be put on his trial then and there; but this his accuser contrived to prevent; he was too cunning to give Alcibiades a chance of defending himself.

When the time for the sailing of the expedition came, there were many who were for putting it off; but it had cost so much money, and Alcibiades and

the soldiers were so eager to carry it through, that these faint-hearted counsels were overborne, and the fleet started.

Never had Athens seen so grand a sight as that proud fleet of one hundred ships of war, all fully manned and equipped, weighing anchor and rowing out of the harbor. The day was fine, the sun shone brightly, and all the men and women of Athens were gathered on the beach or on the roofs of the houses of Piræus. At the hour appointed, the three generals, Alcibiades, Nicias, and LAMACHUS, stood erect on the poop of their vessels; their brave fighting men, with helmets and breastplates flashing in the sunshine, took their places on the deck; the bugle sounded, and there was a dead silence. A solemn prayer was offered to the god Neptune for a safe voyage, and the goddess Minerva was besought to watch over her own Athenians; and all the stout men aboard, and all the old men, and women, and children ashore, joined in the fervent prayer with sobs and tears. Then the priests raised on high their goblets of gold and silver, and poured out the holy wine. At the signal from the flag-ship, the oar-master on board each vessel sang, with a loud, clear voice, the first note of his boat song; at the sound, every oar dipped into the water, and away dashed the brave ships, as gayly and as proudly as on a holiday pastime.

But when they were gone, and the last lingering craft had disappeared on the blue sea to the southward, a sad stillness loomed over Athens, and the old sorrow and gloom about the broken statues re-

turned. When I think of the hundreds and thousands of fathers, and sons, and brothers that had sailed away on that great expedition, I can understand the cruel weight that lay upon the hearts of those they had left behind. I can see them in their sore anxiety asking each other whether perchance the wrathful god might not wreak his vengeance on those bold ships and their gallant freight.

They fretted about the matter, and brooded, and talked gloomily with each other until their poor sick hearts were well-nigh broken, and the whole city was in an agony of panic. Then it was that the cunning knaves who wanted to ruin Alcibiades stepped forward and said to the judges,

"Be so good as to hold your court to try whether this Alcibiades be not the man who hath done us this wrong."

He was away on the Sicilian coast, planning with Nicias and Lamachus how they might best get the fat plunder they had sailed to win, and casting longing looks at the rich and proud city of Syracuse. So to the Sicilian coast the magistrates of Athens sent a ship, with orders that Alcibiades must return home forthwith and stand his trial.

He heard what had been done before the order came. He was accused not only of breaking the statues, but also of making light of certain sacred mysteries, which I suppose to have been something like the secrets of Freemasonry; and I dare say this last charge was well founded, for Alcibiades was a scoffer at all things respectable. At all events, he would not wait to be taken to Athens to

stand his trial, but ran away from the fleet to a Greek town in Italy.

News of his flight reaching Athens, he was tried in his absence, and his enemies had it all their own way. He was found guilty, condemned to die the death of a felon, and his property was taken as if he had been already executed.

He was in Italy, in exile, when he heard of the sentence.

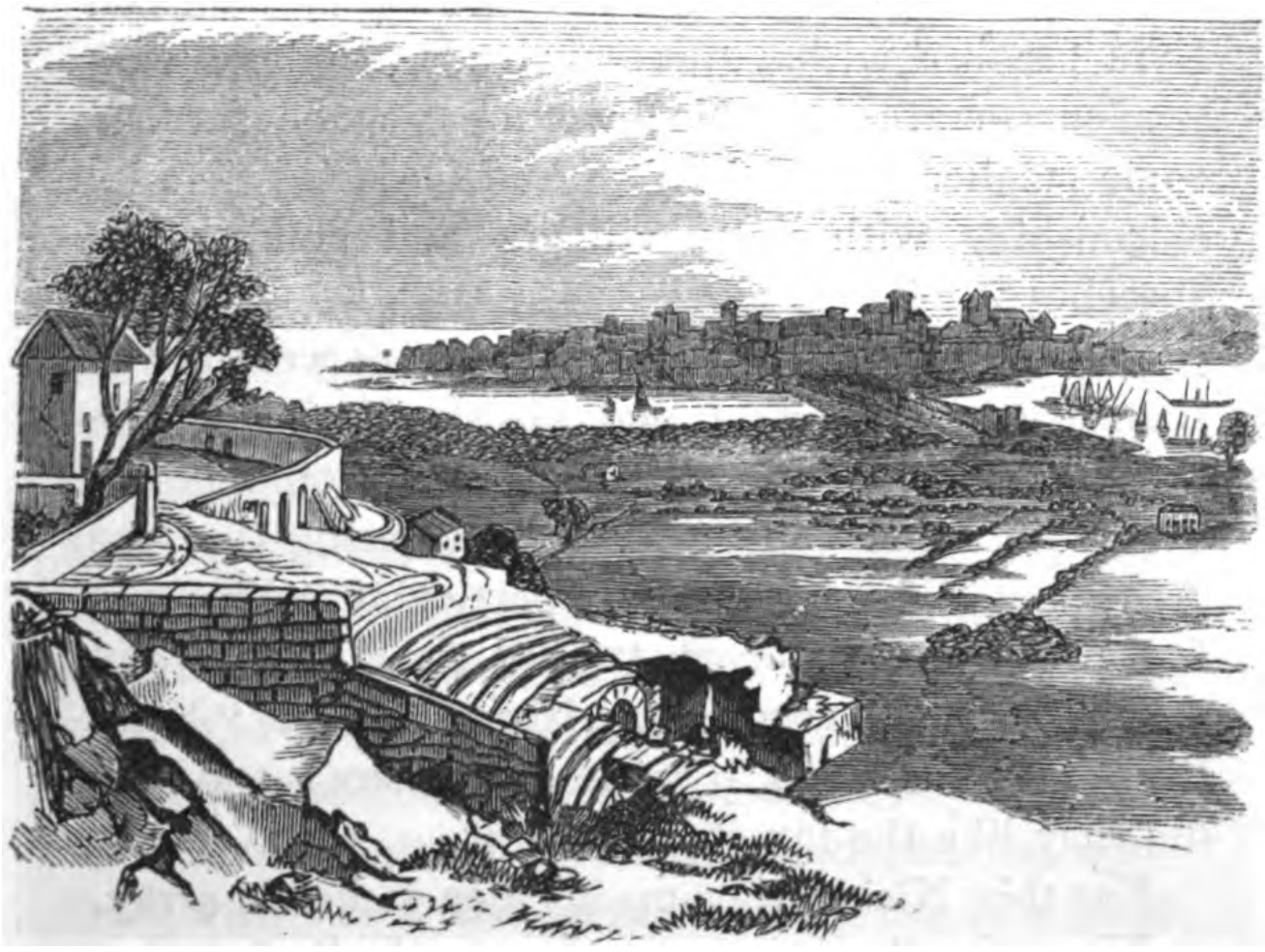
"Ah! the Athenians treat me as if I were dead," he cried, in his petulant rage: "I will make them feel that I am yet alive."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE GREAT EXPEDITION TO SICILY.

THE greatest of the towns of Sicily was Syracuse, which was of the Spartan way of thinking on the question of government.

At the present time Syracuse is a dirty little sea-port, about half as large as the city of the same name in the State of New York. People go thither to see the old ruins, and a few traders do a little business there in oil and sea-fish. Twenty-three



SYRACUSE.

hundred years ago Syracuse was as populous as Cincinnati now is. It covered so much ground that the wall round it was twenty-two miles long. The whole of the modern town does not quite fill the space occupied by one of the four wards of the old one. The people were brave, and learned and refined; proud of their Greek origin, of their riches, and their power; sometimes apt even to look down upon their friends in old Greece, as indeed such greatness and prosperity as theirs might tempt a young people to do.

To conquer this Syracuse the great Athenian fleet had sailed over the seas. When the Athenians landed and looked about them, and saw how pleasant and smiling the country was, they were overwhelmed with delight, and were for laying hands on Syracuse forthwith. But their leader, Nicias, a very prudent man, said, "No; we must make sure of some smaller places first." And he killed time by skirmishing with petty villages and making fine speeches to Sicilian chiefs.

When he first landed, the Syracusans were beside themselves with fright, and sat shuddering within their walls, wondering how soon it would be all over with them. But after a time, seeing that the Athenians did not show any particular boldness, a few of them took heart, trained their militia, and sent a sneering message to Nicias to ask, "Were the Athenians come to settle as farmers? and how did they like the lay of the land?"

For this, Nicias drew up his men in battle array, and beat the Syracusans, but not so badly but that

they soon got over it; and when Nicias sent his army into winter quarters, and proceeded to make himself comfortable for the cold months, there was a large party in the town who said that, with a little help from Sparta, they would be able to hold their own in spite of the great Athenian fleet, and Nicias, and all his men. For this little help they sent to Sparta; and who should they find there to take their part, of all persons in the world, but Alcibiades, who had turned against Athens, and was now quite an important personage among the Spartans? The traitor said the Syracusans should have help—he would see to it. Meanwhile he bade them go home, and be sure and keep the Athenians out of their fine city.

With the early spring, however, Nicias began to move, and it was soon seen that there would be no child's play that summer. He laid hands on a tall hill near the city, and planted it full of javelin-men and archers. He built a great mound round the city wall, very high in front, with holes for the archers to fire through, and with a covered gallery behind, under which the men could eat and sleep in shelter. He drew up his ships just outside the roadstead, so that they sealed up the harbor, and were ready, at a moment's warning, to dash in and join in an attack upon the outer wall of the place. In this way he shut up the place so closely that not even a dog or a cat could creep out; and every time the Syracusans ventured to make a sally, he fell upon them with sword and spear, and they ran in a great deal faster than they had run out.

So now the Syracusans were almost ready to yield, and men at Athens said that in a week, or at farthest in a fortnight, Nicias would be sitting in the palace at Syracuse, sending ship-loads of gold, and silver, and rare treasures home to his friends.

But neither at Athens nor at Syracuse did people know how slow, and timid, and irresolute Nicias was. Having got as far in the work as I have told you, he went no farther; he made no assault on the place; he did not increase his lines; he even drew his ships up on the shore, as the Greek custom was, and let them rot and shrink up in the scorching sun. While this foolish general was thus throwing away the only chance he had, one fine day GYLIPPUS the Spartan sailed into the port with the promised help from Sparta.

Now Gylippus was as bold as Nicias was cautious. The very day he arrived, and while the Syracusans were telling him how very little hope they had left, he sent a message to Nicias, "Take five days and begone with all your men: if any remain on Sicilian soil on the sixth morning, woe to them!"

He was as cunning as he was brave; for when Nicias, roused by this insolent message, drew up his men and his ships for a fight, Gylippus pretended to put all his heart and soul into the battle on the water, and appeared to care nothing about the combat on the land, so he could vanquish the Athenian ships; whereby it fell out that the Athenians, putting all their energy into the sea-fight, and embarking their best men on board ship, won the day, indeed, but made the pleasant discovery, when they

returned to their moorings, that Gylippus had quietly got hold of their high hill and fortified himself there.

Then the fighting went on with various success. Sometimes the Syracusans ran out of their city and mauled the Athenians that were nearest them; and sometimes the besiegers hammered away at some tower or breastwork till they knocked it down and brought up all the garrison to defend the breach. But these small skirmishes did not help the siege, and the deadly marsh fever was playing havoc with the Athenian soldiers, and many of them were losing heart, and wishing they were safe home again once more. Especially, when that fox Gylippus contrived to lure the Athenian fleet into a sea-fight at great disadvantage, and beat it terribly, and so set people a thinking whether Athens did really rule the waves, or only made believe that she ruled them, was the besieging army low in spirits.

Nicias now wrote home to say that he must have more men and a great deal of money, or things would soon look very black indeed. He said, too, that Athens must send a new general to take his place, for he was broken by disease—as indeed he was, poor man!—and home was the best place for him.

It was a gloomy day at Athens when this letter was read, and the Athenians learned to what a sorry end their great expedition had come at last. They had quite lately been attacked at home by the Spartans, Alcibiades the traitor having urged them to it. They were weary of the war, and very poor besides,

the expedition to Sicily having consumed all their spare means; still, in the stout heart of the Athenian democracy there was no wish to yield. Every man took of his own substance, and deprived himself of something, so as to contribute his share toward fitting out a new fleet and arming more soldiers; at all risks, Nicias and his brave men must not be left to perish.

Away went this second fleet, the last forlorn hope of Athens, brave Demosthenes and EURYMEDON being chief in command; came sailing into the harbor of Syracuse, in the old bold Athenian style, greatly to the delight of Nicias, and to the disgust and dismay of the Syracusans. Nicias was so overjoyed at the sight of the re-enforcement that he forgave the Athenians for refusing to let him go home, as they had done, and laid plans directly for a great assault on the place.

It was at midnight, on a moonlight night in July, that the order to march was given. Demosthenes leads the way, and after him the men creep along in silence, following the winding of a ravine, till they come to a Syracusan outwork. No one has seen them; in they rush, stab the sentinels quickly, and make sure of the point; then on, swiftly and silently as before, to the next works. But by this time the alarm has been given, and the town's people are astir, with shouts, and with torches, and with bugle blasts. On come the Athenians fiercely; the first Syracusans are dashed back, and in their flight others coming to help them are entangled and pressed backward too. Gylippus, hurrying up to the fight, is

A LIGHT-ARMED SOLDIER.

caught by the throng, and borne away in spite of all his efforts. Demosthenes comes rushing on, shouting in the night air, "Victory! victory!" when all at once he meets a heavy column of Bœotians, large men, heavily armed, in solid body. In that narrow place they are a wall. Against that wall the brave Athenians dash, and bound back, and charge again, and are again repulsed. Then the Bœotians move, and in turn charge; and now the Athenians run. Their turn now to entangle themselves with the troops behind them; and just at this moment the moon goes down. In the black darkness no man can see his neighbor; the Athenians mistake some of their allies, whose battle-cry is the same as the Spartans, for enemies, and fall on them. Down upon their rear swoops Gylippus with fresh men; the Athenians are hewn down before they see the hand that strikes them; are tumbled over the sides of the cliffs; are caught in devious paths and separated from their friends; are utterly, irreparably beaten.

Ah! what a night that was for Athens—the brave old city!

When the sun rose, and the lost men were counted, Demosthenes said that, for his part, he gave up the contest, and was for going home. But Nicias, whose heart grew stronger as disease wore out his body, said,

"No; he would never face Athens as a runaway. He could die."

A whole month this wretched, broken-down army lay in its tents, sweltering in the August sun, wasting away through fever, and quite unable to help itself in any way; then Demosthenes and the other officers saying positively that they would go, Nicias yielded, and orders were given to embark on the morrow.

But that night, as the heart-broken chief lay in his tent, thinking what Athens would say, and listlessly watching the bright moon, he saw her face slowly decrease in size. First one edge grew dark, then a little more, then half, and at last the whole moon seemed to disappear, leaving only a dull, dark orb in her place. He sprang from his bed in great affright, for he knew that the moon had just been eclipsed, and ran to his prophets or priests, and asked them what it meant. They consulted together, and came to the conclusion that the eclipse was a sign that the army must not embark for a whole month. I suppose they were sincere and honest, and therefore it would have been wrong to throw them into the sea for giving this answer; but I am very sorry they did not tumble into the sea by mistake just the day before; for Nicias, who was the most pious of men, no sooner heard their opinion than he counter-

manded the order of departure, and, though he was nearly dying himself, and knew that the fever would play havoc among his men, commanded that the army should remain where it was for one whole month.

A whole month—another long, dreary month—the Athenians lay in the camp, waiting till the priests and prophets were satisfied; but this time they were not idle. Some vile traitor had told Gylippus of the plan which the generals had laid, and of the eclipse, and of the interpretation put upon it by the prophets, and this stern Spartan had said, "Ha! they want to run away—these terrible conquerors—do they? We shall see to that." And he attacked their vessels that very day, beat them, and drove them high up into the harbor, then closed up the mouth of it with sunken ships, and set his whole fleet a cruising outside to keep guard.

Now, if the Athenians could not burst through this bar of sunken ships, and beat off the Syracusan guard-fleet, they could never hope to get home; they would be caught in a trap, and there would be an end of them and of the great expedition. So Nicias made ready for one more great fight by sea. He put all his men—swordmen, and spearmen, and bowmen, and darters—on board his ships. He provided each ship with huge iron hands, or grappling-irons, to seize the enemy's vessel and hold her alongside. Then, when all was ready, he gave the signal of battle with a few words such as his desperate condition might inspire. "Remember," said he, in a voice very weak from disease, "that you are Ath-

ens's *all*—her soldiers, her ships, her city, and her glorious name: if you are beaten now, then are the Athenians indeed slaves."

The harbor was small—about a mile and a half wide at the widest part. The Athenians rowed forth to battle from the innermost side, steering for the bar at the mouth, where the Syracusan fleet was gathered. The first ships, dashing with great force against the bar, burst open a passage; but these the Syracusans quickly drove back. Then on rowed the others, and the battle became general. It was a bright, clear day, and the shores all round were lined with people who had come to see this last great fight—the Syracusans, with their old men, their women, and children, on the roofs of their houses, on their wall, and on the rocks of the beach—the sick and wounded Athenians in front of their camp, seated on the stones and sand. There was an awful silence at first, broken only by the steady plash of the oars, and the low, stern orders of the officers; then, of a sudden, clang! clang! the iron bows of the ships smote each other, with a noise like cannon shots, the iron hands clattered and rang upon bulwarks, darts whizzed, swords and spears rattled upon helmets and shields; then rose the shrieks of the wounded men, the splash of bodies falling overboard, fierce shouts of the leaders cheering on their men, and, over all, loud hurrahs from the shore, as the spectators of that bloody fight saw their friends victorious, and bitter wailings, when they gave way in the deadly strife.

Hoúr after hour the desperate battle raged in the

bright sunshine, and neither side had won. Sometimes the Athenians had nearly fought their way out; sometimes the Syracusans had nearly driven them back to shore. The sick and the wounded died a thousand deaths in that day's mortal suspense. At last, as the sun went down, the battle was won by the Syracusans, and the Athenian fleet was chased back to its moorings in a very disabled and wretched state. Many of the vessels were battered, broken wrecks, like the hearts of the sailors.

I can almost forgive Nicias for his very deplorable leadership when I think of the manliness and fortitude which he showed at this terrible pass in his fortunes. "Be not too humbled," said he to his men, "either by your defeats or by the undeserved hardships ye have to suffer. I too, bowed as I am by mine infirmity, am in the same peril with you all; yet ye know that my life hath ever been pious to the gods and just toward men. Wherefore despair not; peradventure we shall yet restore to Athens her old glorious name; for it is men that make a city, not walls or ships without men."

So saying, he now gave orders for a retreat by land. He had about forty thousand men left, but these were so feeble from incessant watching, and sickness, and poor food, that they could not carry along with them the sick and the wounded, who were left, poor creatures! to die in the camp or by the road side whither they crawled, shrieking to their comrades not to leave them behind. Even thus lightened, the forty thousand, haste as they might, could only make five miles a day, and the Syracu-

san horse and archers ever hung around them, harassing them night and day.

On the fourth night of the retreat the torment of these pursuers became too dreadful to bear, and the Athenians, at the hour of midnight, struck their tents and marched away on a new route, in the hope of giving the Syracusans the slip; but in the darkness and the confusion one half the army became separated from the other half, and when morning dawned Demosthenes could see nothing of Nicias. Pressed harder than ever by Gylippus, who led the pursuit himself, Demosthenes now cut his way into an olive grove surrounded by a wall, and made a desperate stand there. The Syracusan archers and darters took their stand on a height near by, and poured down arrows and darts upon the wretched Athenians for a whole day, till at last, toward evening, almost every man being wounded, and all worn out, Demosthenes surrendered.

Then the chase of Nicias and his part of the army began with great fierceness. They were tracked by the dead men whom they left by the road side, and very soon Gylippus rode up to them and said, "Demosthenes and all his men are taken prisoners: yield yourselves quickly, that your lives be spared." But Nicias, toiling along the weary road, sent back word that he would not surrender. So Gylippus ordered the archers and the spearmen to shower arrows and darts upon the Athenians.

This was in the morning. All day long this bloody chase continued, the archers taking good aim and firing, the Athenians trudging slowly on, and

now and then turning to make a feeble defense. At night the hunters drew off a little way, and the hunted got a brief rest. Before daybreak they were both up and moving, the Athenians hurrying on as before, the Syracusans riding up to their very heels and throwing darts among them.

It was a very close, sultry morning; there was no water by the wayside; the Athenians, many of whom were wounded, began to suffer terrible agonies from thirst. Some lay down where they were, and were quietly butchered by the hunters; but the greater part, urged on by Nicias, toiled over the hot road in the hope of reaching a river not very far distant. How they managed it, weary, parched, and fainting as they were, I know not; but they did gain it, and, choking with thirst, threw themselves into the stream and drank eagerly. The Syracusans came up with them at that very moment, and attacked them in the water; but so maddened by thirst were they that they took no thought of the darts and spears that were hurtling around them, or of the pursuers who were rushing down the bank, but drank, and drank still when the water of the stream was crimson with their comrades' blood.

At last, when to hold out was merely to approve the butchery, Nicias surrendered.

Of the forty thousand men who left Syracuse there were but ten thousand now alive, so frightful had been the sufferings of that week's work. Of those ten thousand many were sold as slaves by the Syracusan officers; the remainder, with the generals

Nicias and Demosthenes, were led in chains to Syracuse.

If you ever visit that famous city, you must go and see the old quarries, out of which came the stone of which the town was built, and which, as every one will tell you, served long, long ago as prisons. They are vile-looking places, deep, dark holes in the rock, with steep walls and a cavernous mouth. Remember when you look at them that into these holes all the Athenian prisoners were thrust.

The holes were so small for the number of men thrust into them that they lay one upon another, like the prisoners in that other horrid prison, the Black Hole of Calcutta. The fierce noonday sun scorched them, and the heavy night dew chilled them to the bone; their keepers did not give them enough to eat or to drink; their prison was never cleaned out, nor were they allowed to leave it for an instant.

A merciful Providence put most of them out of their pain within a few days after their imprisonment. The survivors besought their jailers at least to take away the dead bodies, but even this favor was sternly refused, and for seventy days and seventy nights the poor creatures lay side by side with the corpses. The people of Syracuse, thinking, no doubt, of the fearful danger they had escaped, took a pleasure, it is said, in walking to the mouths of the pits and gazing at the hideous spectacle in their black depths. But they were not long indulged in the pleasant pastime, for a deadly air soon rose from the pits,

and to prevent a plague breaking out in the city they were forced to clean them, and draw up the surviving prisoners.

I dare say this last job did not take much time or cost much labor; seventy days of such torture could not have left many of the prisoners alive. There is a beautiful story—I hope it is true—about some of these poor Athenians, who, when they found themselves thrown destitute into the streets of Syracuse, went from door to door repeating verses from the plays of EURIPIDES, and so charmed the Syracusans with the touching strains of their favorite poet that, in honor to him, they were set free and sent home; but I am afraid they were very few who were so fortunate.

Nicias and Demosthenes were condemned to death by the angry people of Syracuse. Gylippus, to his honor be it said, tried hard to save them, and so did the Syracusan chief, HERMOCRATES; but, finding it impossible, Hermocrates sent them a sword privately, and with this they ended their unhappy lives.

So the great expedition to Sicily was brought to a miserable close. It was the death of Athens, which never recovered from the loss of her two fine armies, and her fleets, and her treasure. I hope it will teach you the great lesson that nations are like individuals; when they begin to despoil their neighbors, and try to seize by force what does not belong to them, they are quite certain in the end to bring irreparable ruin on themselves.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE BLOODY FOUR HUNDRED.

IN a barber's shop in the port of Piræus there sat a stranger, newly arrived from sea; as the barber trimmed his beard and clipped his hair, the stranger asked, "What news from Athens? What say they there of the terrible defeat of their brave army?"

"What defeat?" cried the barber, in great surprise.

"Know you not," said the stranger, "that Nicias is dead, and Demosthenes is dead, and all their bold men are dead too—or, living, would be better dead?"

With a deep groan, the barber threw down his knife and tweezers, plucked his mantle from the peg, and ran all the way to Athens—then told the magistrates and the people the cruel tidings the stranger had brought.

But they would not believe him. "Go back whence thou camest," said the chief magistrates, "and bring the stranger before us, that we may hear the false tale from his own lips." The barber went, and sought the stranger far and wide in the port town and among the shipping; but he could not find him, nor did any one know whither he had gone. So, when the barber returned to the magistrates, and told them that the stranger was gone and

could not be traced, they seized him and thrust him into prison, and put him to the torture—to the intent that all men, from that day forth, should beware of telling false stories about the army that was the pride and the flower of Athens.

But they would have needed a very large prison indeed to hold all the strangers who came sailing into Piræus, in the course of the next week or fortnight, with the news of the dreadful end of the expedition. By the end of the month all Greece knew the sorrowful tale, and the great heart of Athens broke with anguish and dismay.

The Athenians were in a very sad plight at home; the Spartans had a strong fort in Attica, from whence their thievish horsemen sallied forth, like birds of prey, to ravage the pleasant country round Athens: their harvests were lost, and they were obliged to trust to their friends in the island of Eubœa for corn; their horses were lamed, as well they might be after the work they had had to do in the rocky mountain passes, trying to keep the Spartans in check; their fighting men—that is to say, the few they had left—were wearied out with incessant watching on the great wall for the coming of the Spartans.

ATHENIAN HORSEMAN.

To add to all, the friends of Athens in the Ægean—being for the most part summer friends, very affectionate indeed when affection was profitable, but cool enough in the hour of doubt and danger—now began to turn their backs on her. The people of the great island of Chios, having received a visit from the wretched renegade Alcibiades, cut loose from Athens, and said that, at heart, they had always been for Sparta; so they were lost. Then other smaller islands, and here and there a city, which had been very proud, in the days of Athenian greatness, to call itself an ally of Athens, suddenly discovered that the Athenians were in the wrong, and said that they could not, in honor, continue to countenance so wicked a state.

The Athenians, roused from their first stupor by these insults, gathered what force they could, and avenged themselves upon some of the islands; Chios, among others, got a severe lesson, and saw its vineyards and olive groves laid waste by the angry Athenians; but, in the mean time, Alcibiades, always thinking of the sentence which treated him as if he were dead, crossed over to Asia Minor and made a treaty with the Persians, by which Sparta offered to help the Persian generals to take all the Athenian cities in Asia.

I do not know where all these schemes, and intrigues, and treaties might have ended, but for a mishap which now befell Alcibiades. The Spartans had never liked him at bottom; he was too much of a fine gentleman for a coarse people of their sort: now, they took it into their heads that they had

had enough of him, and sent him about his business, with a pretty broad hint that, if he showed his face at Sparta, he might find his way into one of those ugly pits which had seen the last of so many brave men.

Off he starts to the Persian governor in Asia Minor, and offers his soul to him; and the Persian, having a natural taste for traitors, buys him, cheap enough as he thought at the time, but very dear as he soon found; for Alcibiades had a new scheme in hand, which was to get back to Athens, and have vengeance on his old enemies there; and you may be sure that he would betray Persians and every body else to gain his end.

As he knew very well that, as long as the people were free at Athens, a traitor of his description would have no chance at all there, he began by scheming to overthrow the republican government. This was the easier to do, as Athens was in such distress, and the people were sick at heart, and prone, as people often are in time of trouble, to blame their government for the fruits of their own misdeeds.

There were among the rich landholders' party at Athens a great number of persons who sighed for the old times when they had all the power in their own hands, and could knock the poor people about as they pleased. To these persons Alcibiades wrote letters, urging them to overthrow the government; and promising them, if they did, that Persia would make a treaty with them. They liked the idea well enough, and schemed, and plotted, and worked in many unherhand ways, till they thought Athens

was ripe for revolution. Then, one fine morning, when the people were at breakfast, four hundred of them, each with a long dagger under his coat, and followed by a hired band of cutthroats, walked quietly into the senate-house, and said that the democracy was done away with, and that they—the Four Hundred—were the government of Athens.

Only a short while before, it would have been a pretty bold deed to talk of oversetting the democracy. If the Four Hundred had tried their hand at treason before the Sicilian expedition, I think that very few of them would have eaten dinner that day. But now the Athenians were downhearted and broken-spirited. They were few in number, and very poor in pocket. They said, when they heard of the doings of the Four Hundred, "Well, if they can give Athens peace, so be it."

All were not of this mind. The old leaders of the people at Athens would rather have died than agree to the overthrow of the democracy; but, strange to say, these brave and good men had been in uncommonly bad health of late. One day Athens heard that this one had died, the next that another had dropped into the water and got drowned; then others disappeared no one knew how, while not a few were found murdered in the streets, by whom it was impossible to guess. Thanks to this singular mortality among the chief democrats, the Four Hundred had but few enemies to deal with.

Their plan of managing these few was very simple and straightforward—so admirable, indeed, that, if my memory serves me, it has been once or twice

adopted by rulers since who did not live at Athens. They hired one hundred and twenty ruffians, very tall and very strong. These ruffians followed the Four Hundred to their place of meeting and guarded them there, and if any body ventured to say that he would like to know the reason of this or that act of the Four Hundred, or that he thought the old government was a very good one in its way, some of these ruffians would offer to discuss the point with him, and next morning he would be found with a great hole through his body, and his clothes gone. Of course the Four Hundred were shocked at his death—very much shocked indeed.

By dint of this gentle discipline, the Four Hundred, backed by their faithful Hundred and Twenty, trained the people of Athens into such a charming frame of mind that they ceased to talk above a whisper about public affairs. This beautiful result has also, I believe, been attained by other rulers in later times; but we do not know the whole story of their Hundred and Twenty quite yet.

Happily, at that shameful pass, there was an island called Samos, and an Athenian fleet—Athens had a fleet even then—lying in the harbor of the island. Samos was a stout ally of Athens—had never, in the darkest hour of her fortunes, flinched from her side, or even listened to her enemies—and now Samos said, in her old stout way, that, for her part, she would not submit to the bloody Four Hundred. The bold islanders met together, and to the meeting came the seamen of the Athenian vessels, and they one and all agreed that the Athenians had

revolted from Athens and from them, and that they would be true to themselves and to the old Athenian principles of democracy.

Oh! it was pitiful to see the figure the Four Hundred made when they heard the news from Samos; how they whined, and went out to the people, and wrung their hands, and said they were sure they meant all for the best, and went home and ordered more good and true men who had scowled on them to be put to death! And how they cried and bewailed their hard fate when Sparta, in answer to their very sneaking petition, said sternly, "No; she would not make peace for the present; she was minded to see the war out."

But when these same Spartans actually sent their fleet a cruising off the coast of Attica, and it sailed up to the island of Eubœa, and told the Eubœans, "You shall send no more corn to Athens under pain of fire and sword," oh! then the bloody Four Hundred almost expired in their fright. There was no need of any force or violence to upset them; they went to pieces of their own accord. Some ran away, others were thrust into prison, and a few, the shrewdest of the party, pretended to be greatly enraged with their colleagues, and to take the people's part.

These cunning knaves now said to the people, "Let us have no more of the Four Hundred, but instead let us put the government into the hands of the five thousand richest men of Athens, so that every man who can pay for a coat of mail shall have a share in the government."

A WARRIOR.

You know very well that a man is none the wiser for being able to buy a coat of mail, and therefore that this new plan was quite as absurd as the former one. But the only thing the people said was, "Will the Five Thousand give us peace, that we may sow, and build, and sail, and earn a living for our families?"

And the knaves replied, "Oh yes; the Five Thousand were the very men to give peace to Athens."

However, as it happened, these very cunning knaves defeated their own aim by proposing that, as Athens was so poor, the magistrates should, from that time forth, serve the state for honor only, and not for pay.

To this the people cheerfully agreed. But before the year was out, the Five Thousand discovered that the effect of the new plan was simply to make them work for nothing, and that the people had really the best of the bargain. So they called a new assembly, and laid down their power, shrewdly thinking that power at such a cost was not worth having; and then and there, every body being willing, the old democracy was set up once more, and all the men of Athens took a solemn oath to stand by it forever.

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CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE THIRTY TYRANTS.

IN all these ups and downs at Athens, there was one man who was sure to be found on the winning side at last—that was Alcibiades. When his friends, the Four Hundred, were overset, and the democracy re-established, Alcibiades turned up as one of the captains of the Athenian fleet at Samos. It would take me a long time to tell you how he got there, and how many people he deceived in his old crafty way, and how many lies he told to gain the confidence of the sailors; it will be enough for us to know that he succeeded at last, and that, having quarreled with the Persian governor, he now said he was the most devoted friend that Athens had in the world.

Indeed, having at the time nothing particular to gain by treachery, he resolved to be honest, by way of a change; and to prove it, he sailed away at the head of the Athenian fleet, and beat the Spartans once, twice, and actually frightened them so that they began to think of peace.

On the strength of these exploits, he sent to Athens to ask, Might he return home once more, and be forgiven?

And the Athenians, in their large, forgiving way, said, "Yes, he might."

He was half afraid to land at Piræus, as well he might be, after his wicked treachery; and he begged his friends to keep close to his side as he walked through the throng of idlers who had gathered to meet him. But there was no man there who sought to harm him. When he rose in the public assembly, and made an affecting speech to prove that he had always been on the side of Athens, even when he was trying to do her all the mischief he could, the people took pity on his abject condition, and cheered him, and bid him heartily welcome. They did more than this; they gave him back his fine house, and his land, and bade the priests take back all the curses which had been pronounced against him, and threw the leaden plate on which his sentence was inscribed into a deep part of the sea.

So now he was pretty comfortable—a great deal better off than so bad a man deserved. But he soon fell into his old courses. He was sent to sea with a fleet to fight the Spartans, but he had hardly set sail before news came to Athens that he was playing false. One account said that he was plundering the friends of the Athenians; another, that he was secretly plotting with Sparta, and letting the Spartans gain undue advantages. The sailors complained that he was idle, debauched, and selfish: the generals sent word that his manner was so overbearing and haughty that flesh and blood could not endure it.

I dare say there was some untruth in these accusations; but, as you can well imagine, the Athenians could not trust him, and they thought it best to

take away the command from him, and give it to ten men of good character and courage.

When he received the news, he dared not return to Athens, but journeyed away to Thrace, where he carried on business for some time as a sort of civil pirate. After a while he removed into Asia, and built him a fine house in Phrygia, and lived in grand style, with a great band of followers, and in the company of a beautiful lady whom he loved.

He was living there when a plot was formed among the Persians to get rid of him—some suppose, at the secret instigation of the Spartans, who were not at all a forgiving people. The Persian governor—PHARNABAZUS—chose a time when he knew that Alcibiades was alone in his house; and, to make matters doubly sure, he charged a large body of troops with the deed, and put two high Persian officers at their head. They came creeping along to the house, like guilty thieves, starting and trembling at every sound they heard; for the fame of the strength and bravery of the great Athenian caused them terrible misgivings; and not daring to break in, they set fire to the house from outside, and surrounded it.

Roused by the crackling of the fire and the smoke, Alcibiades rushed out, sword in hand, with his cloak wrapped round his arms as a shield. Not one of the Persians dared to face him; one and all ran out of his reach, and shot arrows at him from a distance. He struggled for a while, vainly trying to catch one of his cowardly assassins; but they took care to keep out of the way, and he soon fell dead,

AN ARCHER.

pierced by countless arrows.

The murderers left the body to be wept over and piously buried by the lady who had been the last friend of this great traitor, and went home to their master, as proud as if they had won a battle. I can not feel much sorrow for Alcibiades, but I hope his assassins received their due reward.

All this while the Spartan and Athenian fleets were cruising opposite each other in the Ægean Sea, and fighting battles, from time to time, with various success. One of these sea-fights, a bloodier one than usual, was fought off three little islands, near the Asiatic coast, called the Arginusæ; the Athenians won, and the Spartans lost the day, and their general too—a very brave and gallant chief named CALLICRATIDAS. The fight had been long and severe; when it was ended, twenty-five Athenian ships were dismantled, without oars or sails, some of them mere wrecks.

You will be shocked to learn that the victorious Athenian generals made no reasonable attempt to save the crews of these disabled ships. They talked about sending for them; but so overjoyed were they at their victory, and so proud of having beaten so

brave a leader as Callicratidas, that they let time slip on, until a storm arose, and swept every one of the twenty-five ships, with all their crews, to the bottom.

The generals said nothing about this—at which I am not at all surprised—in their dispatch to the government at Athens, and for a day or two there was nothing heard in the city but shouts and songs of joy at the glorious victory. But very soon whispers of the cruel end of the drowned sailors went from ear to ear; and one or two of the leading men asked the generals why they had not saved at least some of so many crews?

"Oh!" said the generals, "it was blowing so hard that the bravest ship could not have ventured out in the storm."

But THERAMENES, a bold leader of the people, who had himself been in the battle, answered that this was not so; that there would have been plenty of time to rescue the drowning men before the storm came on, if the generals had not been so busy making merry over the victory.

On this the generals were put on their trial for gross neglect of duty, and the rejoicings over the victory were suddenly hushed. Just then, a public festival was held at Athens. The people collected to celebrate it, dressed in their gayest clothes; but the relations of the drowned men all went to the temples in mourning robes, and with shaven heads, and with faces full of deep distress.

This sad sight thrilled the heart of the Athenians; their grief turned into rage; they called for

the instant trial of the generals, and, without letting them finish their defense, condemned them to death —Socrates alone, among the judges, protesting against this unfair behavior. The unhappy men were all executed forthwith.

It was a very lamentable business, and I wish the generals had had a fair trial; but still, I am afraid that if a commodore in the American navy were to leave a thousand men to drown after a victory, through carelessness and negligence, Judge Lynch might be likely to deal with him in a similar manner.

So far as Athens was concerned, it would have been better for her if a few more of her generals had drunk the hemlock when the cup was passing round.

The new Spartan chief on the coast of Asia was named LYSANDER; but he was so crafty that he was often called simply THE FOX. He no sooner arrived on the station than he made great friends with the Persian chief CYRUS—a wonderful man, of whom we shall hear more presently—and actually persuaded Cyrus to lend him money to pay his men; which, it seems, it was not always customary for Spartan generals to do. Having put them in good-humor in this way, he ordered them to remain perfectly quiet where they were, and not to fight on any account till he gave the signal.

The Athenian fleet was lying at the mouth of a river called Goat's River, not very far distant from the Spartans. When their general, one CONON, was ready, he gave the word to set sail, and moved down

opposite the Spartans in order of battle; but, greatly to his surprise, not a Spartan ship stirred. He cruised about in front of them all day, trying to rouse the Spartans with jeers and taunts; but they lay as still as stones. In the evening the Athenians moved back to their anchorage.

Next day, out they came again, and once more tried their very best to provoke the Spartans to fight; but they might as well have tried to provoke the rocks and trees. Next day, the same thing; and again on the one following that. Finding it all of no use, these silly Athenians said to each other, "Of a truth, these Spartans are hares, not men;" and sailed back to the mouth of Goat's River, and went ashore, and disported themselves under the green trees, and in the pleasant shade on the river banks.

Now, said the Fox, who had been watching them with a very sharp eye, we have them. Up, men, and row!

Away they went, tugging with all their might at the oars, and fell upon the Athenians like a squall on a sunshiny day. There were but a few men on the shore and in the ships: Conon ran wildly from side to side, trying to muster crews for his best vessels; but long before they could be got together the Spartans had done their work, and the whole Athenian fleet was taken or burnt. A great number of the Athenians only learned of the battle when they saw the smoking hulls on the beach; three or four thousand of them—poor fellows!—were captured as they sauntered out of the woods, and mer-

cilessly put to death, according to the savage custom of wars in those times.

The news reached Athens in the evening, two or three days afterward. No one in the fine old city thought of sleep that night; all along the long wall, from the outermost part of Piræus to the top of the Acropolis, a deep groan arose to heaven. The meaning of that groan was that Athens had done her best, and could now do no more.

On came the Fox, slowly—he knew there was no need to be in a hurry—slyly laying hands on the cities and the islands that were friendly to Athens, and cutting off all the supplies of food from the doomed city—then lay before Piræus with his fleet, while a great Spartan army surrounded Athens by land.

There was no hope now; so the Athenians sent to ask what terms would be granted them if they yielded.

The Spartans said, "Those long walls, about which we have often warned you, must now come down."

There was so little food in the city that only the rich could satisfy their appetite, at an enormous cost; yet, when this answer of the Spartans was made known to the people, and one man said he thought they must agree to it, with one voice the people cried, "To prison with him, the traitor, that would cripple Athens!"

After a short while, the famine growing too dreadful to be borne, the people sent Theramenes to Lysander to arrange terms of surrender. How The-

ramenes acted we do not know; he was a very unprincipled fellow, and it is possible that the Fox may have bought him, or, perhaps, cajoled him; at any rate, though he knew the wretched plight in which the city was, he staid three whole months with Lysander, and sent no message to Athens.

Of course, during these three months, many and many a poor Athenian died of hunger. All, indeed, were so reduced and worn out that they were glad, when Theramenes returned, to agree to a surrender without conditions.

It is said that when the city surrendered, the Corinthian and Theban chiefs, who were on the side of Sparta, were for selling all the Athenian people as slaves, and parceling out Attica among the conquerors; but that the Fox, who had no notion of raising up new rivals to Sparta, would not consent to this humane proposal. However this be, when the Spartans landed, Lysander ordered the Athenian masons to begin to pull down the long walls in his presence. As if this were not enough humiliation for Athens, he bade the best musicians and the fairest dancing-girls play and dance before him when the work of destruction began; and they played, and sang, and danced, and made merriment with very sick hearts, I am sure, before their brutal Spartan conquerors.

The Fox, being a Spartan, hated republics; and, now that they were sure of his protection, the remains of the old landholders' and nobles' party, and the relics of the bloody Four Hundred, began to plot once more for the overthrow of the democracy.

They found it hard work at first, so lately had the people sworn solemnly to stand by the democratic government; but during the smouldering contest, the Fox came sailing from Samos, which he had just subdued, and brutally reminded the Athenians that he half repented of having spared their lives. Of course, after this there was no more discussion, and the democratic government was abolished, and thirty men of the old nobles' party were set over the Athenians. They went by the name of the Thirty Kings or Thirty Tyrants—the Greeks, who were a plain people, having only one word for king and tyrant.

Of these thirty the chief was one CRITIAS, a debauched, corrupt, bloodthirsty villain, and another of the party was Theramenes. These, with their twenty-eight colleagues, ruled Athens bloodily and brutally, murdering, exiling, and robbing every man whom they hated or feared; and as they hated every good man, and feared every brave one, the work of murder, and exile, and robbery kept them pretty busy. Bad as the bloody Four Hundred had been, the Thirty were incomparably worse.

I am quite happy to say that Theramenes, through whose tortuous career some bright traits shine here and there, soon broke with his colleagues, and quarreled with them. He was even so bold as to make a fierce speech against them, denouncing them as assassins, thieves, and usurpers.

This was in the senate-house, in presence of a great crowd of people. Before Theramenes had ended, Critias rose, spluttering and roaring to his

guards to seize that fellow and put him to death. Theramenes sprang to the altar on which the senators took their oaths, and called for sanctuary; but the Thirty cared no more for altars than for men's lives, and shouted, "Away with him! away with him!" The guards—I dare say they were the same ruffians who had flourished under the bloody Four Hundred—tore him by main force from the altar, and dragged him to jail. There they handed him the cup of hemlock, and bade him drain it quickly. He drank without a word; then turning to the guards and smiling, he threw into the air a few drops which had remained in the bottom of the cup, and said, "To the health of the gentle Critias!"

For eight months the Thirty (Theramenes was soon replaced) ran their race of villainy and blood, and by that time every man's hand was against them. Even the enemies of Athens were so shocked at their infamous rule that they forgot their national spite. The Thebans, for instance, jealous as they were of Athens, and much as they had wished to make an end of her a short while before, now took pity upon her, and when a band of Athenian exiles, who had taken refuge in Bœotia, planned an invasion of Attica to pull down the Thirty, the Thebans did not hinder them, but lent them arms and bade them God speed.

So they came marching over the mountains in mid-winter—a little band, but strong of heart—under a brave man named THRASYBULUS, and they laid hold of the strong fort of Phyle, on the road to Athens. There the Thirty made sure to take them,

FORTRESS OF PHYLE.

VIEW OF PHYLE.

dead or alive, they cared not which, and trudged along through the deep snow, with all the ruffians and murderers they could muster; and there the said Thirty were beaten and routed, root and branch, the chief ruffian, Critias, being left dead in a snow-drift.

The Fox, hearing of this notable turn in affairs, cries, "What! would they upset my friends, the Thirty?" and marches at double quick pace into Attica. But while the Fox was busy trying to protect his friends, he was so unwise as to forget to protect himself, and his enemies at Sparta thought the time a good one to overthrow him and put a new general in his place. This was a very unlucky change for the Thirty, for the new general, PAUSANIAS, was a reasonable man, and didn't care in the least for the friends of the Fox. So he and Thrasybulus very quickly came to terms, and made a treaty of peace by which the Thirty—I am almost sorry to say—saved their necks.

For the rest, the treaty gave the Athenians leave to set up their old democracy once more, and they did so. The Spartans promised to give up ravaging Attica in future, and both nations swore solemnly to be the best of friends.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

SOCRATES.

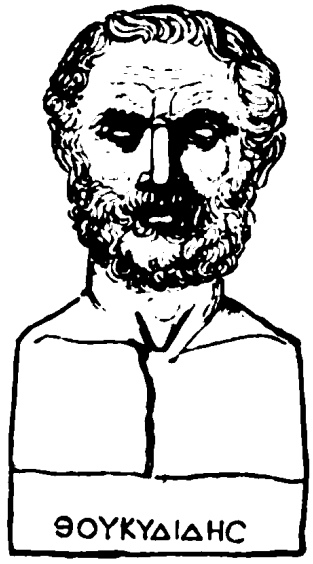
BEFORE we go on with the history of the fighting Greeks, and the scheming Greeks, and the ambitious and conquering Greeks, we must take a look at another class of Greeks—book-writers and searchers after truth, who were called philosophers.

Of the play-writers, and of the honors that were paid them; of the jury that the chief magistrate of Athens was required to choose to decide which was the best play of the year; of the glory got by the author of this play, which was not less than that of a successful general or a great orator, I have told you already.

The Athenians were also proud of their historians, of whom the oldest was a very interesting character named HERODOTUS. He spent a great many years in traveling over Greece, and Thrace, and Asia Minor (of which country he was a native), and Egypt, and other countries on the border of the Mediterranean; and when he had ended his travels, he wrote an account of the things he had seen and heard, which was read to the Greeks at their great games. It is so delightful a book that, in those old, old dark days when

HERODOTUS.

the wild Goths and other savage races tore up and burnt so many of the books of Greece, this one was saved by pious monks, and you can read it much easier than the Greeks could, the copies have been so multiplied by printing. But you must not believe all that Herodotus says; a great many of the strange nations he visited imposed upon him, and many of his stories are no truer than fairy tales.



THUCYDIDES.

Another great historian was THUCYDIDES, who wrote the history of the wars between Sparta and Athens. He was a general as well as an author, and fought against the Spartans, though unsuccessfully; but his history is one of the most admirable books which we have inherited from the Greeks.

When I think of these books, and of the poems, and the plays, and the temples, and the statues which were brought forth by the Athenians; when I remember how short a time they had flourished, and how many mishaps had checked their progress; especially when I compare their triumphs in letters and art with those of modern nations, which have been at work piling knowledge upon knowledge, and skill upon skill, for hundreds and hundreds of years, I am lost in admiration of that little city of Athens, and I wonder whether there ever were so wonderful a people as the men who lived there.

But the most famous of all the Athenians who were not soldiers or statesmen were the searchers

after truth, or philosophers. I suppose, if these men had lived in our day, we should have called them simply schoolmasters, for they got their living by teaching young men the things which it was then deemed honorable to know, such as music, oratory, grammar, politics, geography, with a trifle of astronomy. But, while they taught others, these sensible men did not forget themselves; they continued to study all their lives, and by this means many of them became very learned and wise indeed.

They had no schoolhouses, and very few schoolbooks; the place where they taught was usually a shady grove, or a covered porch or passage; the teacher often walked up and down, lecturing to his students, who conversed with him and asked him questions. Of an evening, master and pupils often met at the house of some accomplished lady, and supped together, improving the time by sensible and witty conversation.

The greatest of these teachers and students was SOCRATES. Bred a sculptor, he had made statues in his youth; quitting the chisel for the sword when the wars broke out with Sparta, he fought manfully, and was noted for his great bravery and fortitude. He went barefoot, and wore the same coat summer and winter; bore fatigue, and hunger, and thirst, and hardship of every kind without ever murmuring.

When the first wars were over, he settled at Athens, and began to teach and study. His fame soon became so great that pupils thronged upon him; but he would never take pay from any of them, and taught for honor only. So far as we know, he was

SOCRATES.

a wise, good man, who taught nothing but what was excellent and wholesome.

He was very plain of face, with snub nose, goggle eyes, and thick lips—a rather unfortunate thing among so good-looking a people as the Athenians. He had a scold named XANTHIPPE for a wife. His temper was naturally passionate and violent, but he so schooled himself that nothing could put him in a passion. He made a jest of his ill-favored countenance, and bore meekly with his cross wife.

When he was about forty-five years of age, that unlucky oracle of Delphi chanced to declare that he was the wisest man in Greece.

"How can this be?" said Socrates, when he heard of it, "for I know, myself, that I know nothing."

To find out what sort of wisdom other Greeks had, he went to the most famous men—politicians, soldiers, artists, merchants, and so forth—and cross-questioned them as to what they knew. He soon discovered that they knew little or nothing, and being a blunt man, he told them so. But they, drawing themselves up, replied that Socrates was very much mistaken; they were very learned men indeed.

From this Socrates concluded that the oracle

might be right, as he, at all events, knew that he knew nothing, while the others did not.

For twenty-five years he studied at Athens, never missing an opportunity of cross-questioning a famous man, and never finding one who would admit that he was ignorant. Gaining great knowledge of human nature by this process, but with it a great deal of ill will from the famous men, who didn't like to be told that they knew nothing, and who would say to each other, after a visit from Socrates, "Who is this vain fellow, dressed so meanly, and without a drachma in his wallet, who dares to call us blockheads?"

When he was near seventy years of age, this ill will at last broke out into an open attack upon the old philosopher. Three persons who hated Socrates fastened to the pillar in the court-house, in the usual way, an indictment against him, accusing him of disrespect to the gods, and of evil teaching to the youth of Athens.

I should not have wondered myself if so wise a man as Socrates had, in his heart, despised the foolish gods of Greece; but, as it happened, he was a very devout man and regular in his religious observances. So this charge was as unfounded as the other, and every one said that Socrates had only to make a short speech in his defense to defeat his enemies. Instead of doing this, the brave old man, thinking that he could do better service to his country by showing his friends how to die than by eluding the sentence, pronounced a speech, every word of which was an insult to the court, and which provoked the judges to that degree that, by a small ma-

jority, they found him guilty of the crimes charged against him.

When the question then arose, What punishment should he suffer? and his accusers, in their bitter hate, proposed death, the judges turned to Socrates, and asked him what punishment he thought suitable—the law of Athens being that accuser and accused should each suggest one kind of punishment, and that the judges should choose between the two.

Socrates said that, in his opinion, if he were to receive his deserts, he ought to be lodged at the public expense, and treated as a public benefactor.

On this the judges, enraged at his insolence, sentenced him to death.

He was led to prison, and kept there, with heavy chains on his legs, for thirty days, till certain holidays were over. He spent the time cheerfully, conversing with his friends on grave topics, such as the immortality of the soul and the nature of evil, and when the time came he was ready to die.

He drank the cup of hemlock when it was handed him; then remembering that he had lately recovered from sickness, and had not yet shown his gratitude by any sacrifice to the gods, he turned to one of his friends and said, "Do not forget, Crito, that we owe a cock to Esculapius." So he died.

Socrates was so good a man, and the morality he taught was so pure and so admirable, that many persons have said that he seemed to have divined the teachings of CHRIST four hundred years before the SAVIOR came. I wish, for my part, that all Christians were as just and as true men as he.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE STORY OF THE TEN THOUSAND.

YOU remember Cyrus, the Persian chief in Asia Minor who had helped Lysander with a loan of money in the old wars of the Spartans and the Athenians. This Cyrus was son of the late, and brother of the reigning king of Persia, a brave, shrewd, and ambitious young man.

He now sent word to Sparta, and to all Greece, to say that he was about to undertake an expedition into the interior of Asia to punish some rebels, and would all the Greeks who liked fighting and good pay come and take service under him?

Sparta, remembering the service Cyrus had rendered her, sent him a choice band of old soldiers; and a great number of adventurous young men from Athens and from Corinth, and from other Greek cities, partly from a wish to see the world, and partly from hopes of bettering their condition, started off too, and enrolled themselves in the army of Cyrus. Of Greeks all together there were about ten thousand, the chief leader one CLEARCHUS, a Spartan.

With these and a hundred thousand Asiatic troops Cyrus set off. He was proud, as well he might be, of so gallant an array; and when he came to Cilicia, whose queen was a friend of his, he reviewed all his army to please her, and made the troops fight a

sham-fight in her presence. But when it came to the turn of the ten thousand Greeks to charge in the sham-fight, they rushed to the onset so fiercely, and looked so terrible with their flashing swords and clattering armor, that the queen, and all her courtiers, and a good many of the Asiatic troops, took fright and scampered off the field in terrible agonies of panic.

When the Greeks, marching along day after day, asked Cyrus where were the rebels whom they were going to punish, he answered that they were at such a place, several days' march ahead.

So they trudged on till they passed the place Cyrus had mentioned, and then once more they stopped, and asked angrily this time, "Where are the rebels?" Cyrus said that they were a little farther on—in fact, on the border of the great river Euphrates; and he gave the Greeks double pay from that day out.

Then it began to be whispered, first among the officers, then among the soldiers of the Greek division, that they had been deceived by Cyrus; that there were no rebels to be punished, but that Cyrus was in reality marching against his brother, the Persian king ARTAXERXES, and intending to make himself King of Persia. It was a terrible discovery for these Greeks to make, so far from home and from the sea; for, though they had beaten Xerxes and Darius, they were, in their hearts, very much afraid of the Persians, who were so much more numerous and richer than they; and, considering all things, I am not at all surprised that they

wished themselves at home again at least a dozen times a day, and reviled Cyrus bitterly for having led them into such a trap.

However, wishes and revilings could not get them out of the trap, now that they were in it; so, after a time, they made their minds up to their fate, and resolved to see the business out. On and on through the great Mesopotamian desert they marched, through waves of sand like the sea, diverting themselves by hunting antelopes and ostriches, and trying vainly to catch the fleet wild asses which cantered down to see them pass; toiling wearily under the flaming sun, and often lying down in the sand to die of fatigue and thirst, and always watching for the army which they knew the great king was mustering in defense of his throne.

One sultry day the army halted at noon to dine and rest till the sun went down. They were at a place called Cunaxa, only sixty miles from the great city of Babylon. The men had lain down in what shade they could contrive, and were talking of the booty they would get in Babylon, when the advance pickets came riding in with the news that far away on the side of the south they had seen a small white cloud rising out of the earth. Every one sprang to his feet, looked to the south, and saw, quite on the edge of the horizon, the small white cloud. The old soldiers looked very grave indeed, for they knew that it was the dust of a great army coming to meet them.

Cyrus gave orders to form in order of battle, and rode round from regiment to regiment, encouraging

the men. When he came to the place where the Greeks were stationed, he met a brave Greek officer named XENOPHON, and asked him what the Greek watchword was?

"Jupiter and victory!" said Xenophon.

"Be it so," answered Cyrus; "we shall fight with that battle-cry."

On came the great king—for it was he—with an army far larger than his brother's; with horsemen, and lancers, and scythe-chariots in such multitudes that the field was darkened by them; with foot-soldiers all in bright, shining armor, from whose helmets the sun's rays were reflected in so many thousand flashes that the Greeks were dazzled by the sight. Still, for all this show, when the armies fell on, and the Greeks charged, they drove back the Persians who were opposed to them, horse and foot, chariots and lancers—drove them, huddled into a shapeless mass, full three miles from the field of battle, and never ceased to hew them down while their breath lasted. At sight of this, the courtiers and chief officers who surrounded Cyrus made up their minds that the battle was won, shouted for joy, and saluted Cyrus king.

They had better have fought than shouted; for while the Greeks were chasing one great body of Persians on one side, another great body — and among these six thousand choice troopers, all with gilded shields and golden-hilted lances, and mounted on the noblest horses in the world—were pressing very hard upon the other wing of Cyrus's army. He, seeing the danger, called to him six hundred of

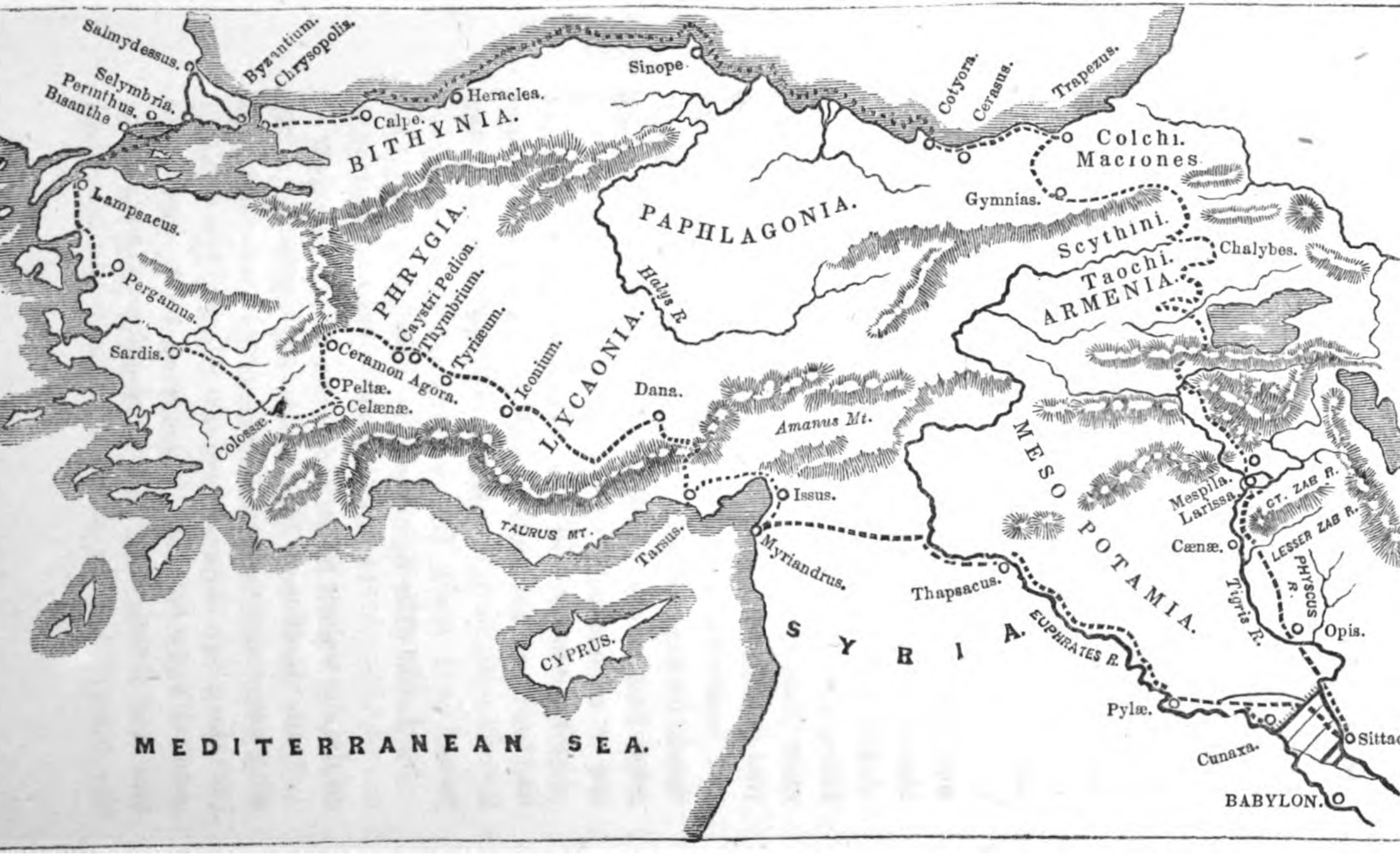
his most valiant troopers, and with these charged the six thousand. At the furious onset the foremost Persians were knocked over. Cyrus himself cut down their captain, and, riding fiercely over men and horses, cut his way into the very centre of the column, where he saw, on a magnificent war-horse, all covered with jewels, his brother Artaxerxes, looking very pale among his courtiers, who were paler still.

"I see the man!" Cyrus shouted, and with all his might flung a javelin at his brother. It struck the great king in the body, and even pierced through his cuirass; but it did not kill him, and on the instant a swarm of trusty guards attacked Cyrus. One wounded him in the eye, another knocked him off his horse, and others dispatched him as he lay.

At the joyful sight the great king forgot all about his own wound, and ordered that the head and right hand of Cyrus should be cut off and shown to his troops. It was so done, and the Asiatic soldiers, recognizing the bloody face of their leader, ceased to fight, and gave up the contest.

All this the Greeks learned when they came trudging back, dusty and begrimed with blood, from their long pursuit. Gloomy news!

However, the Greeks bore up in their old manful way, and when the great king sent them word to come and yield up their arms, Clearchus made bold answer, "If King Artaxerxes wants our arms, let him come and take them;" upon which, I believe, the great king discovered that he could do without them.



ROUT OF THE TEN THOUSAND.

The Ten Thousand were in a very sorry plight, for all their boldness. They were more than twelve hundred miles from any Greek city, in a strange country, with enemies on every side. They had no map, and knew hardly any thing of the country they were in, except that it was very hot and very barren, and that they would find it hard work to obtain provisions. After some talk, they decided, as Cyrus had led them southward, to march steadily northward, and to trust to Providence in case they lost their way.

You may perhaps be surprised to hear that the great king, with all his army, which was probably more than twenty times as numerous as the Greeks, was in almost as great trouble of mind as they. He was in an agony of fright lest the Ten Thousand should march on his great city of Babylon, where a great part of his treasure was, and plunder it under his very eyes.

So he sent an officer to the Greeks to say that he liked them very much indeed, and would they make friends with him, and forget and forgive all that had passed?

Said Clearchus, "Tell the great king that we have had no breakfast this morning, and will have no dinner unless we fight for it."

"Oh! if that is all," said the Persian, "come with me, and you shall have no end of dinners and breakfasts." And he led the Ten Thousand to some villages hard by, and feasted them upon corn, and wine, and large, luscious dates; then, when the hungry Greeks had eaten their fill, he asked

them, Would they like him to show them the way home?

Clearchus (never dreaming of Babylon, or suspecting the motive of the wily Persian) answered that he would be much obliged.

So they started northward, the Ten Thousand Greeks keeping in a body by themselves, and a great body of Persians, under a general named TISSAPHERNES, accompanying them at a short distance. When they had journeyed several days in this manner, and were quite a long way from Babylon, Tissaphernes suddenly pretended to be very much offended with Clearchus, and wrote him word to say that he had heard he was secretly plotting against his good friends the Persians, who were giving themselves so much trouble to show him the way home. Clearchus angrily said the story was false.

"Come dine with me to-morrow," answered the cunning Persian, "and bring all your captains with you: I will have you meet your accusers face to face."

I am rather surprised myself that Clearchus had not learned enough, long as he had been in the Persian country, to beware of his Persian friend. He went to the dinner, and at the first course was butchered, with all his officers, and a body-guard of two hundred men who had accompanied him.

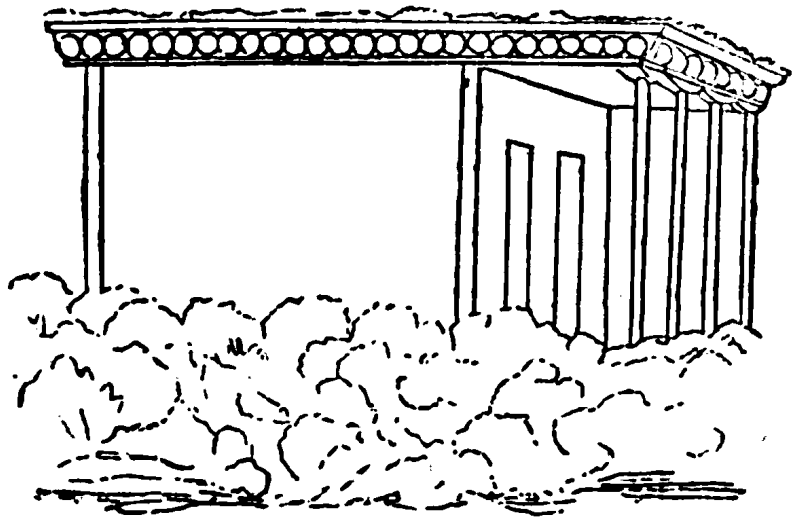
That night there was great dismay and quaking of heart among the Greeks. They had been in sore straits before; what should they do now, without their leaders, and with Tissaphernes ready to fall upon them at any moment?

Xenophon the Athenian lay down to sleep with this heavy care burdening his mind. As he slept, he dreamed that he saw Jupiter hurling a blazing thunderbolt at his house in distant Athens: the house caught fire and burned to ashes. He sprang up from the ground where he lay, and in the dark night called his chief comrades together.

"Comrades," said he, "I can not sleep, for the Persians will be upon us at dawn. Let us bestir ourselves now, while we have yet a few hours, and make ready to meet them."

In mortal haste, the remaining officers of the Ten Thousand spent that night in preparing for the morrow. They chose Xenophon to lead them in the place of Clearchus, and so hard had they worked when morning came, that the whole Ten Thousand were ready to march in battle array, each division under its proper officers.

They looked so bold that the sneaking murderer Tissaphernes dared not attack them openly, but hung round them with his men, like vultures or hyenas, stealing their stores, snapping up stragglers, throw-



WOODEN HUT IN ASIA MINOR.

ing darts at the hindmost from a safe distance, and sometimes galloping on ahead, climbing a hill, and throwing down stones upon the Greeks as they passed.

Oh! it was a wearisome march over those dusty plains, and loud and rough were the curses which the tired Greeks heaped upon the name of Cyrus and the Persians generally. Sometimes the army lost patience altogether, and sat down where they were; and then Xenophon, whose spirit never flagged, had to ride back to the laggards, and cheer them up, and drive them on forward with sharp words and buffets.

Once a soldier whom he scolded for lagging behind answered him roughly, that it was very easy for Xenophon to travel, seated on a good horse; but how would he like to trudge over sand and stones, and to carry a heavy shield besides? Xenophon instantly leaped from his horse, snatched the soldier's shield, and took his place in the ranks. Though he had his own armor to carry as well as the soldier's, he marched along as briskly as the stoutest there, till the mutineer, thoroughly ashamed of himself, begged to be allowed to take his place again.

On and on the Ten Thousand trudged till they came to the mountains. There they met new enemies, the mountaineers, who were famous archers, and shot long arrows—far longer than those of our Indians of the Far West—with wonderful and terrible aim. Through these archer tribes the Ten Thousand fought their way, and then they came to

the high table-land of Armenia, where the winter is long and bitter. It was now as cold as it had been hot farther south. Three times after they had lain down to sleep at night snow-storms came on, and the men were forced to keep afoot all night, so as not to be buried under the drift. The first to rise on these occasions was always Xenophon. He spent many a night in chopping wood for the camp fires, and walking round the tents to see that none of the men were asleep.

On and on, through snow and ice, losing men and horses by frostbites, till the Ten Thousand lighted upon one of the under-ground villages of Armenia. These were collections of holes in the ground, into which the natives burrowed like foxes in the winter months. They were deep and spacious. The door was a pit like the mouth of a well, down which people descended by a ladder. Queer places as they certainly were, they were very warm and snug; and the Greeks, I dare say, thought them a capital contrivance when they lowered themselves down the ladders, and thawed their half-frozen bodies, and regaled themselves on the corn, and barley, and fruit which the under-ground villagers had stored up. They had quite a merry time of it down in the deep caverns, making friends with their owners, and drinking wholesome beer out of great jars through long straws or reeds.

On and on, then, through more wild races of people, always steering by the north star, and feasting one day and starving the next. One morning, as Xenophon was in the rear, driving on the laggards,

he heard a great shout from the foremost ranks, which were climbing a tall hill in advance of the main body. Supposing that some new enemy had fallen upon the van of the army, Xenophon turned his horse and galloped swiftly to the front. As he dashed up the hill side he could hear the shouts more distinctly. They were not battle shouts. They were shouts of joy. The men on the hill top were shouting "The sea! the sea!"

And there it was, the great Black Sea, with its cold waves hoarsely groaning almost at their feet, and the white crests flashing in the sunshine far, far, as far as the eye could reach to the northward. These poor Greeks had been so long shut out from the sea that they had often mournfully thought they would never see it again. They loved it so dearly, it reminded them so thrillingly of home, that the sight of it overcame them, and they fell on their knees, crying like children, hugging one another, and shouting, in the midst of their joyful tears, "The sea! the sea! our own sea!"

The place where they were was not far from where the port of Trebizond now stands. Then, as now, it was a sea-port, with ships in the harbor. One of the captains of the Ten Thousand, seeing the vessels, cried, "Comrades, I am tired of packing up, marching, running, carrying arms, and fighting. Let us take ship and sail the rest of the way, so that we may arrive in Greece with outstretched arms and asleep, like the old hero Ulysses."

"Good!" said they all; "let us sail home."

But this was easier said than done. They hired

ships, which sailed away without them; their provisions began to fail; and so, after a long delay, they resigned themselves to the old way of traveling, and marched round the coast to the western part of Asia Minor. There they met with their friends, and enjoyed rest after their labors.

Xenophon, the brave leader of the Ten Thousand, wrote the history of their retreat, and proved himself to be as good a historian as he was a general. When you remember the small number of the Greeks, in comparison with the multitudes of enemies they had to meet, the great distance they traveled, and the severe hardships of the journey, I think you will conclude that the retreat is one of the most surprising and admirable events in Greek history.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

AGESILAUS.

ATHENS put down and humbled, her great walls laid low, her people bullied and knocked about, as I described in a former chapter, Sparta was the foremost state of Greece. You know already what sort of people the Spartans were, and you can guess how they were likely to use the power which had dropped into their hands. They used it to crush out all that was free, and manly, and independent, and fruitful in Greece; to bully the small, weak state of Elis, which was a neighbor of theirs, and a republican commonwealth; to pick quarrels with divers other republics in Greece, and tread them down, and force them to change their government, and submit to a council of tyrants appointed by Sparta; to uphold bad Spartans in prowling throughout Greece, robbing and outraging the people of weak cities, and making slaves of their citizens; to set at naught law, and justice, and right, and to produce nothing but a dread of the Spartan name, and a deep hatred of the Spartan people: these were the fruits of Spartan power.

In the mean time, the King of Sparta, whose name was AGIS, fell ill and died. He left a son, LEOTYCHIDES, a foolish young man, whom nobody liked or trusted, and a brother, AGESILAUS, a brave,

high-minded, and popular man. Now the law was that the king's eldest son should succeed to the throne at his father's death. According to law, therefore, Leotychides should have been the next king.

But the Fox, who had made an immense fortune in those wars of his, and was the craftiest man in Sparta, set his face against Leotychides, and went about saying that he would never do for a king. The Fox had his own ideas as to who ought to be the next king. He even sent presents to Delphi to induce the oracle to say that the Spartans ought to choose him in preference to any of the royal family. But whether he did not bid high enough for the favor of the oracle, or the priests who made up the answers happened at that time to be attacked by a fit of honesty, instead of getting what he wanted, he was betrayed by the priests, who sent word to Sparta that Lysander had actually tried to bribe them, and ought to be narrowly watched.

This finished his chances, and now he said he was in favor of Agesilaus for king. There was one objection to Agesilaus. He was a very small man, and lame. Like the other Greeks, the Spartans set great store upon manly beauty. Their idea was that the leaders of their army, who were the kings, ought to be the tallest and finest men in Sparta. Moreover, some stupid old oracle had warned them long ago that Sparta must beware of "a lame reign;" and the genuine old pure-blooded Spartans pointed to the lame leg of Agesilaus, and said that the oracle had evidently referred to him.

However, this time the genuine pure-blooded Spartans were not allowed to have their own way. Agesilaus was greatly liked at Sparta; he was the late king's brother; the crafty Fox worked for him might and main (I dare say he laid out some of his great wealth in convincing some needy pure-blooded voters); and so, in the end, he was chosen king.

There was plenty of work for him to do. The Spartan law said that there must be no money in Sparta but iron. I rather suspect myself that this old law was merely another grand Spartan flourish, devised in order that strangers should say, What very strict and severe people these Spartans are! and that the genuine pure-blooded Spartans had each of them a bag well lined with gold and silver. Still, however this was, the law was there in full force, and when the Fox came home with bags and boxes of gold and silver which he had screwed out of the weak states he had bullied, and other Spartan generals brought home other bags and boxes of the like kind, there was a great uproar among the simple Spartans, a great many of whom said that the unlawful metal ought not to come into Sparta at all.

This led to a good deal of angry talk and discussion; but the end of the matter was that the genuine pure-blooded Spartans generously agreed to sacrifice themselves for the sake of the state, and to take all the gold and silver, for fear the poor Spartans should be corrupted by the possession of any of it. This kind act of theirs helped them not only

to more riches than they had ever owned before, but to an increase of power likewise.

The poor Spartans were not as grateful as they might have been for the considerate behavior of the genuine old families. They grumbled a good deal at getting none of the riches which they had won with their blood. They complained that, the higher Sparta rose, the lower they sank in dignity and freedom. Some of them even took up arms to conquer their rights and punish their pure-blooded masters for their oppression; but Agesilaus was down upon them directly, and caught the chief rebels, and drove them through the streets of Sparta with insults and buffets, and put them to death with cruel tortures. This checked their uprising, though it did not quite convince them that they were wrong.

However, war arising in Asia—the great king having given out that he designed to punish Greece, and especially Sparta, for the affair of the Ten Thousand—the Spartans forgot their private quarrels, and Agesilaus led a great army into Asia Minor.

I am happy to say that the first Persian general he met was the black-hearted murderer Tissaphernes, and that the brave Spartans gave him something to remember them by; nor am I very sorry that Agesilaus plundered the Persians a good deal, and stripped their rich provinces so thoroughly that one of the Persian governors declared that he positively could not get a meal in all his rich satrapy.

After a great deal of this sort of work, a Persian governor named PHARNABAZUS asked Agesilaus to

meet him at a certain place, to see if they could not arrange a peace. On the day fixed, Agesilaus went with thirty Spartans to the place of meeting, and they all, in their homely dress, sat down on the grass to wait for the Persians, looking, I dare say, much more like a group of farm-servants than a monarch surrounded by his staff. After a while the Persian came, all glittering with gold and purple, and followed by a cavalcade of richly-dressed officers, all on blood-horses magnificently caparisoned. Servants went before them, and began to strew the grass with purple cloths for their master to sit on during the conference.

But when Pharnabazus saw the Spartans seated on the bare grass, he bade the servants gather up their rich cloths and be gone. Then he took his seat beside Agesilaus, and discussed with them the quarrel between Greece and Persia.

They could not come to any understanding; but Agesilaus was so much struck by the fairness of the Persian general that he offered him great inducements to desert his master and become a friend of Sparta.

"If my master," replied Pharnabazus, "should appoint another chief to command in my province, then would I gladly be a friend to the Spartans; but, so long as he trusts me with the command of his troops, expect from me nothing but war."

I am rather surprised that the Persians contrived to keep so upright a man in their service.

Perhaps the thing best worth remembering in these wars of Agesilaus in Asia was the strange hu-

manity he displayed. I say strange, for, as you have learned by this time, the general rule in the wars of those wretched times was to kill every body, and to boast of it afterward. Agesilaus tried a new plan.

It was the custom of that day—I believe it is not yet quite done away with—for the Asiatic races of Asia Minor to sell their children into slavery. Slave-merchants traveled through the country, buying little boys and girls from their parents, and taking them in droves, like sheep or cattle, to the great slave-markets at Sardis, and Susa, and Babylon for sale. When any of these caravans met with an army, it was sure to go hard with the slave-dealer and his slaves; so the usual plan on these occasions was for the dealer to select the strongest and most valuable of his slaves, and gallop off like the wind with them, tossing the weaker and younger children into the bushes or on the sand, to live or die, as Providence ordained. The poor little creatures thus deserted almost always died of hunger, for the soldiers in those rude times cared nothing about them, and left them to starve. Agesilaus was the first to alter this system. He ordered that every child found on the line of march should be fed and cared for. "It might be time lost," he said, "but it would be lives saved."

He was equally humane in his military operations. Before him, the rule was, when a town was taken, to put every man in it to the sword. He ordered that, after the capture of a place, the people should be spared, which so astonished the objects of his mercy that they could not believe he was seri-

ous, and made sure that he was reserving them for some horrible death. It would have been well for the fame of Greece if all her later leaders had followed this example of the Spartan Agesilaus.

While he was laying waste the Persian provinces in Asia, the Spartans at home were not as comfortable as they might have wished. The other Greeks had begun to say that they were ready to stand a moderate amount of tyranny from Sparta, but that they could not submit to be utterly crushed out. If nothing short of this would satisfy the Spartans, they would fight for it.

Nothing less would satisfy the Spartans, so—the hatred of Sparta being so great that Thebes and Athens forgot their old jealousy of each other to join together against their common oppressor—war was declared against Sparta by Thebes. A battle was fought at Haliartus between the Spartans and Thebans (with whom were some Athenians), and though the victory was left in doubt, each side claiming it, the Spartans lost their general, the Fox Lysander, and thus the heavier blow fell on them.

To add to this, the Spartan fleet cruising on the coast of Asia, under an imbecile captain named PISANDER, was dreadfully beaten about the same time by the Persians, who were commanded by the old Athenian captain Conon.

Frightened by these mishaps, the Spartans sent to Agesilaus to come home. He was very comfortable where he was, living on the fat of the land, and rolling in the plunder of the fine Persian cities; but he did not hesitate an instant. Bidding his soldiers

strike their tents, he marched homeward with all his men.

The enemies of Sparta made ready to meet him with all their force. Athens, Corinth, and Thebes were banded together in a new league. They promised themselves to kill the Wasps (as they rightly called the Spartans) in their nest at Sparta.

But it was much easier to call names than to win battles. Agesilaus fought the allies twice, once at Corinth, and again at Coronea, and each time the Spartans had rather the best of the battle. At Coronea the tussle was terrific. Spartans and Thebans charged straight at each other, and met with such a terrible shock that the shields and swords of the front ranks were all broken and battered out of shape, and the men fought with their knives and their fists. In the thick of the fight Agesilaus was knocked down, covered with wounds, and a good deal trampled; but his men managed to pick him up and carry him off, and he was soon himself again.

It would be wearisome to tell you of all the battles, and the marches, and the sieges, and the defeats, and the victories of this miserable war. I will only say that it lasted a year or two longer, and that most of the fighting was done on the isthmus of Corinth.

Every body was a loser by it. One day Agesilaus was sitting in his camp, counting his prisoners, and reflecting on the prospect of making all Greece subject to Sparta, when a horseman rode into the camp on a horse that was covered with foam and sweat. Soldiers ran to him and asked him what

news. He shook his head, and would speak to none but Agesilaus. To him, when they were alone, he told the mournful news that a whole Spartan army had just been cut off and utterly destroyed by a band of Athenians under a new general named IPHICRATES.

The Athenians were losers too. They lost a number of merchant vessels, which a party of pirates from Ægina contrived to steal out of their very harbor of Piræus one misty morning; and they lost their gallant friend and old captain Conon, whom those miserable Persians at last betrayed in their old way, and who went to die wretchedly in his old age at Cyprus.

The Thebans lost many brave men, and more money than they could well spare; and as for the Corinthians, they lost all their trade, and almost every thing they had, for most of the fighting was done at their very doors.

All these losses made Greece quite helpless; news whereof reaching the Great King away in Persia, he issued a grand decree from one of his grand palaces, declaring that all the States of Greece must make peace forthwith. In a grand manner, he said that he must have, for his trouble in the matter, all the Greek cities in Asia; and there being none to hinder him, now that the Greeks had so crazily wasted their strength, he took them all at a swoop. Furthermore, this grand king gave out that if any petty State in Greece dared to make war after he had declared that there should be peace, it would feel the whole weight of his royal displeasure.

The Spartans, who cared very little for any city but their own, and who were heartily tired of the war, rather liked this grand performance; the other Greek States could not help themselves; but ah! what a store of vengeance they were laying up in their hearts against the Great King and his grand empire!

SATYR'S HEAD.

CHAPTER XL.

EPAMINONDAS.

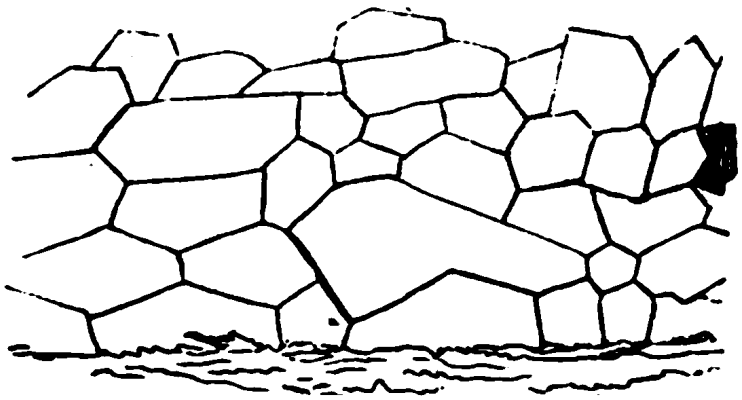
WHAT the Spartans liked best in the peace which the Great King had forced on the Greeks in his grand decree was the chance they thought it gave them to extend their power over their neighbors. They reckoned they might do this by trickery, and fraud, and murder, and bloodshed. I fancy we shall see, before we come to the end of this chapter, that this reckoning of theirs was not quite as accurate as they imagined.

The first neighbor they meddled with was the stout little town of Mantinea, on the border of the Spartan country. It had grown populous of late; its people were comfortable, and growing rather self-willed, as became right-hearted men. There was no quarrel between them and the Spartans. It was the old story of the wolf and the lamb.

Said the Spartan Wolf, "Pull down that wall of yours, if you please."

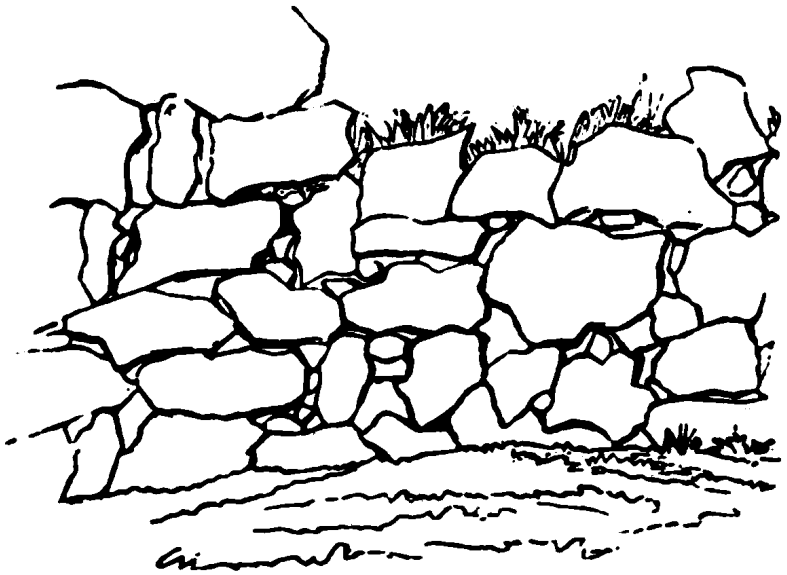
Said the Mantineans, "The wall does you no harm; we would rather it stood."

"Then," said the Wolf, "if you won't pull it down, we must do it for you." So up went the Spartan armies and laid siege to Mantinea. The Mantineans lining their wall with bold, strong men, and handling their first assailants roughly, the Spar-



WALL OF THE CITADEL OF ARGOS.

tans did not venture upon a second assault; but their leader devised a cunning scheme to reduce the place. The wall (which was not like the great stone walls of Argos, or Tiryns, or Mycenæ, and



WALL AT TIRYNS.

was replaced in later times by a strong fortification of mason-work, with towers, of which you may yet see large remains) was then built of unburnt bricks. The Spartan leader dammed up a river which flowed past the town, and caused it to overflow. The water soon dissolved the unburnt clay; the wall came tumbling down in several places at once. This obliged the Mantineans to yield, and the Spartans took possession of the town, set up a government

ARCH OF TIRYNS.

which was to be sure and work in all things for Sparta, and made mere slaves of the Mantineans.

Then, to spite their old friends the Thebans, whom they mortally hated now, they set about rebuilding the old town of Platæa. When it had lived, the Spartans had done it all the harm they could, and had helped destroy it. Now, they sent messengers throughout Greece to gather together all the old Platæans and their descendants, and dragged them from their exiles and their hiding-places, and planted them in their long-lost home once more, taking good care, however, to plant there beside them a Lacedæmonian garrison, to take care of them and keep them subject to Sparta.

This was only a beginning. They intended far more serious mischief to Thebes.

One very sultry day in July or August, the Theban ladies were keeping a festival in the citadel of Thebes. This festival was a private one; what the ladies did at it I do not rightly know; but every year, when it came round, the citadel was given up to them, and no man was allowed to set foot within

it on any account. Well, the ladies were all there, making merry in their secret way, whatever that way was, and no male Theban was near, when a traitor named LEONTIADES led a band of Spartan soldiers at dusk to the gate of the citadel, and secretly let them in. They made no noise, but quietly seized the citadel and the ladies too, then asked the Thebans whether they would submit to Sparta.

The Thebans would have fought to the death rather than yield if they had had a fair chance; but the Spartans already held the strongest part of the city, and, besides, for the sake of their wives and daughters, they had no choice but to submit.

The rulers of Sparta pretended to be greatly annoyed at this infamous piece of treachery; but I do not learn that they punished any one for it, or gave up the citadel. On the contrary, they rewarded the traitor Leontiades by setting him and three other renegades over the city of Thebes, and strengthened the Spartan garrison in the citadel.

Leontiades and his three colleagues ruled Thebes for five years, having exiled the boldest and best of the Thebans; making Thebes subject to Sparta, and using her men and her money for the Spartan wars. For five years the Thebans groaned and raged at the oppressions of their masters, calling to their gods to know when a man would come to set them free.

The man came at the end of five years. He was a young man, whose name was PELOPIDAS, in exile at Athens at the time, and the leader of the exiles who were there.

His plan matured, he started with a few friends

for Thebes, all disguised as hunters, with hunting poles and dogs, and trudging along over the snow—it was winter time—without attracting any notice. They entered Thebes at dusk, and went straight to the house of a trusty friend named CHARON.

Two of the four tyrants of Thebes—ARCHIAS and PHILIP—had been invited to sup that night with a rich Theban who was in the plot; he had promised to have some beautiful ladies at the supper, to enliven his guests.

Pelopidas and his friends were warming themselves at the fire in Charon's house, after their cold walk, when a loud rap was heard at the door. When it was opened, a voice bade Charon hie directly to the presence of the tyrants, who had pressing business with him. Charon, brave as steel, put on his cloak and went directly. At the door of the house where the tyrants were supping, they met him and asked, "Who be these strangers who have just arrived in Thebes, and are lodging at your house?"

"What strangers?" asked Charon, a good deal startled.

Archias and Philip then told him that they had received news from Athens of a plot against them, and that they suspected these strangers had something to do with it.

Charon, who had regained his composure, laughed loudly at this, and advised the tyrants not to trouble their heads about such foolish stories; adding, that he would look into the matter, and inquire whether any wicked conspiracy were really on foot.

It was very cold in the street, and very warm in

the house: the tyrants had taken a good deal of wine. So they said that would do, and slammed the door, and went back to their supper.

They had hardly lain down on the couches when a messenger arrived in great haste from Athens with a letter for them. This letter contained a full account of the plot, with the names of the conspirators. The messenger gave it to Archias, and begged him to read it at once; but the tipsy tyrant stuffed it under his pillow, saying, "Business to-morrow!" and called for more wine and the ladies.

"Ay, truly," said their host, with a grim smile, "it is time they were here to enliven you!" and he bade a servant lead them in.

In a few minutes two ladies were shown in. They were dressed in white, with long thick veils hiding their faces, and wreaths of poplar and pine on their heads: they walked modestly to a side couch and sat down. The half-drunk tyrants greeted them with shouts of joy and coarse jokes, and, seizing their veils, strove to tear them off. But, at that moment, each of the supposed women sprang up with very unmaidenly strength, and struck the nearest tyrant a fell blow with a dagger, and laid him dead on the floor. Then they threw off their veils, and the startled company saw that the two ladies were none other than Charon himself and a conspirator named MELON.

Pelopidas had taken Leontiades, the chief tyrant, for his share. He was at home, in bed, and his door was strongly barred. The conspirators knocked long and loud, and at last a servant raised

the bar and let them in. Leontiades, awaked by the noise, and suspecting the truth from the heavy tramp of feet in the passage, seized his sword, ran toward the door, and, meeting a conspirator midway, laid him dead at a blow. The next was Pelopidas: he and Leontiades fought for some time in the narrow passage; but at last Pelopidas killed the tyrant with a heavy blow on the head.

Then to the fourth Tyrant, and dispatched him too, and then into the streets with joyful shouts and cries—Liberty! liberty! Down with the Spartans!

The Thebans, who were abed, came running out of their houses, sword in hand, to see what had happened, and were greatly amazed when they heard of the terrible deed that had been done. All night long, through the snow and sleet, they paced the dark streets, some shouting, some waving torches, some wondering, in a timid manner, what the Spartans in the citadel would do in the morning.

Now there was no man at Thebes so much loved and respected as EPAMINONDAS. He was, indeed, the flower of Greek chivalry—a man almost without a fault. A long time before, in a battle in which he and Pelopidas had fought side by side, Pelopidas, badly wounded, and struck senseless on the field, had been saved by Epaminondas, who stood over him, covering him with his shield, and laying about him fiercely with his broadsword. Ever after that day the two had been bosom friends. Pelopidas was young and rich; Epaminondas old and poor. Pelopidas tried to persuade his friend to share his fortune with him; but old Epaminondas said he

wanted nothing. Then Pelopidas resolved to share his friend's poverty; and from that time he lived as frugally as if he had been poor, and the friends fared alike in every thing. When Pelopidas had formed his plot for the overthrow of the Spartan tyrants, he asked Epaminondas to join him; but the virtuous Theban answered that he would joyfully fight the Spartans in a fair field, but he could take no part in a murder.

Considering the ideas of the Greeks of this day, I know of nothing in their history more beautiful than this answer of Epaminondas.

The business, as you have read, was done without him. When it was over, Epaminondas appeared in the street and harangued the Thebans, and presented to them Pelopidas as the liberator of Thebes. He bade the priests crown him with garlands; and there, in the gray dawn, roused by his stirring words, the Theban people, with one voice, shouted that it was well done, and that the Thebans would never again be slaves.

The shout was enough for the Spartans in the citadel, who were very glad to get home with a whole skin. Of course, when they told how they had been civilly kicked out of Thebes, Sparta declared war, and for more years there were more wretched wars, and more miserable people dragged from their farms and their trades to stab and hack each other, and burn each others' houses, all for the honor and glory of Sparta. Ah me! what a dreadful place Greece must have been to live in, in these days of blood!

There was a battle fought somewhere at sea, in which the Athenian fleet beat the Spartan fleet all to pieces, and fairly swept the Spartans off the Ægean; and then, of course, all the islands and sea-board cities which had left Athens for Sparta in the days of Spartan greatness, protested that they had meant the very opposite, and made prodigious haste to swear friendship to Athens.

Then the league between Thebes and Athens broke down, like all the other leagues, and Athens made peace with Sparta, leaving Thebes to fight it out. Some of the Thebans were for making peace too, and old Epaminondas actually went to Sparta to see if a treaty could be made; but Agesilaus tried to bully him, which, as you know, would not do with a man of his stamp, and so the idea of peace was given up.

In the wars which followed, young Pelopidas did gallant service with a band of picked men, whom he called the "Sacred Band of Thebes." They were three hundred young men, all chosen for their bravery and strength; each one of them had a dear friend by his side. Pelopidas was the very man to lead them.

Meeting one day with a much larger band of Spartans, one of his officers ran to him, saying, "We have fallen into the hands of the enemy."

"Why so," said he, "any more than they into our hands?"

And he gave the word of battle, and defeated the Spartans with great slaughter.

To avenge themselves for this and other beatings,

the Spartans sent over into Bœotia a greater army than ever, under their king CLEOMBROTUS.

They say that, when Pelopidas was leaving his home with the Thebans to meet them, his wife hung round his neck, entreating him to take care of himself. But he gently put her aside. "Private individuals," said he, "may take care of themselves; but remember, my wife, that a general must take care of others."

The Spartans pitched their tents in a wide field, inclosed by hills, near the town of Leuctra. Now, once upon a time, there had lived in that field a Bœotian farmer who had two pretty daughters. While these daughters were working in their father's garden, two brutal Spartans, passing that way, shamefully ill-used them. The poor girls, heart-broken and despairing of redress, went home and killed themselves. Upon this, some oracle, much worthier than its fellows, warned the Spartans to beware of the "Vengeance of Leuctra."

I dare say King Cleombrotus had forgotten all about the story and the oracle. The Thebans remembered them well. On the night before the battle, Pelopidas dreamed that he saw the two poor girls weeping over their graves; he saw, also, the spirit of their father, which bade him, if he wished to be victorious on the morrow, sacrifice on the field a red-haired virgin. When he awoke and told the priests and prophets of his dream, they said that it came direct from the gods, and that messengers must be sent straightway to Thebes for a girl with red hair. Happily, Pelopidas did not see that the

murder of another girl would make any difference to the ones that were dead already; so he just caught a she colt of a bright red color, and sacrificed her instead.

The priests and prophets were very much hurt, I believe, but, for all their croaking, the battle began with high spirit. Epaminondas, who commanded in chief, had drawn up his best men in a solid mass, fifty deep. This mass, led by Pelopidas, and with the Sacred Band in the front, charged straight at Cleombrotus and his Spartans, and fairly drove them from the field. Cleombrotus and his chief officers fell dead where they stood; hundreds of brave Spartans were trampled down by the weighty Theban column; and the battle did not end till, of all the great Spartan army, there were none left on the Field of Vengeance.

This was a great victory: it broke the sinews of Sparta, and finished her hopes. On the battle-field the Thebans raised a mound of earth and stones over the grave where they buried their dead: if you go to see the place, you will see it still, covered with grass and weeds.

When the news of the defeat reached Sparta, every one knew what it meant. Yet the Spartan people were so stern and determined, that the games, which were going on at the time, were not interrupted, and no man in all Sparta looked downcast or grieved. The government published the names of the brave dead, but commanded that no one—not even their wives and children—should weep for them or wear mourning. The very next day, it is said,

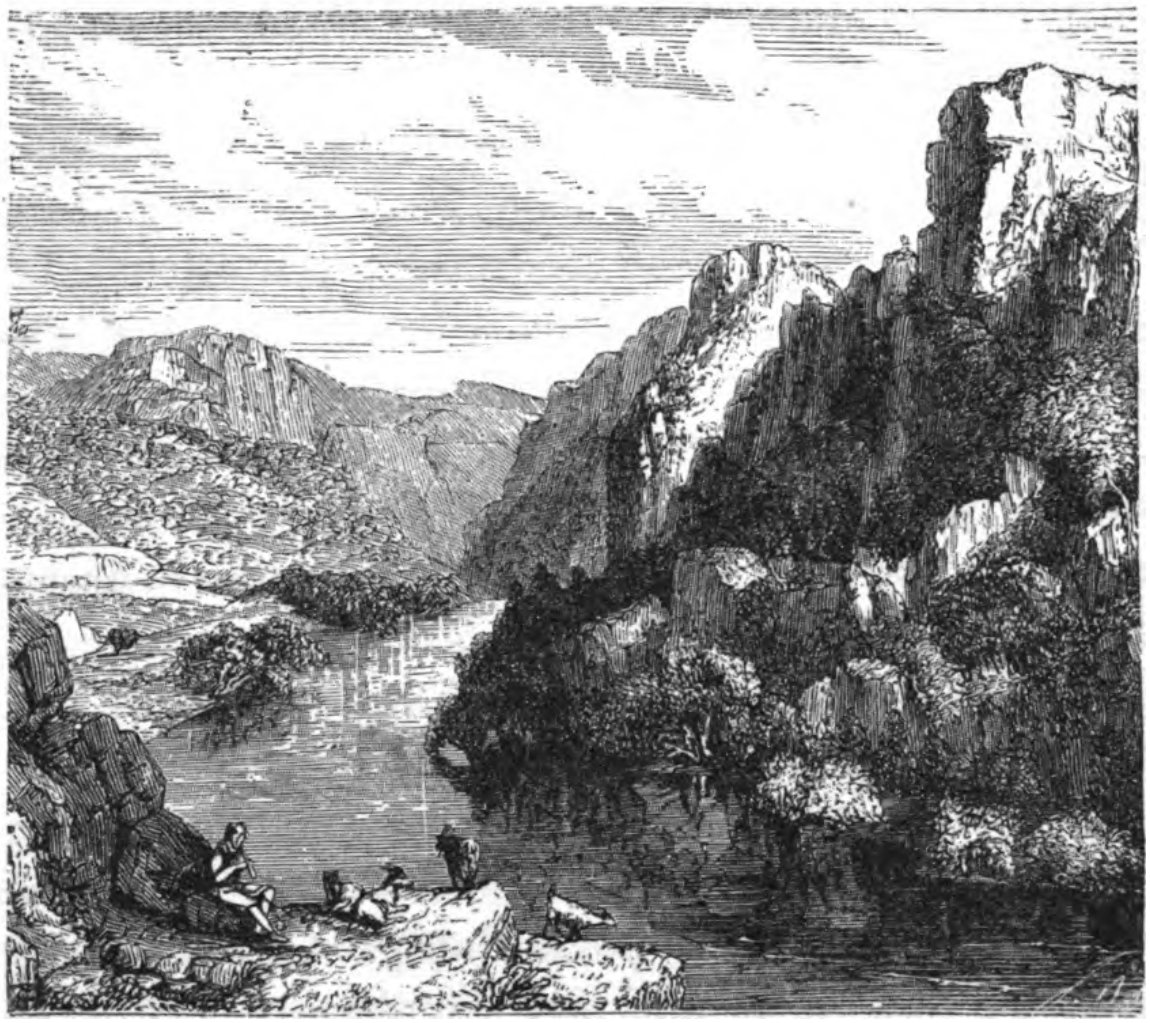
their fathers and their mothers appeared in the streets with smiling faces and a cheerful air.

For all this stout-hearted behavior, the Spartans could not hinder Epaminondas from marching down into Peloponnesus, and scattering the friends of Sparta far and wide. Or from breathing spirit into the poor mountaineers of Arcadia, who had been so long the humble servants of the Spartans. Or from setting free the Helots, and leading them to their long-lost country, Messenia, and helping them to rebuild their old city home on Mount Ithome, which had been deserted for now three hundred years and more. There was a vengeance on Sparta indeed!

It was beautiful to see the change it wrought in the minds of the genuine, stiff-necked, pure-blooded old Spartans, and how polite they grew to their poor fellow-countrymen, and how supple their necks became. If you had seen them when Epaminondas was dashing hither and thither in Peloponnesus and threatening Sparta, you would have said they were the kindest, mildest, best-natured gentlemen in the world.

Meanwhile, brave Pelopidas had a narrow escape of his life.

Away in Northern Greece, among races which had never been heard of in Greek history before this time, there were growing up men who were destined to make a great name by their cruelties and their ambition. One of these was ALEXANDER, tyrant of Pheræ in Thessaly—such a personage, I imagine, as some of the small Indian chiefs of the Far West prairies. This Alexander had made himself a great



VALE OF TEMPE.

nuisance to his neighbors by robbing them, and making foolish wars upon them; the great city of Thebes resolved to try what effect argument would have upon him, and sent to him Pelopidas to reason with him gently.

Alexander, who was a ferocious brute, caught Pelopidas and thrust him into a dungeon. The people of Pheræ, many of whom had heard of the fame of Pelopidas, visited him in his prison, and told him of the horrible cruelties of Alexander.

"I wonder," said the brave Theban, "that he takes the trouble to kill persons who can not harm him, while he lets me live, who will some day surely punish him for his crimes."

Alexander came to hear of this speech, and sent to ask Pelopidas why he was in such a hurry to die?

"Because," said Pelopidas, "if I die, thine own hour will come the sooner."

The tyrant moved him to a deeper dungeon, and shut him up more closely than before, and allowed no one to go near him. But Alexander had a wife, a kind-hearted woman named THEBE, whom he brutally ill-treated; she heard of the distress of Pelopidas, and went to him privately and condoled with him.

"I pity your wife," said the tender-hearted Thebe.

"And I pity you," replied Pelopidas, "for being the wife of Alexander."

When the Thebans heard how their brave champion had been seized and imprisoned, they burst into fury, and sent off Epaminondas with an army to rescue him. When Epaminondas was half way to Pheræ, marching with hot speed, the wretched tyrant, quaking in every limb, sent to him to say that Pelopidas should be given up directly, and would Thebes be good enough to accept him as a friend?

Epaminondas answered that Thebes would not have such a friend at any price. If, however, Alexander sent back Pelopidas safe, he should have thirty days to prepare for the chastisement they were going to inflict on him.

Pelopidas, set free, was sent on an embassy to the great king. At the Persian court it was a rule for persons calling on the king to kneel and touch the earth with their lips or forehead, and the Greek envoys conformed to this rule as well as other people.

Pelopidas alone said that he would not bend the knee to the great king; he stood erect, and delivered his message, looking the Persian monarch in the face. Another Theban envoy, ISMENIAS, tried to be courtly and bold at the same time; he would not kneel, but he pretended to drop his ring, and stooped to pick it up. But he need not have given himself the trouble, for the Great King, they say, was so pleased with the manliness of Pelopidas, that he treated him better than any of the other envoys.

The thirty days being over, Pelopidas marched out from Thebes with three hundred men, to give the tyrant Alexander his due. Alexander's first thought was to run away; afterward, hearing that Pelopidas had but three hundred men, he gathered six hundred on his side, and marched down to give him battle.

A Theban officer warned Pelopidas that he would be far outnumbered.

"So much the better," said he: "our glory will be the greater."

It was at the place called the Dog Heads that the armies met. In the thick of the fight, Pelopidas caught sight of the tyrant's face. Boiling with rage, he dashed forward, and broke down the fence of guards who had gathered round Alexander, like a huntsman dashing through bushes and brushwood. But the tyrant, having no mind to meet so bold an enemy, took to his heels and ran; and while Pelopidas pursued him, his guards threw javelins at the brave Theban from behind, and killed him.

The Thebans won the day; but when the fight was over, and they learned that their much-loved

chief was dead, they neither took off their armor, nor lit fires, nor ate food, but, gathering all the spoils on the spot where the dead body lay, they cut off their hair and their horses' manes in token of mourning, and sat down overwhelmed by grief.

The tyrant Alexander was soon disposed of. His wife and her brothers murdered him and threw his body to the dogs: but they could not restore to Thebes her valiant young chief whom she had loved so dearly.

Then Epaminondas, waking up from a short rest, raced down once more into Peloponnesus, and challenged the Spartans. They marched out to Mantinea to meet him, under their old king Agesilaus, and the two armies lay opposite each other in order of battle. They were to fight on the following morning; but, as night fell, Epaminondas very quietly moved away from his camp with all his men, leaving his camp-fires burning, and began to march swiftly toward Sparta, in order, as he said, to surprise the nest while the old birds were away.

But it was not easy to catch so old a bird as Agesilaus. When Epaminondas reached Sparta early in the morning, he found Agesilaus there with all his army (he had followed the Thebans in the night, and outstripped them in the race), and all the valor of Epaminondas could not force a way into the Spartan city.

While he hung about the suburb, many duels were fought between stray Spartans and his advanced guard. One young Spartan, a man of uncommon beauty, ran out naked, without shield or

armor, fought with every Theban he could meet, then ran back without a scratch. For his valor the Spartans crowned him with laurel; but they fined him for breaking the law by exposing himself without armor.

Epaminondas found it impossible to get into Sparta; so he marched back to Mantinea, and there, again, Agesilaus met him. The battle fought was long and bloody; the Spartans did their best, but they were beaten, and toward evening ran in all directions.

As the sun went down, a Spartan soldier—he was the son of Xenophon, the leader of the Ten Thousand—drove his spear through the armor of Epaminondas, and left the spear-head sticking in the wound. The old chief was carried to a height close by, and lay on the ground in great agony; the surgeons were afraid of drawing out the spear, for fear the loss of blood should kill him. From the spot where he lay, he could see the battle-field dimly; noticing hasty movements of troops in the plain, he asked whose the victory was?

They told him it was a Theban victory.

"'Tis well," said he, feebly: "where are ISLAIDAS and DEIPHANTOS, who are to succeed me as generals?"

They said they were both dead.

"Then," he answered, "you must make peace."

Having said this, he bade the surgeons fear nothing, but draw out the spear-head boldly. It had sunk so deep into the old man's body that it required great force to pull it out: when it was with-

drawn, a gush of blood followed, and Epaminondas fainted and died.

So passed away the most beautiful character in Greek history. A great statesman and soldier; a fine orator, too; but chiefly remarkable for his uprightness, his gentle disposition, and his rare unselfishness. The only man in Greece to compare with Pericles.

Soon afterward Agesilaus died too. In his old age—when he was over eighty—he grew fonder of war than ever; and when there was no fighting to be done at home, he went over to Africa, and hired himself out to an Egyptian chief to fight his battles. They say that the Egyptian had heard so much of his fame and his valor that he was in ecstasy at the thought of having him on his side; but that, when he saw him, a shriveled, deformed, little old man, meanly dressed and coarse-mannered, he was greatly disappointed, and almost insulted him. However, when the fighting began, the Egyptian was astonished by the skill and activity of the dried-up old Spartan: he was very proud of him, and got him to beat his neighbors till his health broke down. Agesilaus left Egypt to lay his bones in his father's home; but he never reached it; he died on the way, and his body was carried to Sparta in wax.

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CHAPTER XLI.

SYRACUSE AGAIN.

IT is time, now, that we looked at Syracuse, and saw how fortune dealt with the Syracusans, whom we left, as you remember, rejoicing over the defeat of Nicias, and the miserable end of the Athenian expedition in the quarry pits.

Their joy did not last long; for very soon there came sailing over from Africa ship after ship crammed with bold Carthaginians, who laid hands upon the fair cities of Sicily, robbed the corn-fields, and cut the throats of all who objected. Once they very nearly took the city of Syracuse; their fleet dashed into the harbor, and landed a great army on the very place where Nicias had encamped; but, in the nick of time, the old friend of the Syracusans—the marsh fever—came to their help, and drove away the Africans. There was no marsh fever to save Agrigentum or other fine Sicilian towns which were taken by the Carthaginians and sacked, while their wretched inhabitants were driven out upon the wide, wide world, to die of hunger and cold.

The Syracusans fought the Carthaginians from time to time, and were beaten as often as they wanted.

After a time, up started one DIONYSIUS, a young man who had been brought up as a clerk in a gov-

ernment office, and said that he thought the fault was in the generals of the Syracusan army; if the generals knew their business, he said, the Carthaginians would soon be beaten.

The Syracusans thought it a good idea, and dismissed their generals, and put Dionysius and two other new men in their place. The two new men, accused shortly afterward by Dionysius of betraying the people, were dismissed, and then Dionysius was sole general.

Next he hired a band of ruffians to make a sham attack upon him, and ran breathless into the assembly of the people, crying that his life was in danger, and that, if he were not allowed a body-guard, he would soon be murdered.

Said the Syracusans, "Oh, certainly, let him have a guard for fear he be murdered."

So he raised a guard far larger than the Syracusans expected, and with it he very quietly put down the democratic government, and made himself tyrant of Syracuse.

He reigned thirty-eight years, and proved himself to be a very bold, bad man. During nearly the whole of his reign he waged war with the Carthaginians. Sometimes he had the best of it; sometimes they beat him. Once they were so near taking Syracuse that he was thinking of running away, when some one told him there was no winding-sheet so fit for a great man as a king's robe, and he staid, and drove the invaders off. On the whole, though, I think he got the lion's share of the honor and profit of the war.

He took ever so many small towns in Sicily and Italy which were friendly to Carthage, and, instead of putting their inhabitants to death, as the Carthaginians usually did in the like case, he removed them bodily to Syracuse, and planted them there. By this means he swelled the population of the city till it outgrew the old walls, and spread into the valleys and over the hills beyond. He fortified the place afresh, and built temples, and theatres, and public edifices, boasting that he would make Syracuse rival Athens.

He always contrived to keep a number of learned and wise men about him, and they added greatly to his fame and power. One of them built him ships with four and five banks of oars, the first ever seen of the kind. Another, a very ingenious mechanic, invented for him huge machines of war, to be used in besieging towns—great bows, which fired arrows as large as cross-beams; monstrous slings, which threw stones as large as great cannon balls; and others of the like terrible kind.

But it was not always safe to be learned and wise at the court of King Dionysius. Once the great philosopher PLATO went thither. The tyrant at first pretended to be delighted to see him, and bade him heartily welcome; but when Plato began to talk on politics, and to say—as became so good a man—that black was black, and that all the tyrants in the world couldn't make it white, however hard they might try, the tyrant seized him and put him up to auction as a slave at the upset price of four hundred dollars.

To another brave man named PHYTON, the chief

citizen of the Italian town of Rhegium, the tyrant behaved in a still more savage manner. Phyton was taken, with all his family, at the capture of his city by the tyrant. Dionysius had him chained to one of the huge siege machines, and sent men to jeer and insult him. In the midst of their insults, a messenger arrived from the king and told Phyton that his son had just been drowned.

"Then," replied the brave man, "he is happier than his father by one day."

The brutal soldiers led him round the camp, throwing dirt at him, and beating him with whips by the way, while a herald proclaimed aloud, "This is Phyton, who persuaded the Rhegians to make war on Dionysius!"

Not a cry did the gallant Rhegian utter. With face uplift and flashing eye, he bore himself as proudly in his sore affliction as if he had been on a triumphal procession. Once only, in a moment of silence, he turned to the herald and said mildly,

"Thou hast not spoken truly; say rather that this is Phyton, who is thus tortured because he would not betray his countrymen to a tyrant whom the gods are about to punish!"

At last the very soldiers of the army began to cry out against so shameful a sight as the torture of this brave old man; so the tyrant ordered it to stop, and drowned him with all his kith and kin.

You may perhaps be surprised to hear that this cruel wretch was fond of poetry, and wrote verses and plays. He thought a great deal of his own works, and once sent a critic to the quarry-pits for

finding fault with them, after which, I believe, the Syracusans agreed that he was the greatest poet that had ever lived. But he could not send to the quarry-pits the bold and true Athenians who hissed an ode of his which was read at the Olympic games, and he almost died of rage when he heard of the affair. It was not till he had exiled half a dozen of his acquaintance that he became himself again.

Like all bad tyrants, he led a miserable life, and could hardly sleep for fear of murderers. He was never shaved, for fear the barber would cut his throat; the hairs on his chin were singed off with a live coal. He had two wives, whom he had married on the same day, and pretended to be very fond of them and of their families; but when any of the latter called to see him, they were stripped in an antechamber, to see that they carried no concealed weapons. Like most tyrants, he kept in his pay a band of spies, to report the feelings and sayings of the people. These wretches, to earn their wages, brought to him terrible tales of plots and conspiracies, and never allowed him any peace of mind.

There is an old story in the Greek writers about a flatterer of his named DAMOCLES, who used to fawn upon him, and go about—as, of course, nobody ever does in our time, in the like case—saying, "Ah! what a happy man Dionysius must be!"

The tyrant bade this fellow to a supper. When he came, he found a table loaded with the choicest food, and the richest gold and silver plate; the air of the room was perfumed, and sweet music was heard from a balcony; a couch, covered with silk,

was set for the guest, and handsome boys waited to do his bidding. Damocles lay down in an ecstasy of pleasure. As he smiled gratefully on his master, the tyrant, with a bitter laugh, snarled, "Look overhead!"

Damocles looked, and saw, just over his head, a heavy sword hanging from the ceiling by a single hair.

"Now," quoth the tyrant, "an it please you, let us proceed with this savory banquet."

The flatterer, in a great perspiration, stammered that the sword had taken away his appetite, and would the tyrant be kind and merciful enough to let him move from under it?

"Prate no more, then, fellow," growled the tyrant, "of my happiness; for let me tell you there always hangs a sword over my head, and I can not move away."

Death, which moves all of us, moved him at last, and his son reigned in his stead. This son was a weak, dissolute young man, named DIONYSIUS, like his father; he had done little in his boyhood but carve playthings out of wood.

PLATO.

But when he chose for his counselor one of the wisest and best men of Syracuse—DION—and sent to Greece for Plato—who ought, one would suppose, to have been too wise to risk his neck twice in such a trap—the Syracusans said to each

other that he was a great improvement on his father, and that he would have a happy and a useful reign.

For Plato the young tyrant professed the most wonderful regard. He had the best rooms in the palace, and young Dionysius was constantly with him, and took his advice in every thing. Plato was a geometrician: the young tyrant said he was fond of geometry, and the courtiers immediately discovered that they were all dying of love for geometry too. The floors of every room in the palace were strew-

GROUP OF PHYSICIANS AND ASTRONOMERS.

ed with sand to draw problems on; and from morning till night there was no sound heard there but arguments to prove the angle ABC equal to the angle DEF and the line PQ greater than the line RS.

When Plato said he was a Republican, the young tyrant declared that he had always been in favor of republics, and turned up his eyes at a public festival, and prayed to the gods that his own throne might not last forever.

All which delighted the simple Syracusans to that degree that they could refuse nothing to their young king. Dion and Plato said that now was the time to do something in earnest for the good of the people, and the former pointed out precisely how this something might be done. A day or two afterward he was walking by the sea-shore in company with Dionysius, talking of the plan which he recommended.

Says Dionysius, "Do you see yonder ship?"

"Yes, your majesty."

"Then," says the young tyrant, "suppose you go on board that ship, and sail away somewhere for the good of your health?"

And, before Dion could say no, he was caught by a party of sailors and carried off, young Dionysius laughing heartily on the beach at the dismay of his prime minister, who, poor man, left all his family behind him.

Plato this young tyrant did not send away. I dare say he was proud of being able to say that so great a man as Plato was at his court. But he kept him in a sort of genteel confinement, and would not

let him go out for fear of his running away. At last, war breaking out with Carthage, the tyrant, not knowing what to do with Plato, and afraid of killing him, for fear of the vengeance of his friend ARCHYTAS, of Tarentum, let him go home. Plato returned to Athens, and I do not hear that he was ever caught visiting any more tyrants.

These two good men gone, and all who were like them disposed of in the same way, young Dionysius gave himself up to all kinds of cruelty, debauchery, and drunkenness. Among other brutal freaks, he forced Dion's wife to marry another man.

This roused Dion, who came raging from Corinth with an army, and swept away the young tyrant and all his brood, and made himself ruler of Syracuse. He was, however, murdered soon afterward; and the Syracusans, in a dreadful plight, with all sorts of tyrants trying to rule them against their will, sent to Corinth for a general to help them to set matters straight. The Corinthians sent them TIMOLEON.

The story of Timoleon was touching. Twenty years before this time he was a foot-soldier in the Corinthian army. In a battle, his brother TIMOPHANES, who commanded a regiment of horse, was knocked down and deserted by his men. Timoleon ran out of the ranks, and stood alone over his brother's body, defending it against an army until help came. He was very badly wounded in the affair, and all the Corinthians agreed that his bravery and his love for his brother were beyond praise.

They were still talking about him when this very

Timophanes, a bad, ambitious man, seized the citadel of Corinth, and gave out that he intended to be the tyrant of the Corinthians. Timoleon went to him in great distress, and besought him to spare his country; but he only laughed at his brother, and roughly bade him begone.

Timoleon took three friends—old men of repute and wisdom—and returned to his brother, and all four pleaded with him earnestly on behalf of the freedom of Corinth, and implored him to give up his wicked schemes. Timophanes burst into a rage, and threatened to punish them for their insolence. Then the three old men drew their swords and slew him where he was, Timoleon standing by, weeping bitterly, and hiding his face with his hands.

When it was known at Corinth that the tyrant was dead, and that the people were free again, there was great rejoicing and exulting over the deed that had been done. But the friends of Timophanes, who were numerous still, scowled upon Timoleon and called him a murderer; and his mother, a venerable old lady, much respected and esteemed, shut her door against him, cursed him, and prayed to the gods that she might never see him again.

Now Timoleon had perhaps never loved his brother better than at the time when his yet greater love for Corinth induced him to stand by and see him murdered. And when, in the midst of his grief, he heard that his relations reviled him; when he went to his mother's house, and lay down before the door, and knocked, and cried, "Open, mother, I beseech you, and hear your son;" and the stern old woman

answered in a cold, harsh voice, "I have no son," he went away almost crazy from anguish.

For twenty years he held himself aloof from men, doing his duty as a citizen and a soldier, but having no friends and no acquaintance, refusing all public station, and mourning constantly for his dead brother. It was at the end of the twenty years that he was sent to Syracuse.

When he arrived there, he found a pair of tyrants —Dionysius and another—grinding the Syracusans to the earth, and fighting with each other in a most savage way. Timoleon made short work with them. The smaller rogue he caught and executed: Dionysius he sent to Corinth, where he ate and drank, and played the flute, and perfumed himself for many years afterward.

Then, marching quickly toward the Carthaginians—who, of course, had made a good thing out of the quarrels of the Syracusan tyrants, and were masters of half the Sicilian towns—he came up with them on a misty May morning. The Syracusans were at first rather faint-hearted, as the Carthaginians outnumbered them; but, some mules passing that way laden with parsley, Timoleon cried aloud,

"The gods send us this parsley to crown us for the victory, as we Corinthians crown our victors at our games."

And he bade every officer twist a wreath of parsley round his forehead, and gave the word of battle, and beat the Carthaginians. The Carthaginian leader, HIPPO, was taken prisoner, led to Syracuse, and condemned to death, according to the cruel cus-

tom of that day. On the day that he was to die, all the boys in the town got a holiday to go to the execution: the unhappy man was put to death after enduring horrible torments.

At last there was peace at Syracuse. There was great anxiety in the city about Timoleon, who had done so much for the Syracusans; many said that he would make himself a tyrant like Dionysius. But when the peace was firmly secured, and the fortress, which Dionysius had built to awe the Syracusans, pulled down, Timoleon came forward and laid down his power. The people all rushed to him and besought him not to deprive them of his wise leadership; but he was firm, and, leaving the government to the people, went to live as a private citizen.

Like WASHINGTON, he spent the remainder of his days in peaceful study and thought, filling no public station, but always ready, in time of trouble, to give the government the benefit of his advice. In his old age he became blind. Then, when grave matters were discussed in the assembly of the people, he was drawn in his carriage to the door of the theatre where it met. At his approach, every one stood up, and welcomed the blind old man with kind words: the discussion went on, and when every one had spoken, Timoleon gave his opinion in a few modest sentences. He was so wise, and so much venerated, that his advice was always followed.

When he died the Syracusans felt as though they had lost a father, and raised a monument to his memory, which probably was one of the finest works of Sicilian art.

CHAPTER XLII.

PHILIP OF MACEDON.

IN a war waged between the Thebans and a wild race called the Macedonians, living in the northern part of Greece, Pelopidas had seized the son of the Macedonian king, and borne him off to Thebes as a hostage for his father's good behavior. The boy's name was PHILIP; a handsome, tall, manly youth. I dare say young Philip was very sorry to leave his mother and his home; but this journey to Thebes was the luckiest accident that could have happened to him; for at Thebes every one was kind to the Macedonian boy. Epaminondas taught him the art of war; Pelopidas trained him to be bold; while other Thebans stored his young mind with the soundest learning and the best philosophy of the day.

What with these lessons and his own natural talent, when the time came for him to return to Macedon and become king, young Philip found himself a very superior man to his father or any of the former kings.

Like other wild tribes, the Macedonians were a lawless set of men, forever fighting with their neighbors and with each other, and no sooner setting up a king than they began to pull him down. Such warrings, and murderings, and betrayings as went

on among these Macedonians, indeed, I can hardly conceive—though I believe there are parts of America where that sort of thing has been carried to great perfection.

Philip began his reign by putting down his enemies at home so thoroughly that they never stirred again. Then, turning to his neighbors, he settled with them, beating some, cheating others, and making himself the most powerful king in Northern Greece. He had forgotten nothing of what he had learned from Epaminondas; he taught his army to fight in a new and improved method—drew up his men in solid bodies, sixteen deep, called phalanxes—and disciplined them so strictly that each phalanx moved like a machine.

All this he did in order to carry out a grand scheme which he had been meditating for many years. This scheme was nothing less than the conquest of the whole of Greece and its subjection to Macedon. He knew that the Athenians had once been the chief power in Greece; then the Spartans; then the Thebans: he said in his heart that he would make Macedon the chief power.

To tell the truth, I don't think that Philip, with all his skill and all his army, would have ever had the least chance of subjugating Greece but for the folly of the Greeks in wasting their strength in quarrels with each other. I have told you of some wars in which the Athenians, Spartans, and Thebans managed to ruin each other; there are yet one or two of the same kind to be related.

First, the Athenians fought with their old friends

and colonies in the Ægean. The armies and fleets battled away for a year or two, doing all the damage to each other that they could; then all parties were so exhausted and injured that they were compelled to make peace.

Then the Thebans quarreled with their neighbors the Phocians. The Thebans were the stronger of the two; but the Phocian leader, a very practical man, named PHILOMELOS, marched quietly down to Delphi one fine day, and took possession of the oracle and the temple. The priestess was at first a good deal shocked, and there came a shower of sharp messages from the gods, warning Philomelos to beware what he was doing. But, after a short conversation with the Phocian general, the priestess changed her mind, and so also did the gods, who showered messages quicker than ever, saying that Philomelos was a hero, and warning the Greeks not to oppose him in any thing. This was something; but a better windfall still was all the treasure of the temple, which Philomelos took: all the bags of money which the priests had been hoarding up for hundreds of years, all the bars of gold and silver, golden goblets, figures of men, women, and lions, all of solid gold, and I know not what besides.

When first the Greeks heard that this impudent Phocian had laid his rude hands on the treasure and the priestess, they were furious, and swore to punish him forthwith; but when Philomelos offered them better pay than they could get elsewhere, several thousand of them, from all parts of Greece, altered their minds, said that they could really see no

harm in what Philomelos had done, and joined his army.

Then the war went on. It lasted for ten years altogether, and cost Greece more than half her remaining strength. Philip once thought that the time had come for him to strike: he marched down, fought a battle with the Phocians, was beaten, and went home, satisfied to wait a little longer. Philomelos fought bravely till he was killed. Then his brother took the command, and held it till he fell in battle likewise. A third brother followed him, and very nearly put an end to the Thebans; but he, too, was slain, and, last of all, a nephew of Philomelos became chief commander, and carried on the war as stoutly as ever. Unhappily, in his time, the treasure in the temple came to an end; the money, and the bars, and the golden goblets and figures, were scattered throughout Greece; and then, every body began to see that there could be no excuse for the conduct of the Phocians in plundering the temple.

Philip was quite sure that this was the opportunity he was waiting for. He marched down a second time, and utterly defeated the remnant of the Phocians. To show how pious he was, and how much he resented the insult offered to the gods, he destroyed all the towns of the Phocians, laid their farms waste, and condemned them to pay a fine which made them and their children beggars for life.

On the strength of this religious exploit, he took a title which was something like Defender of the Faith. I believe I have heard of other kings who assumed a similar title on grounds about as good as Philip's.

In all Greece there was but one man clearsighted enough and bold enough to oppose Philip. This was DEMOSTHENES, the Athenian, whose story is so interesting that I must tell it you at some length.

His father had been a sword-maker, and had died, leaving a large fortune. This the guardians of Demosthenes dishonestly tried to keep for themselves. He grew up a pale, sickly boy, with an awkward gait and stammering speech. When the guardians looked at him, they said to each other that there was evidently nothing to fear from him.

But in his feeble body there beat a heart as strong as that of any old Grecian hero. When his guardians bullied him, and mocked him, and made merry at his expense, while they were living on the property of which they had cheated him, the pale and trembling youth went away with set teeth and flushed cheek, and shut himself up in a room under ground, and began to train himself for a great struggle with his roguish tyrants.

As it was the rule at Athens for people to plead their own case in court, Demosthenes knew that he could not hope to punish his guardians until he became a flowing, graceful speaker. To form his style, and acquire the art of composing in his own Greek tongue with force and elegance, he copied out eight times the history of Thucydides, and it is said finally learned it off by heart. He stuttered: to overcome this, he spoke with pebbles in his mouth, and, like many persons in much later times, quite cured himself in this way. His breathing was very short: to remedy this, he used to run up hill, de-

claiming his speeches. He took lessons from the best teachers in Athens, and practiced reciting the speeches he heard before a steel mirror, in order to keep a watch on his naturally ungainly gestures. After several years of this patient labor, Demosthenes thought he was perfect enough to speak in public. He ventured into the assembly of the people, and rose at the first opportunity, and began a speech. But the Athenian assembly was noisy and riotous, apt to interrupt, and laugh, and shout. Before Demosthenes had got well into his subject, they laughed at him for some trifle or other, and completely disconcerted him. He stopped, stammered, grew confused, and, lastly, ran out of the assembly.

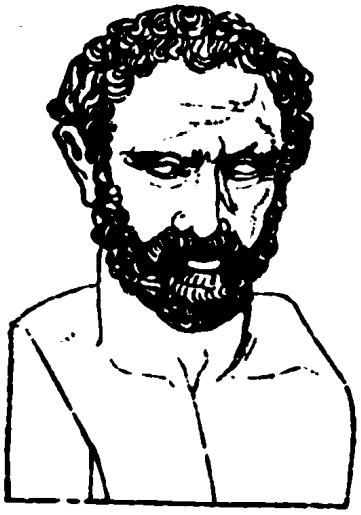
He was running home, in great distress of mind, thinking that all his pains were lost, when he met, near the door of the assembly, an old man, who stopped him and said,

"Young man, be of good heart; your style of speaking reminds me of Pericles, of whom my father used often to talk to me when I was your age."

A little comforted by this encouragement, and soon recovering his energy, young Demosthenes studied harder than ever to fit himself for the assembly. He used to go down to lonely places on the seaside, where the roaring waves dashed against the rocks; there, in stormy weather, he would declaim his speeches, battling with the uproar of the winds and waves as if they were a stormy audience in the assembly. Sometimes he would retire into his under-ground room, and write, and rewrite, and polish, and alter his speeches, often shaving one side

of his head when he went down, in order not to be tempted to return into the city till he had spent many weeks in study.

By dint of this admirable perseverance, Demosthenes succeeded in his aim, as all persons do who persevere. He became not only the greatest orator of his day, but the greatest Greece ever had, and one of the greatest that the world has ever known. He soon fulfilled his vow, and wrested his property out of the hands of his guardians. Thus enriched, he gave his whole soul to public affairs, and stood forth at this trying time as the guardian of Athens.



DEMOSTHENES.

He saw from afar off whither Philip's ambition would lead him, and what schemes he was nursing in his dark, cunning soul. Accordingly, long before the Athenians had any dealings with Philip, Demosthenes thundered in the assembly that they must stop him, or Greece would be undone. He did not speak wholly in vain. When Philip meddled in the war between the Thebans and Phocians, the Athenians met him there; when he went to the north, and began to subdue all the rich cities, among others the great city of Olynthus, the Athenians met him there too.

But Demosthenes was never able to rouse the Athenians heartily, or to persuade them to put their whole strength into a decisive war with Philip.

One chief reason of this was the deep cunning of the King of Macedon. The story goes that some

oracle had once told him to "fight with silver spears, and he would conquer the world." He took the hint, and from that time forth, whenever he found a man who might be useful to him, and who was for sale, he bought him up at any price. Thus he had at Athens a number of orators and politicians whose souls he had bought, and who earned their vile wages by praising him on all occasions and opposing Demosthenes.

He was also greatly helped by a well-meaning but mistaken man, who had great influence at Athens at the same time. His name was PHOCION: he was a curious character; a gruff, rude, coarse old man, so strictly honorable that all the gold in Greece could not have bought a look from him, and so popular that he was elected one of the chief magistrates forty-five times running. His way was rather to browbeat the people than to flatter them. He made no long speeches like Demosthenes, but uttered a few sharp sentences in a strident voice, and then sat down. If the people applauded him, he asked his friends whether "he had said any thing wrong?" meaning to imply that the people were such natural fools that they could not help applauding what was wrong.

PHOCION.

I am rather sorry myself that Providence had not planted this queer old man in China or Timbuctoo, instead of Athens, at this particular crisis, for, honest as he was, and well as he intended to serve his country, he most certainly did Greece more harm than any other living man, Philip only excepted; for, from first to last, he set his face against war with Macedon, and resisted to the day of his death the efforts of Demosthenes to do the only thing which could possibly have saved the liberty of Greece.

For all these helps, Philip was greatly afraid of Demosthenes. The louder Philip's paid friends praised him, the more Demosthenes thundered vengeance against him. Scheme, and plot, and bribe, and lie as he might, the King of Macedon could never deceive Demosthenes; he saw through and through him, pursued him through all his evasions, lashed him with his scorching words till the king writhed at the head of his armies, exposed all his tricks, and never ceased to implore and entreat, and beseech and goad the Athenians to make war upon Philip while it was yet time, and Athens had still an army.

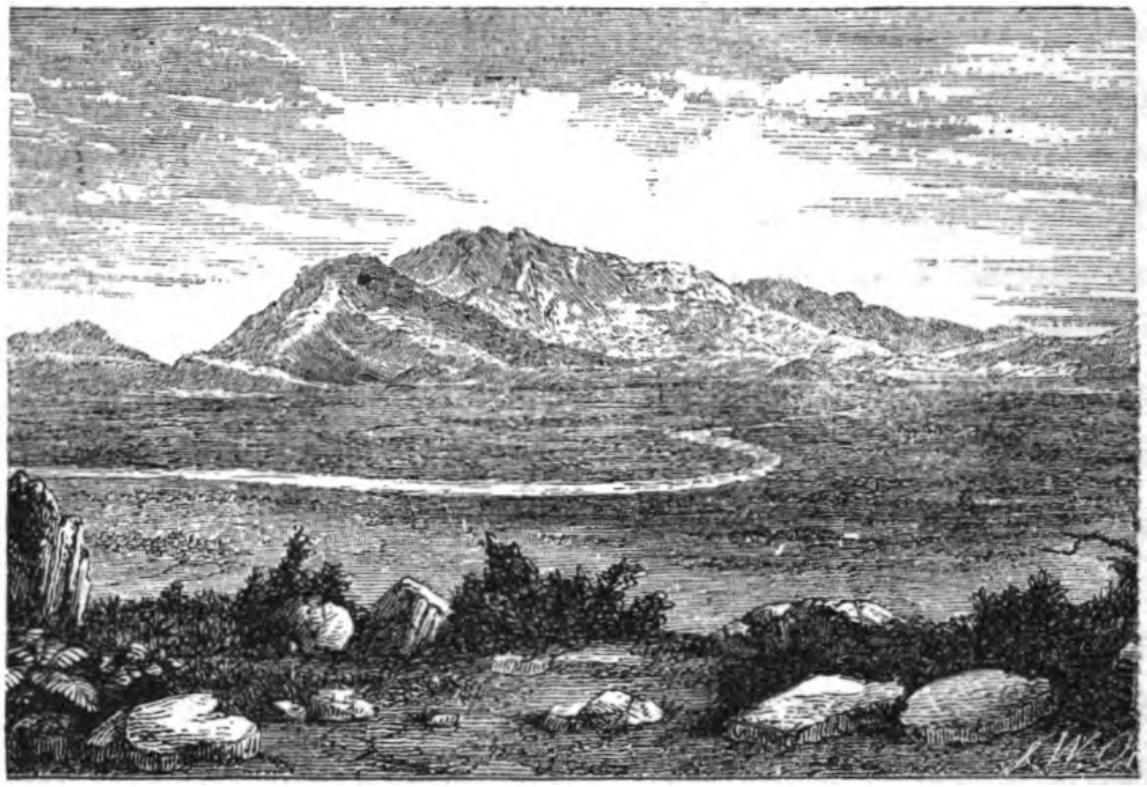
All this while Philip was fighting in the north, conquering city after city, and state after state; beating every tribe which ventured to stand up against him; not so easily, though, but that his life was more than once in danger, and in one sharp fight he lost an eye; coming slowly, steadily, surely, nearer and nearer to his great object, the conquest of Southern Greece, and the destruction of Grecian freedom.

I told you, in the first chapter of this history, about the great Amphictyonic Council, which had so much to do with the oracle at Delphi. With his "silver spears" Philip had mastered this council: to please him, it declared war on a village near Delphi, and appointed him general to carry on the war. This was all Philip wanted. Down he came trooping from Macedon, passed the Straits of Thermopylæ, and encamped in Bœotia.

Up rose Demosthenes directly, and said he was marching on Athens, which was plain enough; so plain, that even Philip's hired friends dared not open their mouths in the assembly, and Athens was prepared for a siege. The booths in the market-place were pulled down, the walls manned, and the flower of the army sent off in all haste to help the Thebans against Philip.

They say that the Thebans did not want to fight at first, but that Demosthenes, when he heard them talk of peace, almost went out of his mind with rage. However this be, there was a battle fought, and a bloody one, near the town of Chæronea, and Philip won it. The Greeks had waited too long; he was now stronger than they. One thousand brave Athenians were left dead on the field; and the Sacred Band of Thebes were killed to a man on the place where they stood in the front of the fight.

Many years afterward, the people of Bœotia, mourning for the brave Sacred Band, raised a mound upon the battle-field, and set upon it a marble lion as an emblem of their courage. They carved no inscription, but let the face of the lion tell the story



THE PLAIN OF CHÆRONEA.

of their valor and of their rage. Time rolled on, and the rain and the snow softened the earth on the top of the mound: the lion sank into the ground, settling a few inches lower each year, until at last it disappeared altogether; the earth closed over it, and weeds and moss grew over the top of the mound. For nearly two thousand years the angry marble lion lay in the inside of the mound, and no one dreamed of its existence. Among the peasants of Bœotia a sad story lingered about a great battle which had been fought on the plain, in memory of which the mound had been raised; but the lion, like so many better things, was forgotten in those forgetful ages. Only a few years since, a modern Greek general, encamping on the plain, wondered what the mound might contain, dug into it, and, greatly to his surprise, came upon the lion deeply imbedded in the earth. He was, I am sorry to say,

a very miserable Greek, this general, a great falling off from the men who had fought on that plain; for the only thing that occurred to him when he found the lion was that it might contain gold in its inside, and he villainously blew it up with gunpowder. Finding no gold, he left the pieces where the blast had scattered them; there they lie to this day, strewed around and within the trench leading into the mound.

A very fit memorial of Greece, as it was in the days when the angry lion was set on the top of the mound.

It is related that Philip lost his senses from joy when he won the battle of Chæronea, and sang, and danced, and drank till his own officers were shocked at his behavior. He made jokes—very poor of their kind—about Demosthenes and the Athenians, denied the Thebans leave to bury their dead, and roared with laughter when the heralds came to beg mercy.

He subdued Thebes, and all the other Bœotian towns, sparing Athens on condition that the Athenians should give him their fleet, and acknowledge him as the head of Greece. They did this, of course, having no chance to help themselves; and their neighbors doing the like, Philip at last found that he had gained the great object of his life—he was master of Greece.

This would have satisfied a common man. It was only a beginning for Philip. He now gave orders for a great muster of his troops for an invasion of Persia, to repay the Persians for their invasions of Greece under Darius and Xerxes. He commanded

that immense stores of arms, and money, and provisions, and clothing should be laid up for the expedition, and that Macedon should be drained to supply every thing that could be wanted. He boasted that he would command success.

More than twenty years before, he had married a woman named OLYMPIAS, who had borne him a son named ALEXANDER. A jealous, passionate woman was this Olympias, with a good deal of the soldier in her, and something of the maniac; famous for her share in certain wild games of the Macedonians, which consisted in rushing about among the hills and in the woods, dressed in the skins of wild beasts, playing with snakes, and behaving in a crazy manner generally.

Philip was a bad husband. He cared too much for war to love his wife. Very soon after Alexander's birth, he began to neglect Olympias; she lived in a desolate way for many years, her spite and jealousy smouldering in her fierce woman's heart, till at last Philip divorced her altogether, and married another woman.

At the marriage feast, King ATTALUS, the uncle of the bride, proposed the health of the happy couple, adding that he hoped the marriage would be blessed with the birth of a son, so that Philip might have a lawful heir.

"What!" cried young Alexander, springing up, and throwing his wine-cup at the head of Attalus, "do you dare to say that I am not Philip's lawful son?"

Philip, furious at this insult to his guest, leaped

from his couch and made for his son, sword in hand; but he had drunk so much wine that he could not keep his footing; he staggered and fell to the ground.

"See!" said Alexander, with a sneer, "here is a man who wants to cross from Europe to Asia, and who can not walk from one couch to another."

From which speech, and the scene altogether, you may judge what sort of a bear-garden a kingly court in Macedon must have been in those days.

Before setting out on his expedition, Philip married his daughter CLEOPATRA to a chief of his neighborhood. The marriage was a grand affair: Philip figured as a god, and entered the temple dressed in the snow-white robe in which Jupiter and the other gods were arrayed by the sculptors. He was standing on the threshold, his face beaming with pride as he thought of his power, and his glory, and his high hopes, when a man from his guards ran toward him, and, suddenly, with one blow of his sword put an end to his life.

The murderer—one PAUSANIAS—tried to escape, but tripped among some vines, was caught and executed. The story ran that he had done the deed because Philip had refused him redress for a grievous wrong he had endured. But I am afraid that jealous Olympias had a hand in the murder; and I am not sure that young Alexander had not some part in it too.

At any rate, Philip was dead. A happy thing it would have been for Greece if the felon blow which killed him had been struck twenty years sooner. Now Greece was past help. Philip quick or Philip dead, it was all one to her now.

CHAPTER XLIII.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

ON the instant that Philip fell, a fleet horseman rode off with the news to Demosthenes at Athens. He played the small trick of keeping it a secret, and calling the people together, and telling them that the gods had revealed to him that a glorious event for Greece had just taken place; the Athenians waited, open mouthed, wondering what the event could be, till the accounts of Philip's death arrived. Many, and among these Demosthenes, were for returning thanks to the gods. But rough old Phocion, with a proper feeling that was very rare in that age, growled that it was shameful to rejoice over a murder; and the Athenians happening to recollect, just at that moment, that perhaps Philip might have a successor, the rejoicing and the thanksgiving were put off for the present. Just as well, too.

For, on the day that Philip fell, his son ALEXANDER was acknowledged king of Macedon in his place, and very little indeed did the Greeks gain by the exchange.

Thebes, and one or two other places, thought the opportunity a fine one to rebel, and took up arms against Macedon. Alexander sent a warning to Thebes; this failing to frighten the Thebans, he marched down suddenly with an overwhelming army and took the place, after a terrible fight, in which

six thousand brave Thebans were slain at the gates, not one of them deigning to ask for quarter.

PINDAR.

Alexander punished the brave city like a savage. He pulled down every house save the one where the poet PINDAR had lived, and sold the people as slaves.

This was the end of Thebes, which had played so great a part for good and for evil in Greek history. The measure she had meted to Platæa was meted to her. On the spot where Thebes stood, you will now find no trace of the old Greek city—nothing but a dirty village, in whose dirty streets dirty men and women will ask you for charity—not even a ruin that shall remind you of the birth-place of Epaminondas, and the home of the Sacred Band.

Some Athenians had helped the Thebans in their revolt. To punish them, Alexander sent to Athens and demanded that the ten chief men of the city, including Demosthenes, should be delivered up to him.

"This Macedonian," said Demosthenes, "reminds me of the wolf who asked the sheep to send him their watch-dog."

To their honor, the Athenians refused to give him up, or any of the other nine. And Alexander, his thoughts wandering to the time when the Athenian poets and writers of history would come to write of him and his exploits, answered, "Well, he wouldn't press the matter."

He made a journey southward, through most of

the chief cities, to let every body know that he was master of Greece; and, among other places, he went to Corinth. There he met with a queer personage whose name was DIOGENES, and who had made himself quite a name by his rudeness, and a rough sort of wit. He lived in a tub, and thought it was uncommonly virtuous not to wash himself, or behave like other men; and having persuaded divers weak souls to follow his example, he called his oddities philosophy, and himself and his disciples the doggish philosophers.

Alexander, meeting with this original lying down in a street of Corinth, introduced himself gravely,

"I am Alexander of Macedon."

"And I," grunted the other, "am the doggish Diogenes."

"Can I serve you in any way?" asked Alexander, civilly.

"Yes. Get out of my sunshine," was the rude answer, at which Alexander laughed and passed on.

In the year before Christ three hundred and thirty-four, when Alexander was twenty-two years of age, he set out on his great robbing expedition against Persia. He had thirty-five thousand men with him, all well equipped and drilled; Macedon had been laid bare to provide them with all they needed; he had even stripped his family, so that when a friend asked him what he had kept for himself, he answered, "My hopes."

Young as he was, he was a soldier of rare genius, and a man of knowledge and judgment. His teacher had been the great philosopher ARISTOTLE, from

ΑΡΙΣΤ'

ARISTOTLE.

whom he learned all that the wisest Greeks knew; his father had trained him in the field, and set him over a division of his army when he was only sixteen. Though he was a small man, and had one shoulder higher than the other, so that his head was awry, he was very strong, a good swordsman, and capable of bearing any fatigue. He was bold, cunning, and, as we shall see presently, cruel and revengeful; but his most striking quality was his wonderful strength of will. When he had resolved upon a thing, he never, never gave it up, or altered his purpose. Difficulties and dangers only roused him; the more he met, the more he persevered.

From these rare qualities, and from the still rarer fortunes to which they led, he has earned the sur name of THE GREAT. Great he was, no doubt, in many things; but as he was greatest of all as a robber, I shall call him the GREAT ROBBER.

Leaving Macedon in charge of a faithful officer, and promising to be back in a year, he set out on his march, and never saw Greece again. The Persians had been expecting him. Their king, Darius, a very poor creature, had heard of Philip's schemes, and also of his death; he had the folly to give out that he (Darius) had had Philip murdered by way of punishment for his intentions. This stupid falsehood only enraged the Greeks the more; on came

Alexander, marching through the country we call Turkey, crossed the Hellespont, and came up with the Persian army on the border of a stream called the Granicus.

There a sharp battle was fought. Alexander was foremost in the throng. Having broken his pike, he snatched another from a trooper, and with it ran Darius's son through the head. At the sight, a great body of Persians closed round him. One struck him on the head with his cimeter, and cut off part of his helmet; another aimed a furious blow at his bared skull; but just as the cimeter flashed in air, an officer of Alexander's, named Cleitus, struck off the Persian's sword-arm with a swift blow; other troopers came charging up, Alexander was rescued, and the battle won.

This defeat quenched the Persians' courage, and for a long while they let Alexander alone. He swept the whole of Asia Minor, carrying every thing before him, and gaining such vast quantities of booty that the army was gorged with plunder. When winter came, he led his men into comfortable quarters at the town of Gordium, in Phrygia.

The most wonderful curiosity at Gordium was an old cart, which, according to a misty old story, had once belonged to an astonishing old king named MIDAS, famous for having had asses' ears. The pole of this cart was fastened to the yoke with a cord of bark fibres so cunningly tied that no person had ever been able to loose the knot. When Alexander heard of the cart and the knot, he said he would soon solve the difficulty; so, having considered it frowningly a

few minutes, and not finding the way to untie the knot, he drew his sword, and cut it in two at a blow.

This is the story which was told by the old writers of history. I dare say they believed it, and perhaps so did the Gordians; still, I think it would have been a fine story for a friend of Alexander's to invent by way of convincing the people of Asia that Alexander was a very superior sort of a man, and that they had best not get in his way.

When the warm weather came the Great Robber moved on, taking more cities and doing more damage. At Tarsus his robberies were very nearly brought to an end, for, having bathed in a cold stream while he was heated, he caught a fever, and very nearly died. It was while he lay on his bed, groaning and fuming, that he received a letter, saying that his physician, Philip, had been bribed by the Persians to poison him. He thrust the letter under his pillow, and said nothing. When Philip entered with a potion, he handed him the letter and drank the draught, keenly watching the physician's face as he read it. I dare say you have seen a picture of this scene; it has been often represented by painters. Alexander got well, though not without a severe fit of illness, during which you may easily conceive the suspense and agony of the poor physician.

The Persians, regaining heart at last, resolved to try another fight, and accordingly King Darius led them out, several hundred thousand strong, with no end of supplies of all kinds, and treasure enough to

load many hundred mules. Alexander attacked him at a place Darius had chosen himself, near Issus; and nearly half the Persian army giving way at the first onset, King Darius being the first to set the example of running away, and throwing his bow, cloak, and shield to the ground to run the faster, the enormous Persian army was utterly beaten and scattered. The Greeks made such havoc among the poor creatures as they ran, that in one place the dead bodies, it is said, formed a bridge over a pretty deep ravine.

BATTLE OF ISSUS.

After this fight, all the treasure-mules and baggage of the Persians fell into Alexander's hands, and so did the Great King's wives and daughters, who, poor things! were more dead than alive when they were caught, and who said that Alexander must be equal to their gods when he actually sent them word that he intended them no harm.

When Alexander asked, Where was the Great

King's tent? he was shown a superb mansion, with bath-room and splendid apartments, all fragrant with incense, full of rich furniture, and swarming with servants gorgeously appareled.

"Ah!" said he, "this is what it is to be a king in Asia!"

And he marched on as before. Wherever the Great Robber went now his fame had gone before him, and messages reached him from city after city, entreating him to rob them mercifully. Only the people of the great city of Tyre sent word to say that they meant no disrespect, but they would not submit to be robbed.

"Ha!" cried the Great Robber, in glee at the prospect of a fight, "we shall see to that;" and he laid siege to Tyre directly.

Tyre was one of the greatest sea-ports of those days. It stood on an island a few yards from the Phœnician shore, to the north of the Jewish country. Its people were of the same race as the Carthaginians, and were famous all the world over as sailors, and traders, and weavers, and makers of rare and costly stuffs. They were brave too, and to guard their rich city from such robbers as this Macedonian, they had built a wall round it as high as many of our country church steeples. So it was, you may be sure, a very different place from the miserable little town which stands on the spot to-day, and which an earthquake half knocked down a few years ago.

The Great Robber, having no ships, fell to building a causeway from the shore to the island. But

when it was half built, the Tyrians drove a couple of fire-ships against it and burned it down. Then Alexander looked about him, and, finding a nation not far off which had a fleet, he seized the fleet and pressed it into his service; when the owners complained, he seized them too, and made them work at rebuilding the causeway. The Tyrians fought manfully and well. They built huge pincers or grappling irons, with which they hauled men out of the ships as they sailed near the wall. They contrived machines like our cannon, and fired out of them red-hot sand, which crept through every chink in the armor of the besiegers, and burned to the bone. They were savagely determined: their prisoners they massacred on the top of their wall, in full view of Alexander and his army.

For all their skill and bravery, and cruelty to boot, they could not avert the evil day. The causeway was built at last, and while the ships hammered away at the city from outside, Alexander led his men to a breach in the land-wall, and stormed the place. Even then the Tyrians fought so desperately, defending street by street, and house by house, that, when the fighting was over, there were only two thousand of the townsmen left alive, and these mostly wounded. Alexander hanged them all in a row, sold their wives and children as slaves, pulled down the rich city of Tyre—which soon sprang up again, though—and went on his way rejoicing.

King Darius ran away till his breath and his horses failed him. Then he stopped, and ventured to turn round; seeing that nobody was pursuing

him, he recovered heart enough to write to Alexander to offer him his daughter in marriage, gold equal to a million of our dollars, and half his kingdom, if he would only make peace and let him alone.

Said PARMENIO, one of Alexander's generals, when he heard the offer, "If I were Alexander, I would say yes."

"And so would I," said Alexander, "if I were Parmenio."

Being Alexander, he wrote boldly and brutally to Darius: "I want neither money, nor land, nor a wife from you. All your money and your land are mine already; if I want your daughter, I will marry her without asking your leave."

In our time, we should hang on the nearest tree a robber who wrote in such terms to his victims. In the time of Alexander men thought differently. His officers, and the Greeks too, said, when they read the letter, "What a spirited young man this Alexander is!"

The city of Gaza—of which we hear in the Bible, and which was also a great place of trade—also refused to be robbed, and was taken and sacked by Alexander like Tyre. He did not put its people to death; but their leader, a great, burly black man named BATIS, who was dragged into his presence, on the capture of the city, all reeking with blood and dust, he reserved for an abominably cruel death. He bored holes through his feet, passed cords through them, and fastened the cords to his chariot; drove at full speed through the camp, dragging the wretched negro after him, till the rocks and stones were spattered with his blood and brains.

After this the cities gave up the idea of resisting the Great Robber, and let him have his own way. He plundered and subdued every city, and every race he met with on his way to Egypt; when he got there, he plundered the Egyptians too, and overthrew their government, and made them subject to him.

While he was in Egypt, a droll adventure befell the Great Robber. Some of his courtiers, who knew him perfectly, began to say to each other that they felt satisfied he could not be a man; he must be a god, or, at the very least, the son of a god. When these clever stories reached Alexander's ears, he pretended to be quite struck by them, and to be much puzzled to know what the truth might be.

Then said the crafty courtiers, "Suppose we consult the great oracle of Jupiter Ammon, which never was known to make a mistake."

Alexander said he thought it was a very excellent idea.

So off they went through the great African desert, over the sandy plains, where there was no one to rob, unhappily, and where the heat and the drought were so hard to bear that the soldiers—who were not in search of a father—nearly died by the way. The clever persons who wrote the account of Alexander's journeyings for his own private reading say that once, when the expedition lost its way in the desert, two huge serpents suddenly crawled up, and, in the most civil manner, piloted Alexander to a green spot, where there were guides and a well of water—which you may believe if you

think it at all likely. At all events, with or without serpents, the Great Robber found his way to the oracle, paid his money, and asked his question.

"Whose son am I?"

"The son of Jupiter," answered the oracle, without the least hesitation.

At this the courtiers cried all together that they had said so all along. But now these excellent creatures had a new embarrassment: if Alexander was the son of Jupiter, oughtn't they to worship him? To relieve their tender consciences, they asked the oracle what they should do.

"Oh! by all means," was the answer, "you must be very particular to worship him."

The pious courtiers said they would be careful to remember it.

Away, then, back to Egypt, and, after a few more robberies, over again into Persia, where poor forlorn Darius was making prodigious exertions to raise another army, to fight one more fight for his life and his crown. So vast was Persia at this time, and so thickly peopled, that this second army of Darius was greater than the first; it consisted, they say, of more than half a million of men.

The number made no difference to Alexander. Up he marched, as eager for the fray as ever; found the Persians at Arbela, and beat them again, King Darius, as usual, being the first to run away when the fight grew warm. The slaughter was even more terrible than at Issus; the dead bodies of the Persians choked the roads and dammed up the rivers.

It was all over, now, with the Great King. He

was so miserable a creature that one can hardly feel sympathy for him, but he was indeed to be pitied. He had lost his wife and daughters, who were with Alexander; now, his treasures, his army, and his throne as well. Heart I am afraid he had none to lose. Away over hill, and dale, and plain he drove in his flying chariot, escorted by a squadron of troopers; and away, close after him, galloped Alexander with a squadron of his troopers, tearing over the dusty ground under a fierce July sun. On and on they rode, the flying king and the pursuing king, only one day apart, the hinder supping where the foremost had breakfasted, and both marking their path by the bodies of the horses they killed. At last, by taking a short cut through a trackless salt desert, Alexander dashed upon the escort of the Great King one morning at daybreak. The chariot wheels flew round as Darius whipped his horses and tried to escape. But the pattering hoofs of the Macedonian cavalry were quite close.

"Leap, O king, from your chariot, and fly with us upon this horse," cried the chief of the Persian troopers.

But King Darius was senseless from terror. He shook his head, and said he would not leap.

"Fool!" cried the trooper, "then take this!"

And he flung his treacherous javelin at the king, gave him a mortal wound, and saw him roll from his chariot as he rode off at full speed.

The first of Alexander's troopers who rode up found Darius alive, groaning feebly for water. The Greek humanely brought him some. When he had

drunk, he said, "Say to Alexander that Darius, dying, thanked him for the mercy he hath shown to his wife and children, and freely yielded him his empire and his throne."

No one now dared to gainsay Alexander. The people of the great city of Babylon—which was still as populous as it had ever been—came out to meet him, when he went that way, and strewed his path with flowers, and sang songs of welcome, thanking him for having been so kind as to come all the way to their home to rob them. He graciously spared their lives, but took their money, as became his vocation. Near a hundred millions of dollars of our money this GREAT ROBBER got in gold in the rich cities of Babylon and Susa alone.

Another great Persian city which he also entered was Persepolis, one of the oldest, and noblest, and richest cities in the kingdom. Its people did not come out to meet him; but, in their stead, several hundred wretched Greeks—all maimed in some way, some without hands, some without feet, some with empty sockets in the place of eyes, many without noses or ears—crawled forth to meet him, and to show him the condition in which the brutal cruelty of the Persians had left them. They were prisoners who had been taken in the old Persian wars in Asia Minor.

Alexander burst into tears at the shocking sight, and offered to send these unhappy creatures back to Greece and to support them there; but they said that, disfigured as they were, they could not bear to face their old friends; they would die in Persia.

Swearing angrily that he would avenge them, Alexander led his men into Persepolis. The city he gave them, bidding them steal whatever they chose, sell all the women into slavery, and put all the men to death. This was not all. Supping that evening with a brilliant company, a Greek lady named THAIS asked his leave to make a proposal.

He bade her speak freely.

"Xerxes, most mighty son of Jupiter," said she, "in olden time burnt Athens; shall we not end this banquet well by burning his great city, and drinking our wine by the light of the flames?"

"Well said," shouted Alexander, who was warm with wine; "let us burn the city of Xerxes."

And he and all the guests sprang up from the couches, in their banqueting dress, with garlands round their heads, and seized torches, and set fire to the great palaces and the great library, and drank, and shouted, and danced, and sang songs of glee, while the red flames boiled up to heaven, and the roaring of the fire and the crash of the falling beams made a fearful accompaniment to their music.

I dare say you will think of another soldier—ADMIRAL COCKBURN—who followed this example of Alexander in much later times. Of the two, Cockburn was undoubtedly the worst, as he lived in a more enlightened age. But both deserve infamy, for both destroyed, wantonly and needlessly, libraries which could not be replaced, and thus stemmed backward for a time the tide of human knowledge.

But now I have to tell you of a greater crime than this which the Great Robber committed.

One of his bravest and most faithful generals was Parmenio, whom I have already mentioned. He had fought by his side throughout his campaigns, and had done him good service. This Parmenio had a son named PHILOTAS, an indiscreet youth, who couldn't help laughing at the idea of Alexander being the son of Jupiter, and who steadfastly refused to worship him. For this, Alexander vowed vengeance.

Philotas was accused of conspiring against Alexander's life—falsely, I am sure; but a trap was laid for him; he fell into it, was arrested, and put to the torture. What this poor youth endured was frightful. He was scourged till his flesh came off in strips, leaving the bone bare; live coals were laid on his bare skin till his whole body was a mass of burns and blood. In his agony he screamed to his tormentors,

"What would ye have me say?"

They asked him who were his accomplices.

He said he had none; upon which the tortures began again more cruelly than before.

In his pain, he made out that Alexander wanted him to accuse his father Parmenio, which, in his sore mortal weakness, he at last did.

He was then put to death, and a band of murderers were dispatched to Parmenio, who was killed before he knew that he had been suspected.

It will help you to understand the character of the Great Robber to know that he watched the tortures of Philotas from behind a screen, and laughed and jested about him while he groaned and writhed in his agony.

From Persia this Great Robber marched eastward, conquering countries whose very names he hardly knew, and robbing cities whose inhabitants had never seen a white man. He marched on and on, driving the feeble Hindoos before him, till he was stopped on the bank of the Indus by an army gathered together under a brave and skillful leader whom the Greeks called PORUS.

Porus, like the last Indian kings of our time, had a herd of fighting elephants, who were trained to trample men under their huge feet, and to pierce them with their tusks. With these, and a large army of tawny warriors, he gave battle on the banks of the river; but Alexander beat him, and scattered his tawny warriors.

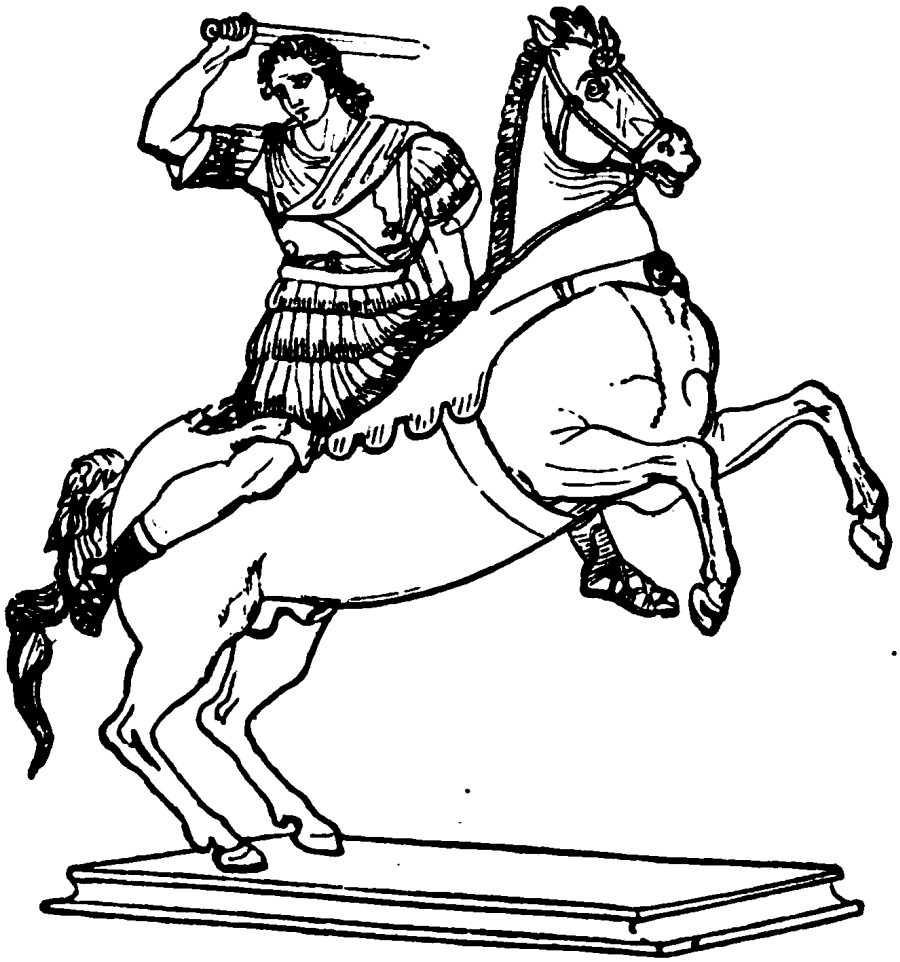
Porus the Great Robber treated mercifully, for a wonder. When he asked him how he expected to be treated, the brave Indian answered, "Like a king."

"Nothing more?" asked Alexander, with a sneer.

"No; the word king comprises every thing."

I have no doubt that Alexander, who was himself a king, was pleased to hear the grand meaning which this Indian put upon the title; perhaps, too, he saw what use the brave Indian might be to him. So he spared his life, and graciously made him Macedonian governor of his own country.

In the battle with Porus, Alexander lost his favorite horse Bucephalus. Many years before, this horse had been offered for sale to Philip, who refused to buy him, because he was so fierce and wild that none of his officers could ride him. Alexander,



ANCIENT STATUE OF ALEXANDER.

then a very young man, fearlessly mounted on his back, and by gentleness and skill mastered him, which so pleased Philip that he made the horse a present to his son. Alexander always rode him in battle, and loved him so dearly that, when he died, he founded a city and called it after him, Bucephalia.

It would have been well if he had loved his friends as well as his horse.

At one of his feasts, at the place we call Samarcand, Alexander and his guests, who had all drunk deeply, were talking noisily about the godship of the Great Robber. Said the courtiers, "Ah! what a wise old oracle that is at Ammon! Who but a god could have made such conquests?"

"Who indeed?" cried Alexander.

Cleitus, the officer who had saved Alexander's life at the battle of the Granicus, said that Philip had made conquests, and so had Parmenio; yet he had never heard it said that they were gods.

At this speech Alexander flew into a passion (judge how the name of Parmenio stung him to the quick!), and, snatching up an apple, threw it at Cleitus.

"Remember," said Cleitus, imboldened by the wine he had drunk, "that this right hand once saved your life!"

Alexander, beside himself with rage, sprang to his feet and called for his guards. Some officers caught him in their arms and tried to soothe him; but he tore himself out of their grasp, and, seeing no guards approach, he ran to the sentinel at the door, wrested his pike out of his hand, and thrust it through the body of Cleitus, crying through his clenched teeth, "Go, now, to Philip and Parmenio!"

When the deed was done the murderer was shocked—as, I dare say, all murderers are—and went to bed and cried a good deal, and wouldn't eat his victuals, and said he was a wretch unfit to live. After three days of this penitential exercise he felt better, buried Cleitus, and had some light supper and wine; in a few more days he had forgotten all about him.

He met with a beautiful Indian girl named ROXANA, whom he married, to her ruin; and just afterward he found that several of his officers were not certain about his divinity, and he put them to death with cruel tortures.

With all this cruelty and folly, he was still as brave as steel. At the siege of a place which is supposed to be the same as Moultan, where so many brave English officers lost their lives a few years ago, Alexander led the stormers himself, and was the first to climb the scaling ladder. Just as he reached the top of the wall, the ladder broke, and he was left alone. He might have jumped outward among his own men, but he preferred to leap into the city among the enemy. He set his back against the wall, and with shield and sword did battle against a swarm of enemies, until more scaling ladders were reared, and his men rescued him. He was very badly wounded in this fight; in revenge for which, he put to death every man, woman, and child in the place.

On, then, eastward as before, the Great Robber jogged, plundering every city that was worth his pains, slaughtering all who resisted, and planting towns with Greek names wherever he stopped. He would, no doubt, have robbed his way to China, but that at last his soldiers, who had fattened on the plunder, came to a sudden stand, and declared they would march no farther. Once before, when they had mutinied, he had gone into the ranks and seized the ringleaders with his own hands, and put them to death. But now he submitted with a good grace, turned about, marched back to Persia, and gave his men Persian wives, and as much money as they could spend.

As he approached Babylon, Chaldæan priests—thinking, perhaps, of the immense quantity of gold

he had carried off on his former visit—went out and met him, and warned him that some mishap would befall him if he entered the city. He laughed at them, and marched in forthwith.

He had a mighty scheme seething in his brain. He was going to conquer the world. He was fitting out a fleet to conquer Arabia, and from thence to annex more of Africa. When the fleet sailed, he would himself return to Europe, conquer Rome and Italy, the countries of the Gauls, and then cross over and subdue Carthage. Then he would return to Babylon, and make it the capital of the world. He would enlarge it tenfold. With the plunder he would seize, he would build himself a palace such as man's imagination had never conceived, and from thence he would issue his decrees for the government of all created beings.

With this great scheme fermenting in his head, he drank deeply as usual, and suddenly lay ill of a fever. From his bed he gave directions regarding the fleet for the conquest of Arabia. Next day he was worse; but he dictated orders for a grand muster of his troops for the expedition. Day after, he was worse still; but when his officers came, he assigned to each his post and his duties in the fleet. At last he grew so ill that he could not speak. His officers clustered round his bed; he knew them and made signs to them; but when they asked him about the expedition, he was silent and still.

Then some one, bolder than the rest, asked him, Who must succeed if he died?

Making a great effort, he muttered, "The stron-

gest." He took his ring off, gave it to PERDICCAS, and died.

He was only thirty-two years of age at the time, and had been king of Macedon twelve years.

If you measure him by his exploits, he is certainly the most wonderful man in history. At his death he had conquered more territory and subdued more races than any man before or since; and the best half of his life was to come. But he was really nothing but a conqueror and a robber. Some persons have tried to prove that he meant well to the nations he robbed, and that it was, in reality, a great advantage to be robbed by him. For my own part, I think that, robbed by a pickpocket or robbed by a king, it is all the same to the person robbed.

At the close of his life, Alexander had acquired all the faults of the worst nations he conquered. He was savage, cruel, treacherous, bloodthirsty, and passionate. He cared for no one but himself. He hated liberty. He murdered his friends. He was a scourge to the world.

In one of his fiery marches through India he took prisoner a naked Hindoo, of whom he asked, Whether he thought he looked like a god?

"You are a man like the rest of us," said the Indian, "except that you leave your home and invade the most distant countries to spread havoc and mischief; enduring hardship yourself, and inflicting hardship on others."

I think I have seen worse portraits of Alexander than this in very learned books.

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE ROBBERS PUNISHED.

WHEN the Great Robber was quite dead, the small robbers, his officers, met together to divide his great empire among them. Perdiccas, to whom Alexander had given his ring before his death, wanted to be king; but so did a dozen others, and they were all so jealous of each other, and so covetous, that, after a great deal of angry discussion, they agreed to settle the matter by giving the name of king to a half-witted brother of Alexander's, whose name was PHILIP ARIDÆUS. It was well understood that he was to be a puppet king, and that Perdiccas was to be his master of the horse and the regent of the empire. This settled, and the empire so divided that each of the small robbers got a province for his share, they buried Alexander in his own city of Alexandria in Egypt. The funeral car was so weighty that it took eighty mules a year to draw it from Babylon to Alexandria.

Then the small robbers began to enjoy their plunder and their provinces; we shall see how much pleasure they found in them, and how fine a thing it is to have stolen property in one's possession.

While Alexander was away in Asia, Greece had been sometimes uneasy. Once the Spartans uprose and tried to make themselves free; but Alexander's Macedonian governor, ANTIPATER, dashed down up-

on them and quelled them directly. On the strength of this rebellion, Antipater had bullied the Athenians; and they, to pacify him, had sent Demosthenes into exile. It would have been safer to have been manly; but manliness was one of the things the Athenians had lost.

He had never been as great as he was at the time he was exiled. Only a short while before, when accused by one ÆSCHINES, also an Athenian politician, but a friend of the Macedonians, he had defended himself in a speech, which I suppose to be one of the grandest monuments of ancient eloquence. Some time after it was delivered—so the story goes—Æschines himself was in exile, and taught rhetoric for a living. One day he recited this speech of Demosthenes to his pupils. They were so excited that they interrupted him frequently with shouts. "You like it?" said he; "what would you have said if you had heard it spoken by the beast himself?"

When the news of Alexander's death reached Athens, up rose the people again, a gallant orator named HYPERIDES at their head, with such spirit this time that they actually marched an army into Macedon, and gave Governor Antipater a beating. Highly excited by this victory, they filled the streets of Athens with their shouts, and mocked old Phocion, who went about in his dreary way, sneering at their hopes, and asking scornfully, "When shall we be done conquering?"

Soon enough, as it proved; for Antipater got better of his beating, collected another army, dashed down upon the Athenians at a place called Crannon, and utterly discomfited them.

"Now," said he, "I will make an end of the brave city."

So he took away from the Athenians all their spare money. Then he took from the poor Athe-

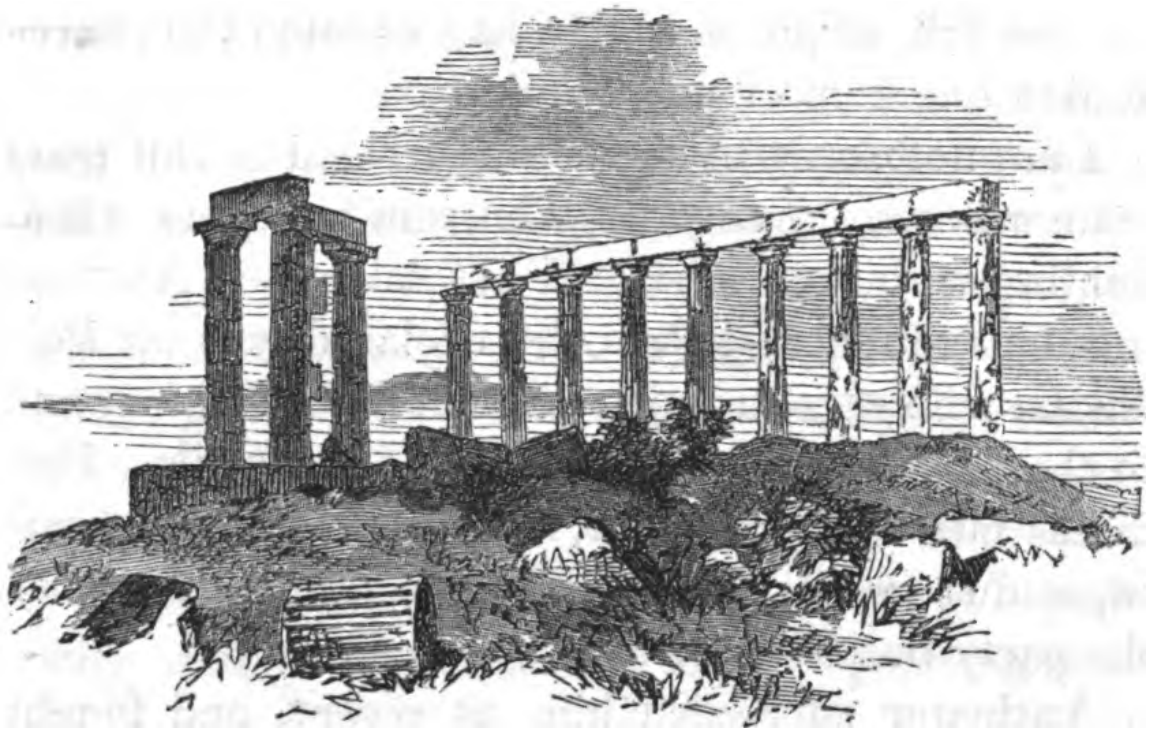
COIN OF ATHENS.

nians their votes and rights as citizens. Then he put a garrison of Macedonian troops in the fortress at the sea-port of Piræus; and, last of all, he said he must have the lives of Hyperides, Demosthenes, and many other good men.

Hyperides, who was so bold that he scorned to hide, was soon caught, his tongue cut out, and his dead body thrown to the dogs.

Demosthenes had been living in exile at Trœzen. From thence, as he walked on the beach, he could see the blue line of the Attic coast, Cape Sunium, and the hill of the Acropolis. Many a time, as he gazed in that direction, and thought of his lost home, his eyes had filled with tears, and he had prayed to be allowed to tread the streets of Athens once more. When Alexander died the Athenians gave him leave to return, and home he came to his death.

At the first news of Antipater's demand for his life, he took refuge in a temple of Neptune, from



TEMPLE OF M.NERVA AT SUNIUM.

whence the Macedonian murderers dared not drag him out. Antipater's officer—one ARCHIAS, a play actor—tried to lure him out with fair words and false promises. But the old orator was too shrewd to be deceived.

"Archias," said he, "your acting never impressed me much, nor do your words now."

At last the Macedonians lost patience, and began to say that they would drag him even from the sanctuary. Then Demosthenes begged, as a last favor, to be allowed to write a letter about his family. He sat down, leaning his head against a pillar, and chewing a quill he held in his hand, as if in thought. After a few moments he rose and walked to the door, saying aloud,

"Gracious Neptune, I will not profane thy temple by my death."

But on the door-step he fell, and rolled to the ground quite dead. The quill which he had chew-

ed was full of poison. He had cheated the Macedonian butchers of their victim.

I am not sorry to say that the blood of this good man was soon avenged. The small robbers fell to fighting with each other. First Antipater, ANTIGONUS, CRATERUS, and PTOLEMY declared war on Perdiccas, who was trying to make himself king, and to cheat the others of their share of the spoils. Perdiccas met them in Egypt, fought a battle, was beaten, and soon after murdered. So here was one of the party out of the way.

Antipater succeeded him as regent, and fought away lustily with the other robbers, till one day he died, leaving his title to another small robber named POLYSPERCHON, and disinheriting his son Cassander, who, of course, upon this took up arms and fought with Polysperchon whenever and wherever he could.

Almost the only event in this miserable war that is worth remembering is the sad end of the old Athenian Phocion. He was not a wise old man. When Antipater took away the votes of the poor Athenians, he said it was well done. This, of course, made him very much hated by many people, who only waited for an opportunity to wreak their vengeance upon him. The opportunity came when Polysperchon, anxious to win over the Athenians to his side, offered to help restore the old Athenian democracy. More unwise than ever, old Phocion went out to meet Polysperchon, who caught him directly, and sent him to Athens to be tried by the angry people.

It is rather pleasant to find that this old man, who had been so foolish and dreary these many years, was brave and manly at this hard crisis. The people were so enraged with him that they would not let him speak in his defense. They shouted, and hissed, and groaned whenever he opened his mouth, and condemned him to death without a hearing. When he found that they were bent on his death, he shouted in the tumult,

"Well, Athenians, be it so; I plead guilty; but why accuse those innocent men?" pointing to his fellow-prisoners.

"Because they are thy friends," was the angry reply.

When he was led out, some brute spat upon him. "Will no one," said he, calmly, "check this indecent person?"

They were five who were to drink the hemlock together—Phocion last of the five. When his time came, the cup was empty; there was no poison left. The jailer insisted that Phocion must pay for a fresh supply. He handed him the money with a smile, saying,

"In this Athens, one must pay even for the privilege of dying."

He died, having drunk the poison, begging his son, with his last breath, to bear no malice against the Athenians. There was a law of Athens declaring that no traitor should be buried in Athenian ground; so the body of Phocion was carried to Megara, and there burnt. His faithful wife followed her husband's corpse, collected the ashes, and car-

ried them to Athens in her bosom one dark night; with her own hands she dug a hole at her hearth and buried them there, writing over the place, "Goddess of the Hearth, take to thyself these remains of a good man!"

Polysperchon and Cassander fought perpetually. Each got a woman to help him. Polysperchon got Olympias, Alexander's mother, who was worth a good many men, as men went; and Cassander got the wife of the puppet king Philip, EURYDICE, a woman of great boldness and cunning. Olympias was the better ally; when a battle was fought, this terrible old woman dashed out between the armies in the strange dress which the Macedonian women wore at their wild games, with a bevy of girls all in the same wild dress behind her; and the Macedonian soldiers in Cassander's army, who held the wild games aforesaid in dread respect, were so startled by the sight that they laid down their arms and let Polysperchon win the battle. So now Polysperchon was up and Cassander down; and his friends, the poor puppet king and his bold wife, both savagely murdered by Olympias.

But this did not last long. Another battle was soon fought, and Cassander won this time. Polysperchon was driven out of the country, and his friend Olympias, who was so fierce-looking an old woman that she frightened away the first soldiers who were sent to kill her, was at last put to death, and her body thrown upon the dust-heap. So now Cassander was up, and gave laws to Greece.

In all these ups and downs Athens suffered cru-

elly. All the robbers tried, as a matter of course, to lay hands on Athens; at every change, the Athenians stood a siege and fought a battle. Polysperchon set a governor over Athens; when he was overthrown, Cassander appointed a new governor; now, Antigonus sent his son to take Athens from Cassander's man, for which the Athenians were not sorry, for Cassander's friend cost as much to keep as an army.

The new ruler of Athens was named DEMETRIUS, and, from his great skill in besieging walled places, he got the name of the Taker of Towns. It will help you to understand the times to know that Antigonus, wishing to describe his unbounded confidence in his son, used to say that he actually allowed Demetrius to sit by his side with his sword on. It seems that any other father would have expected to be assassinated by his son at the very first opportunity of the kind.

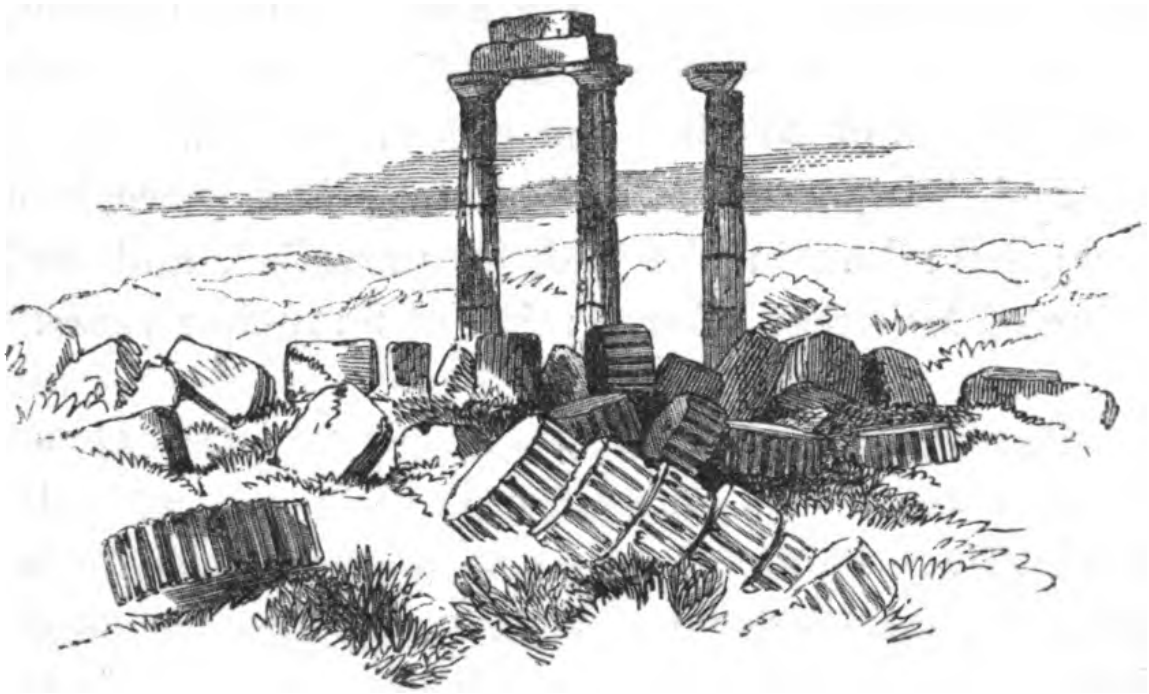
Demetrius was a miserable, debauched creature, who cost the Athenians even more to keep than his predecessor, and set a shocking example of vice. He made Athens pay fifty thousand dollars for soap, as he said, for two gay ladies of whom he was fond. The old Athenian spirit was so broken that the people actually worshipped this vile fellow, lodged him in the Parthenon, gave him all he wanted, raised statues of him without number, and let him make and unmake the laws as he chose.

Meanwhile, the small robbers went on fighting, and ridding the world of each other in a most satisfactory way. Two of them, LYSIMACHUS and SE-

LEUCUS, fell upon Demetrius's father, Antigonus, and, after some fighting, beat and slew him. So now another was disposed of.

Cassander caught Alexander's widow Roxana, with her son, who was to have succeeded to his father's throne, and treacherously murdered them. Then, choosing an opportunity when Demetrius was away, he pounced upon Athens and took it. But Demetrius had not been called the Town Taker for nothing. Back he flew in a trice, and laid siege to the city. Cassander's men held to it so long that the poor people endured horrible agonies from hunger: a father and son fought to the death for the body of a mouse, and the philosopher EPICURUS was very glad to have a few beans to share with his pupils and keep them alive. In the end, Demetrius took the place, and soon afterward Cassander fell ill of a dropsy and died. So now another robber was gone.

Demetrius the Town Taker, finding his enemy dead, marched up to Macedon and seized the throne. Now he was master of Greece. But he had scarcely had time to look about him when another of the robbers, Lysimachus, made war upon him and overthrew him. Then Lysimachus was crowned king of Macedon, and took Greece in hand. He was hardly settled in his new dignity when his old friend and co-robber Seleucus attacked him, and wrested his kingdom from him. Seleucus took the title of king, and was marching toward Greece, when Ptolemy, away in Egypt, thought he would like to be King of Macedon, like the others, hired a man to



TEMPLE OF JUPITER AT NEMEA.

stab Seleucus in the back, and then took the old title.

You might suppose that it was enough misery for any one country to be the scene of all these wars. But, besides the robbers, there were wild races from beyond the mountains who came roving down and plundered Macedon time after time; and the Epirots, also, under their brave king PYRRHUS, who is so famous in Roman history, ran across when they had nothing better to do, and robbed and laid waste the whole kingdom. You see how much the robbers made by their robberies, and how fearfully just Providence is.

The end of it all, at this time, was, that men were so thoroughly disgusted with these endless wars that they pitched upon a son of Demetrius the Town Taker, whose name was ANTIGONUS GONATAS, and set him on the throne, and promised faithfully to support him. Of course, Pyrrhus, of Epirus, made

no promise of the kind. He, and his son after him, dashed into Macedon season after season, stealing the crops and robbing the cities; sometimes they pressed Antigonus so hard that he had scarcely a town left; but, in the end, he prevailed, and died King of Macedon, after a reign of forty-four years.

CHAPTER XLV.

THE ROMAN CONQUEST.

DURING the long reign of Antigonus Gonatas, the States of Southern Greece once or twice made feeble attempts to regain their liberty; but, weak as Antigonus was, he was strong enough to put them down, as they were not banded together against him.

About the time he died, however, a bold man of Sicyon, whose name was ARATUS, formed a plan for a new union of the Greek States against Macedon. Sicyon, Corinth, and all Peloponnesus except Sparta and some towns in Elis, joined the union, which, from some towns in Achaia, took the name of the Achæan League, and threw off the yoke of Macedon.

Just as they had done when Pericles proposed his plan of union, the Spartans said that they would join no league. They were in the most wretched state at home. Their old slaves, the Messenians, were now free, as you remember, and were not bursting with affection for their old tyrants. The genuine, pure-blooded families had carried out their plan of sacrificing themselves for the good of the poor by taking all the money and land of the State, till there were only a handful of men left in Sparta who owned land enough to feed them. Kings and people made a living by hiring themselves out to fight for

any foreign prince who would pay them. Their old laws had fallen into contempt: one king thought nothing of butchering the other, and, a few years afterward, the son of the murdered king revenged himself by putting all the magistrates to death.

This race of savages now made war upon the Achæan League, under their king Cleomenes, hoping, I suppose, to get the plunder of the leagued cities to repay them. Aratus and the Leaguers fought bravely, but Cleomenes won several battles, and, at last, pressed them so hard that, in their despair, they sent for help to their old tyrant, the King of Macedon.

King PHILIP was delighted at the prospect of regaining his lost power in Southern Greece. He sent Aratus an army, with which the Leaguers defeated the Spartans, and shut them up in their own country. But when Philip tried to conquer the leagued cities for himself, he found it no easy matter; the Leaguers thanked him for the help he had given them, but refused to acknowledge him as their master. He thought that Aratus was the chief difficulty in his way; so he got hold of him, and gave him a slow poison, of which he languished a long while, and at last died. Still the Leaguers did not give up.

Then a new enemy arose to trouble them. This was a band of robbers from Ætolia, who called themselves a league too, and made a good thing of ravaging the coasts of Peloponnesus and plundering the cities. The Leaguers tried to drive them away, but could not, without a chief to lead them; so, for

the second time, they sent to beg help from Philip. He gave it as before, though he fought, I dare say, as much against his allies as the enemy. What with the honest Leaguers and the thievish Leaguers, and Philip, unhappy Greece was fairly torn into shreds.

Into this general scramble there now stepped a fourth combatant—the Republic of ROME. Some time before, when Hannibal was in Italy (as you will see if you read the history of Rome), every body supposed that the Carthaginians were going to master the Romans; Philip, who was tolerably cunning, made a league with Carthage, and bargained for the friendship of the Carthaginians.

The stern Romans soon heard of the bargain, and made a note of it; when they had settled with Carthage, they sent word to Philip that they had an account to square with him. On the heels of the message came their general FLAMININUS, with an army; he made friends with the thievish Leaguers, and caught Philip in the country of the Dog Heads, and gave him a terrible beating. He spared Philip's life, and left him his kingdom on condition that he paid a heavy tribute every year to the Romans.

Flamininus went to Corinth to see the Greek games; and there, in the presence of all the Greeks, he proclaimed, with a great flourish, that Greece was henceforth free, and owed no duty to Macedon. The poor simple Greeks were so delighted by the joyful news that they almost smothered Flamininus with flowers and kisses.

They had, for a wonder, a good man, brave and

true, still left among them. This was PHILOPŒMEN, the head of the League, and the last of the Greek heroes. Of his adventures many pretty stories are told.

Once, they say, he arrived at a village near Megara alone, without any attendants, and sat down in a farmer's house. The mistress of the house did not know him. She was very busy working at her household affairs; and, seeing him sitting there with his head bent down in thought, she called to him, and told him that if he wanted any dinner he must work for it.

"We expect our general Philopœmen here to-day," said she; "wake up, and give me a helping hand, to make ready a meal for him."

Philopœmen cheerfully threw off his cloak, and, under the directions of the farmer's wife, began to chop wood for the fire, in which employment his officers found him.

By his skill and nerve, Philopœmen strengthened and enlarged the League, and even forced Sparta into it. The Spartans promised to be faithful to the League, but they soon broke their promises.

Their ruler at this time was one NABIS, one of the most horrible villains in history. He had a wife who was like him: I do not know where to look for such a vile couple. They had in their pay a band of ruffians and robbers collected from all parts of the world; with these they set to work deliberately to rob all Sparta, not even sparing the genuine, pure-blooded families. The tale of their oppressions and cruelties would make your blood run cold. It was

Nabis, they say, who invented that horrible machine of torture called the Maiden, which became so awfully famous in the Middle Ages. It was a statue of a girl whose bosom bristled with sharp spikes: the unhappy wretch who was tortured was thrust inside the Maiden's arms, which closed on him, and pressed him with resistless force against the spikes, and held him there till he died.

Nabis was, of course, murdered by somebody at last, and then Sparta, for the fifth or sixth time, revolted from the League. Philopœmen, on this, resolved to make an end of so faithless a state. He marched down with an army of Leaguers, took the city, put eighty of the chief persons to death, sent others into exile, pulled down the walls, and abolished forever the old laws which bore the name of Lycurgus.

Ah! how easy it was to destroy, and how hard to build up!

Sparta finished, and the League struggling on, the Messenians cut loose from it and revolted. Philopœmen, though seventy years of age at the time, and very ill of a fever, took the command of an army of Leaguers to put down the rebels. On the march, when at a distance from his main body, he was overtaken by a troop of Messenian cavalry: in galloping away over a stony country, his horse threw him, dashing his head against a stone. He was lying senseless on the plain when the Messenians rode up. They, supposing that he was dead, began to strip him. He opened his eyes, and asked,

"Where are my men?"

For all answer, they bound his hands behind his back, and, with cuffs, and buffets, and insults, drove him before them into Messene. It is said that the Messenians themselves, when they saw the brave old man thus brutally handled, were moved to tears, and asked each other what was greatness and what was glory? What, indeed!

Down into a deep cellar, without door or window —the vault where the Messenians kept their money when they had any—they thrust the old man, and rolled a great stone to the hole which was the mouth of the cellar. When night came, and the multitude which had gathered to see the old hero had dispersed, the Messenian general, a villain named DEINOCRATES, sent a slave into the cellar with a cup of poison.

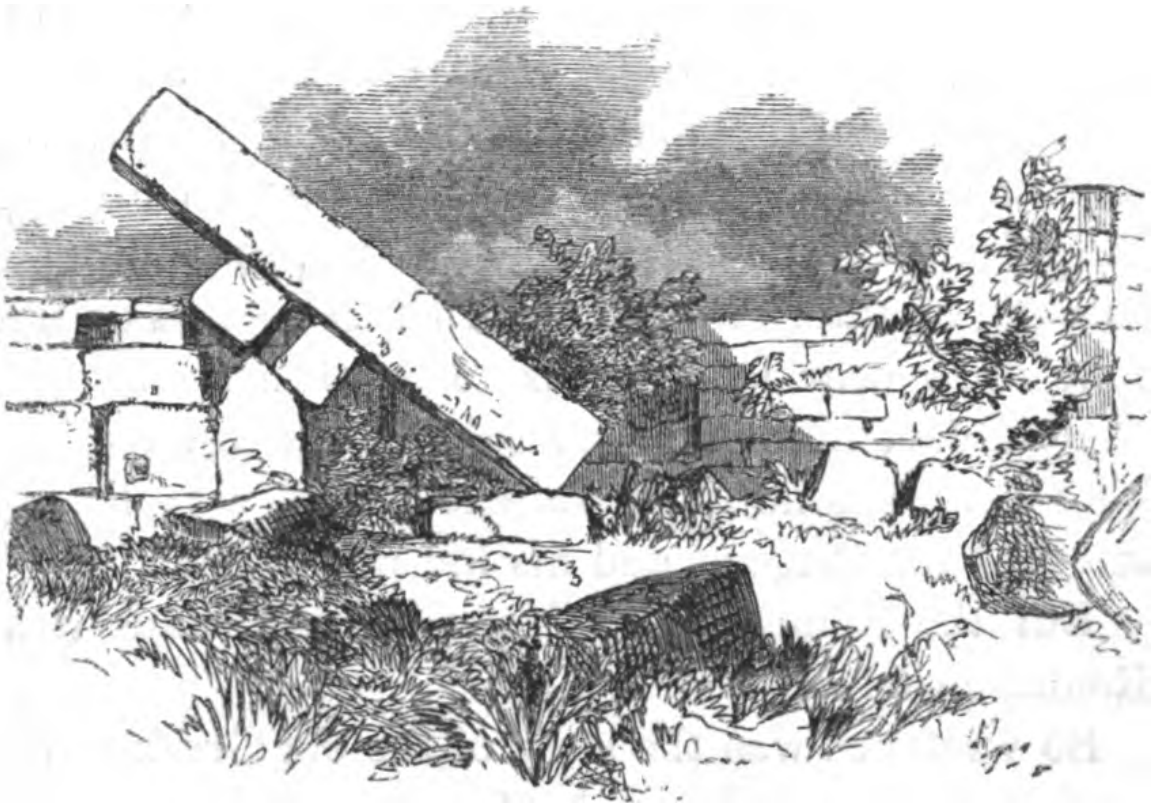
His fever and his wound would not have left Philopœmen many days of life at any rate. When the slave lowered himself down, he asked,

"What news of my army and my brave LYCORTAS?"

The slave said he had heard they were all well.

"Then," answered the great-hearted old man, "we are not unhappy;" and he took the poison, and died.

His body was not cold when Lycortas fell like a mountain torrent on the town of Messene. Ah! how Deinocrates and the wretches who had cuffed poor old Philopœmen cringed and crawled at Lycortas's feet! But they, too, had best have been manly, for all their meanness and servility did not add one minute to their life. Lycortas put them all to



THE GREAT GATE OF MESSENE.

death, in a righteously severe manner, and brought back Messene into the League.

Philip, king of Macedon, paid his tribute year by year, and died a morose, cruel old man. He had two sons, PERSEUS and DEMETRIUS, who hated each other with a deadly hate, until one day Perseus, by forging a letter, persuaded his father to put Demetrius to death. The trick was soon discovered; I dare say it hastened the old man's death.

Crowned king of Macedon, bloodstained Perseus went headlong to his destiny. He knew that some day he must fight the Romans for his kingdom and his life; so he trained his armies year by year, and screwed all the money he could out of his subjects, and made all ready for a great fight. It fell out as he had expected. One fine day the Romans came sailing over to Greece, under a brave general named

ÆMILIANUS PAULUS, beat Perseus, took away his kingdom, and carried him captive to Rome.

If you read the history of Rome, you will find that the Roman custom was to thrust all captive kings into a dark dungeon in the Capitol hill, and strangle or starve them to death there. But as the time drew near for Perseus to be thrust into this terrible den, his conqueror Æmilianus lost two of his sons. His affliction softened his heart; he interceded for Perseus, and his life was saved.

But the Romans took Macedon, and made it a Roman province.

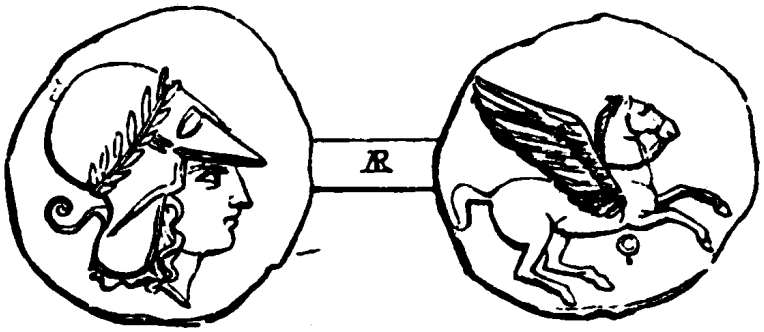
So wretched was the state of the old Greek cities at this time, that I can hardly conceive any thing worse.

You have been told already that the Spartan kings and most of the people made a living by hiring themselves out to fight for foreign kings. The Athenians did not even do this; for many years they lived chiefly by begging from rich monarchs in the East, who were proud of giving charity to so polished and enlightened a race of beggars as the men of Athens. But, at last, these alms-givers slackening in their bounty, Athens actually starved, and her people, in their sore distress, robbed a small town of their own called Oropus.

The leagued cities held together for a few years. One of their last generals, whose name was CRITOLAUS, thought it would be a fine thing to make war upon the Romans, and took up arms accordingly. But when the Romans took the field, this fellow ran away and was never heard of more. His successor,

DIÆUS, was braver, and fought the Romans for a while, but was beaten by the Roman MUMMIUS at Corinth, and finished.

Then the Romans made an end of all the fighting in Greece by subduing the whole country and setting over it a Roman governor.



COIN OF CORINTH.

Almost the last thing that we hear of Greece, before it became a Roman province, is that Mummius stripped all the temples and public buildings of Corinth of their statues and paintings, and sent them to Rome; warning the ship-captains, in his ignorance, that if they spoiled or damaged them on the way, they would have to provide new ones in their place.

This was in the year one hundred and forty-six before Christ.

From the reasons I explained to you in the first chapter of this Child's History, we can not tell, with any certainty, how long the Greeks had been a people before their history began to be written. I suppose, however, that Greece was not a country of any importance much before the Persian war. We may say, therefore, that their whole history as a nation comprises a period of only three hundred and fifty years—about as long as the period which has elapsed since Columbus discovered America.

No other nation ever accomplished as much for truth, for art, for letters, for science, for the improvement of mankind, in the same space of time. Nor has any nation produced nobler characters, or more beautiful examples to follow. Athens especially, that little green spot in the hills and rocks, has been to us all a mother; our first teacher of the Beautiful, the Good, and the Free; our best guide in the past, our warning for the future.

I have yet a few pages to write, for I wish to tell you what became of Greece in the long years of human darkness, when the lamp of ancient wisdom flickered and died out; and also what she is now, and what hopes we who love her for her old glories may nurse for her in ages to come.

But all this is an afterthought. The history of Greece is ended. Her great men are all dead. Her cities are ruined; their pride is quenched, their spirit fled. The lessons she gives us are over, and the book of her teachings is closed.

CHAPTER XLVI.

THE MIDDLE AGES.

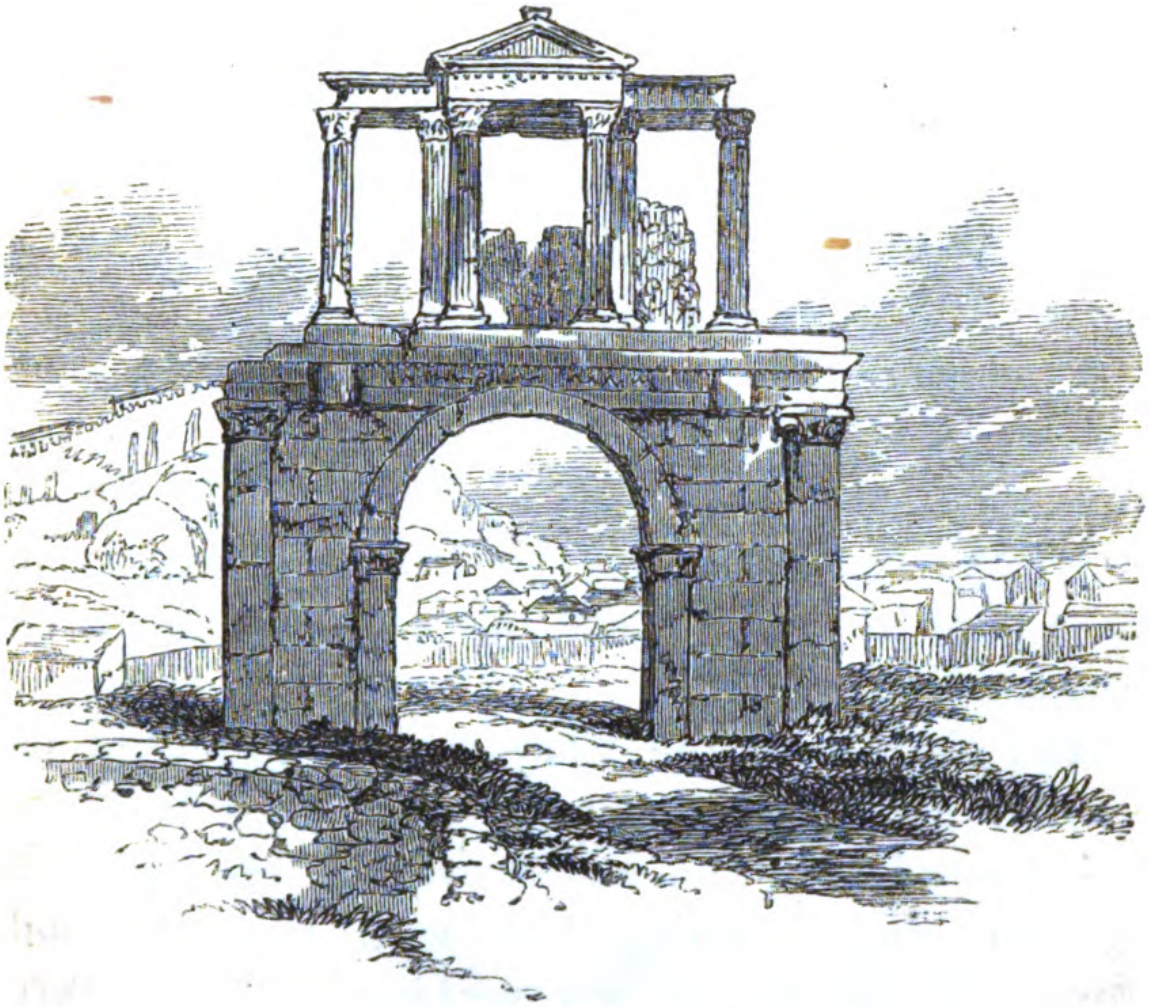
THE Romans, as you will find if you read their history, were very thorough conquerors. They took all they could, and what they once got they kept. They changed the name of Greece, and called it Achaia, and over it they set a governor who collected the tribute for the Senate, and usually made a fortune for himself in a few years. To drill the Greeks into a proper knowledge of their duties as Roman subjects, they hired a wise Greek named POLYBIUS to travel through the country and lecture on the Roman Constitution, bidding him be sure and prove to the Greeks that they were better off as servants of the Romans than they could be if they were free.

Still, for all this abasement, the Greeks, under the Roman control, did not butcher each other, or burn each other's houses and towns, as formerly; and hence, after a few years, I dare say they were happier and more comfortable than they had been since the fall of Athens.

About half a century after the Roman conquest, Athens recovered spirit enough to rebel. The Romans happened at the time to be deep in a war with the famous MITHRIDATES. The Athenians, very unwisely, I think, said they were for Mithridates,

turned their Roman rulers out of the city, and let Mithridates' army in. The consequence of this was, that SULLA, the Roman general, came sailing over to Greece with an army; and the consequence of that was, that Mithridates' men ran away directly. Athens stood a siege, and her wits made jokes and puns about Sulla. But their humor cost more than it was worth. Sulla knocked down a great piece of the wall, and one night, at midnight, he marched into the city through the breach, with blasts of trumpets and horns, and a great clang of arms, and let his savage soldiers loose. Nobody knows how many people they killed, but the market-place of the adjoining streets ran with blood. More fights going on between Mithridates' friends and Sulla, Greece was widowed of her people, and after this the Greeks rebelled no more. They were

ODEUM OF LATER TIMES.



GATE OF HADRIAN AT ATHENS.

a good deal knocked about from time to time, when the Romans chose to carry on their wars in Greece; but these mishaps were not of their seeking.

Athens was the only city of Greece which did not die out altogether. It was the great centre of learning, where young Romans, who could afford it, went to be educated. There were assembled all the philosophers of the day, and around them the choicest youth of the Roman Empire.

Still, I am afraid that, with all their learning, the Athenians were not much the better, or, at bottom, the wiser men. I do not think that it was much the fashion to teach great or good things there. The Athenian schools busied themselves

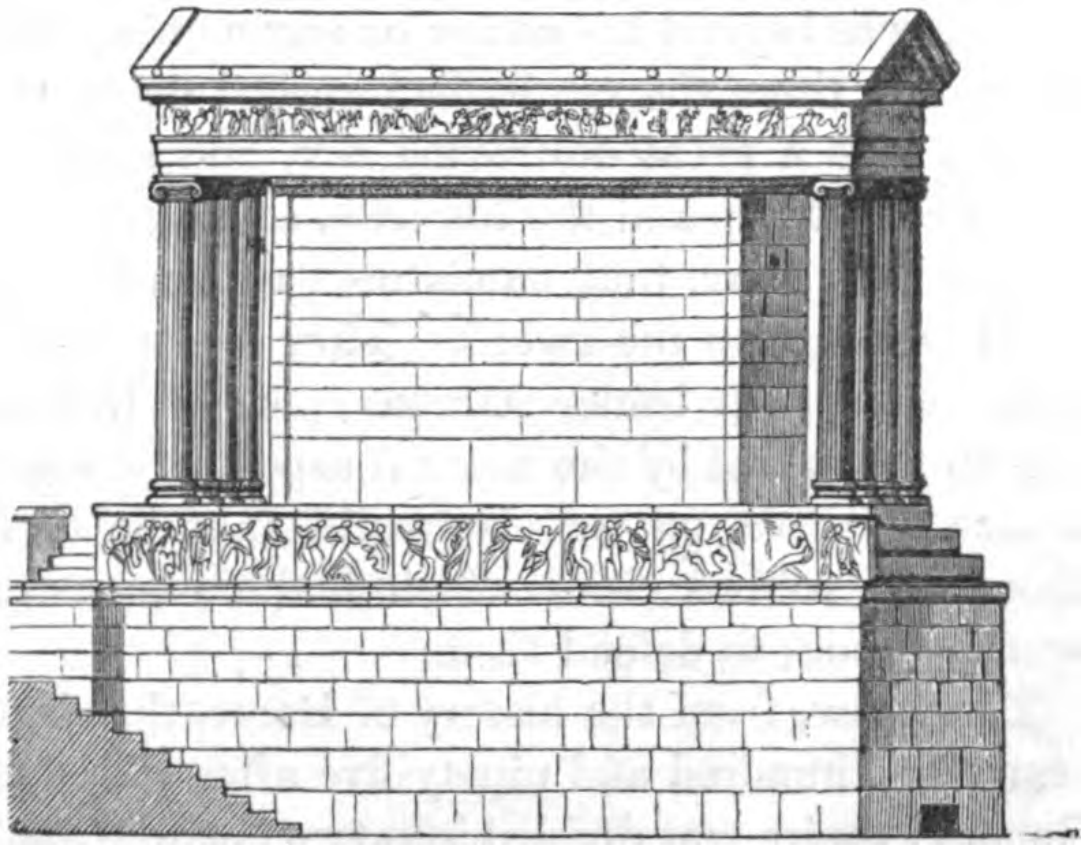
about music, and dancing, and dressing, and frivolous questions of words, and letters, and abstruse doctrines which nobody understood; and he was considered the best scholar who could make it appear that black was white, and right wrong. The spirit of Socrates was gone indeed.

These were the times when PAUL went to Athens and preached CHRIST to the Athenian wise men on Mars Hill. People went to hear him, not because they cared about the truth, but because "they spent their time in nothing else but either to tell or to hear some new thing."

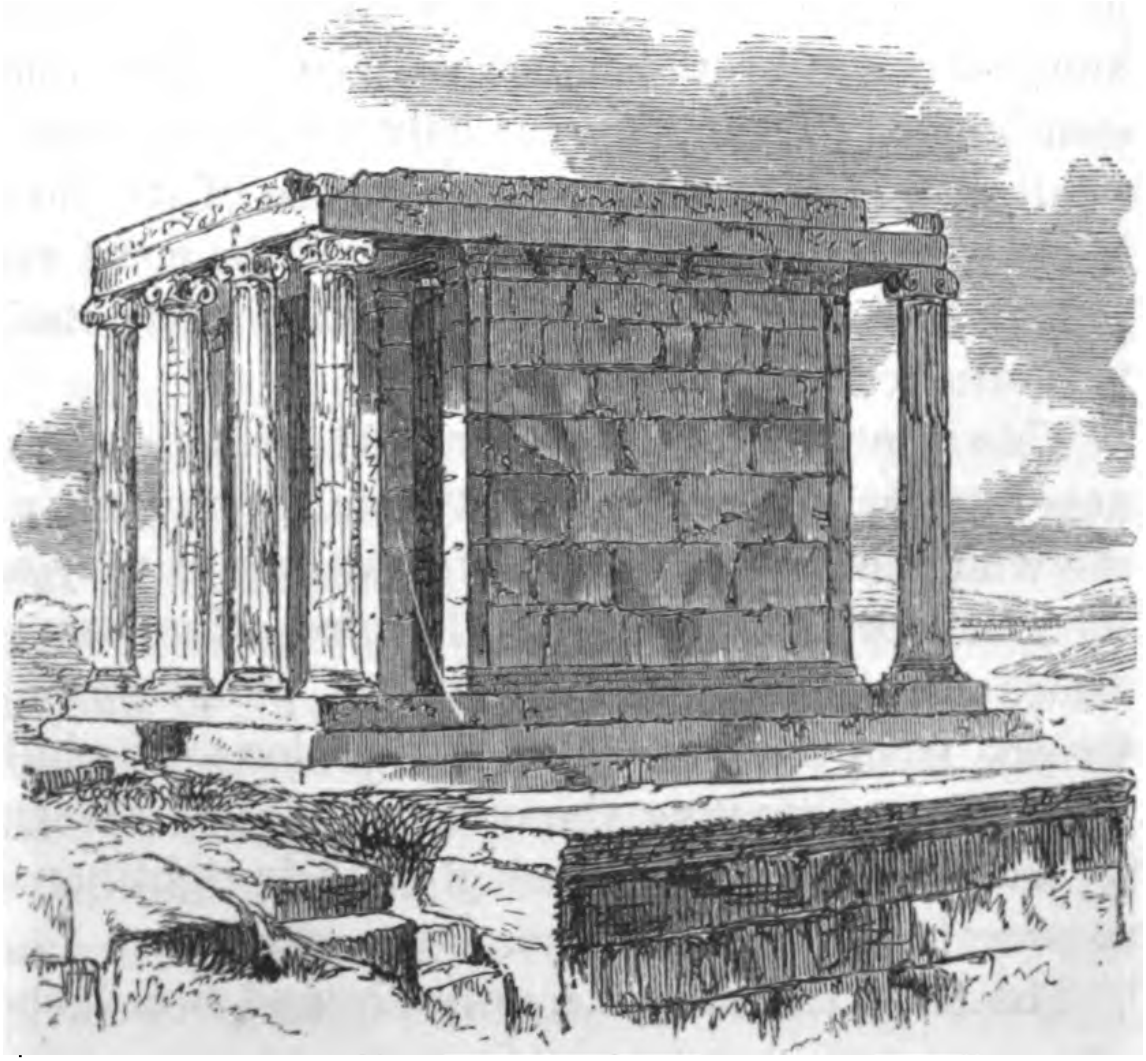
And these were the times when Nero went to Greece, and all the wretched Greeks went down on their knees before him, and crawled at his feet, and glorified him, crowning him with their biggest crowns at the games, and striking medals in his honor, calling him—who was a hideous disgrace to humanity—the Savior of the Human Race.

However, high-spirited or low-spirited, good or bad teachers, the Athenians were the schoolmasters of the Romans for many hundred years, and the students who went to Athens kept up the old city, and gave the people bread.

Now and then a grateful student did more. The Emperor HADRIAN rebuilt many of the old temples which were falling into ruin, and enlarged and embellished the city, earning from the thankful people the name of the Second Founder of Athens. The Emperor JULIAN also, who had been educated at Athens, preserved a warm love for Greece, and spent much money in trying to revive it.



TEMPLE OF THE WINGLESS VICTORY AS IT WAS.



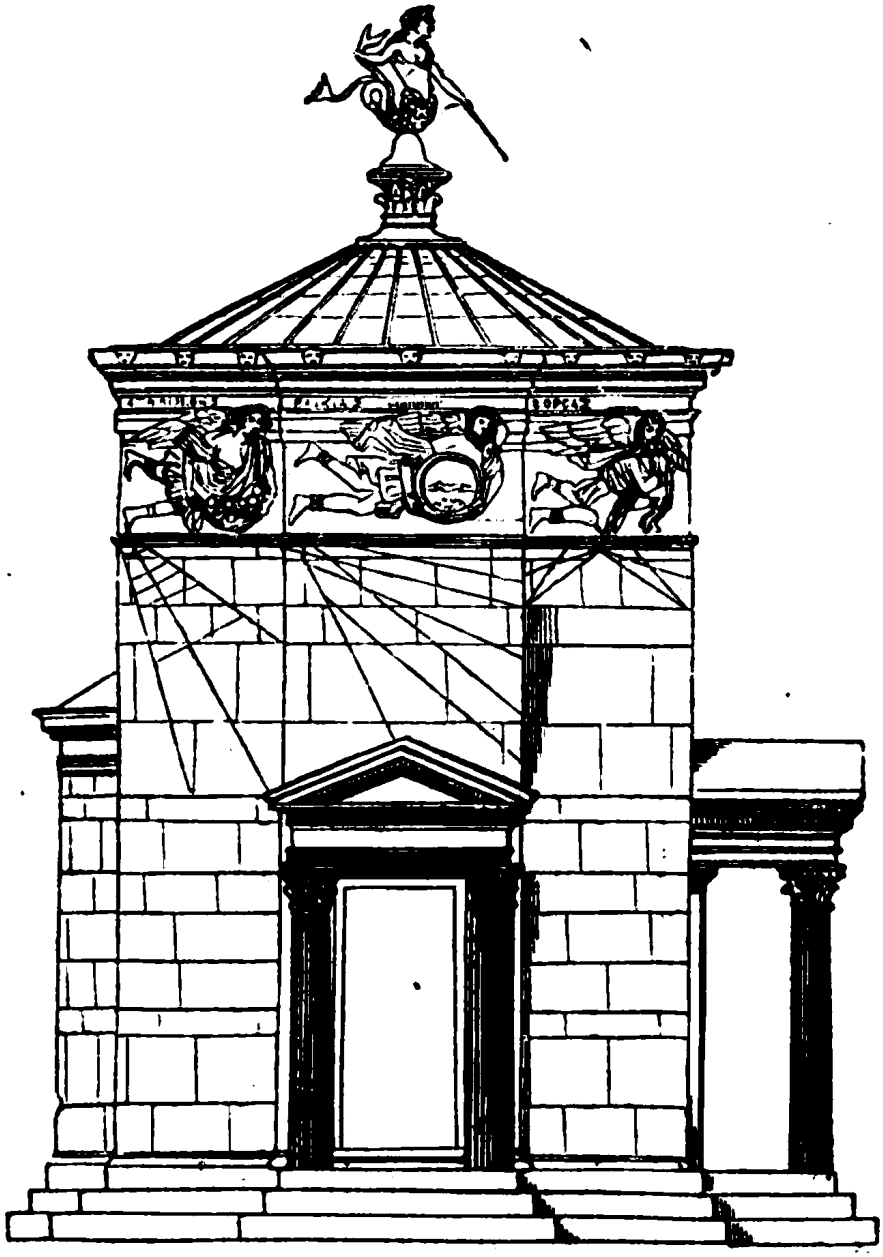
TEMPLE OF THE WINGLESS VICTORY AS IT IS.

That was beyond his power or any man's. Even before his time, the Goths had rushed down upon Athens like a great destroying fire, and plundered it. They had spared the libraries, saying, like savages as they were, that hands used to handle paper could never grasp the sword. They swooped down again under their leader ALARIC; but he, they say, was so frightened by the martial aspect of the great bronze Minerva on the Acropolis, that he turned about and robbed cities which had no monstrous bronze statues to defend them.

You know, from the history of Rome, that in the year three hundred and ninety-five after Christ, the Roman Empire was divided into two portions, called the Eastern and the Western Empire. Greece was included in the former, and was governed for many hundred years by the emperors who lived at Constantinople. Though it was only a province, and a small one, of the empire, yet the fame of its learning was so great that the language of the court and part of the state was Greek, and the empire itself was often called the Greek Empire.

This empty honor did not raise it from the darkness in which it lay, or save it from the ravages of the wild races which came like vultures to prey on the great corpse of the Roman Empire. THEODORIC came, with an army of OSTROGOTHS, plundering all Greece, from the mountains of Macedon to the hills round Sparta, treating the unhappy Greeks savagely, and in many places cutting off their right hands to prevent their guiding the plow.

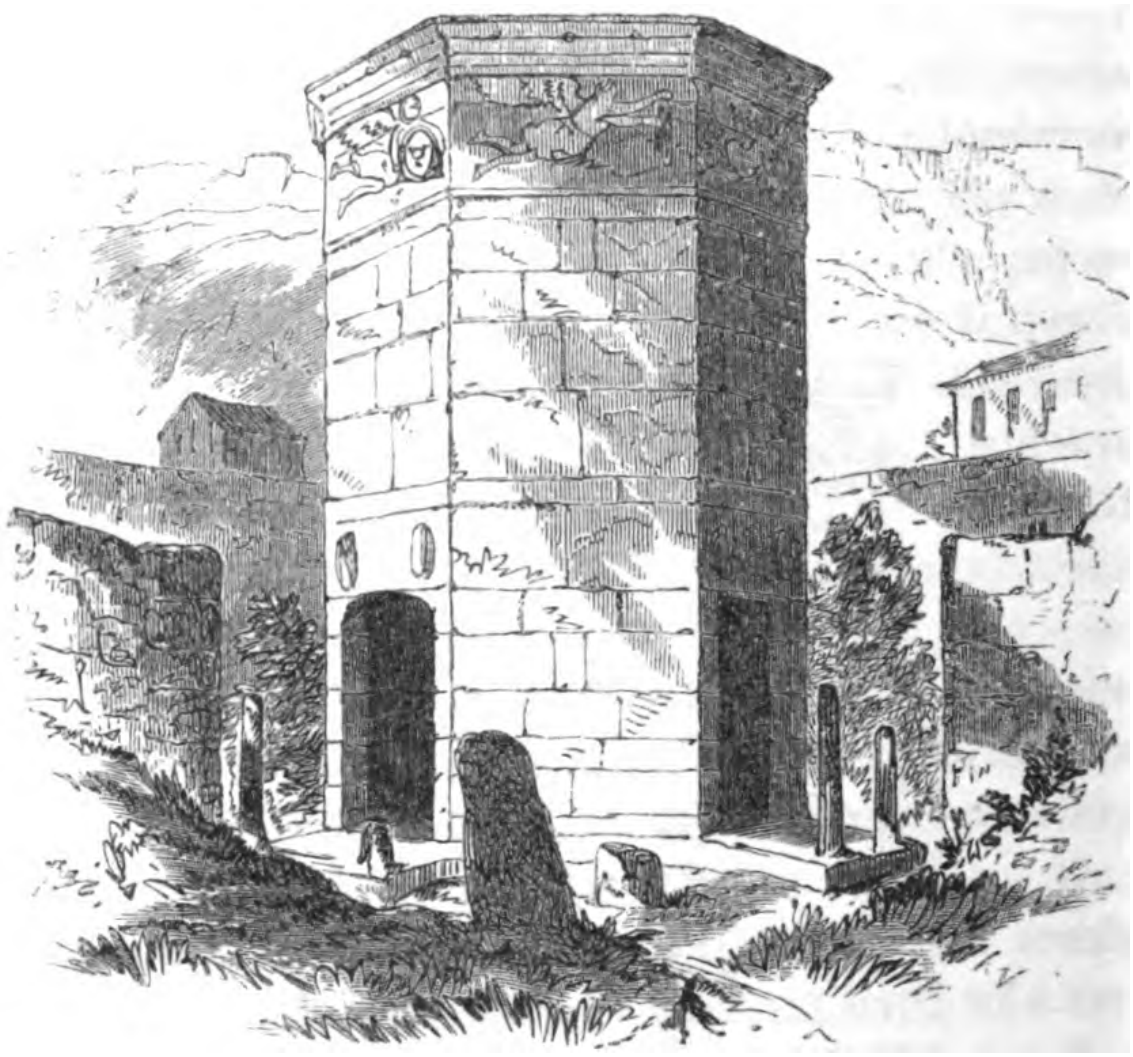
The BULGARIANS came, with fire and sword, and



HOROLOGIUM AT ATHENS.

plundered their fill; and the SLAVI came, and, not content with plundering, settled in the richest plains, and on the sunniest spots of Greece, and staid there. Last of all came the NORMANS, under a bold chief, ROGER of Sicily, who had wanted to marry the daughter of the Greek emperor, and, having been refused, revenged himself by ravaging Greece.

Still, in spite of all these ravages and wars, Greece was not wholly beggared or deserted. A Greek emperor, the great JUSTINIAN, had paid a great deal of



HOROLOGIUM AS IT IS.

attention to Greek affairs: he had put down the schools at Athens because they did not teach Christian doctrine; but, in return, he had taught the Greeks the art of weaving silk, and this more than repaid them for the loss of their schools. All Peloponnesus fluttered with mulberry-trees, and from this it took the name which it bore till lately—MOREA.

So, when the Crusaders, finding it harder work than they had expected to reconquer the Holy Sepulchre, and hungering after the fat provinces and rich cities of the Greek empire, fell upon Constantinople instead of Jerusalem, and took it, and di-

vided the empire among them, there was a scramble among the ravenous chiefs for Greece. It is not very easy to say how it ended, our accounts of these dark old times are so scanty and confused. But it seems certain that the leader of the Crusade, bold BONIFACE OF MONTSERRAT, became king of Macedon; that he gave Athens and Thebes to one of his knights, a brave Burgundian named OTHO DE LA ROCHE; and that the old Peloponnesus, or Morea, fell to the share of a plundering soldier who had been tossed on the coast by a storm, and whose name was GEOFFREY DE VILLEHARDOUIN. Geoffrey called himself Prince of Achaia, and Otho took the name of Grand Duke of Athens.

Geoffrey de Villehardouin and his heirs held the Morea for about a century and a half, through good and evil fortune, sometimes saying that they held it from the Greek emperor, and doing homage to him, sometimes doing homage to the King of Sicily for it, sometimes doing no homage at all; at times very prosperous from the silk business, and at times very poor and hard-pressed by all sorts of roving land-robbers, Venetians, Sicilians, Genoese, and I know not what others beside. At the end of a century and a half their dynasty broke to pieces, and so did the country. The Piedmontese got a share, and the Greeks of Constantinople got a share; so did the Venetians, and so did the Knights of Jerusalem; and a larger share than any fell to all manner of little mountain chiefs and robbers.

Otho de la Roche and his descendants flourished the title of Dukes of Athens for four generations.

The last duke of his house was GAUTIER OF BRIENNE, an ambitious chieftain, who took into his service a band of Arab warriors called the Catalan Company, and hoped with their aid to conquer the whole of Greece. But these bold warriors were so fond of fighting that they would rather fight their friends than stay quiet; they turned against Gautier, and when he marched out, they entrapped him and his men in a bog, and cut them to pieces. Then they held the duchy of Athens for a few years, and were much troubled by it, not knowing what to do with it when they had robbed it thoroughly; and so a merchant of Florence, who had a share in the Morea, thinking that the duchy of Athens would suit him too, sent a party of soldiers and took it easily. His descendants held it for about eighty years; and though they paid a good deal of attention to murdering each other—as was the general custom of royal and noble families in those days—they enlarged it to the north, and took in a large slice of old Greece.

But now there was a new nation looming in the East. This nation was the TURKS.

From the heart of Asia they came, a fierce, manly, warlike race, who drank no wine, and spent no day without violent exercise: a patient, loyal race, who were ready at any time to die for their chief, and whose chiefs, from father to son, were, I make no doubt, the boldest, and most able, and most sincere men of that day in that part of the world. Conquering from Asia, these Turks came and stripped the Greek empire of province after province, till

at last the emperor had nothing left but his capital city of Constantinople. There he was besieged by the Turkish chief MOHAMMED THE SECOND, who, with the help of a wondrous cannon, whose muzzle was twelve palms wide, and the fierce gallantry of his Turks, took the city on the twenty-ninth of May, in the year one thousand four hundred and fifty-three, and put an end forever to the Greek empire.

Mohammed and his Turks were of the religion which is called Mohammedan, and they believed—like some people of other religions in later times, if I mistake not—that they were destined to spread that religion all over the world by stabbing, and starving, and slaying all persons who did not believe in it. So, in fulfillment of this singular destiny, when Mohammed found himself comfortably settled at Constantinople, he turned his thoughts to other parts of Europe, where the people were not Mohammedans, but Christians, and attacked them directly. Among other countries, he laid hands on Greece, and very soon conquered the duchy of Athens, Northern Greece, and soon afterward the Morea likewise.

You may judge of the condition of the Greeks at this time from what Mohammed (who was a very good judge) said of them. He said that he had met with plenty of slaves there, but only one soldier.

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE TURKS IN GREECE.

MOHAMMED went on convincing people that Mohammedanism was the only true religion by fire, and sword, and ravages, until one day a brave Hungarian gave his armies a terrible beating before Belgrade, and thus threw some doubt on the destiny of the Turks. Other defeats in Wallachia followed, and made him less anxious to convert the world; so, after a time, he thought he had done enough for the spread of Mohammedanism, and would now take a little rest.

Greece was very unquiet. In Epirus, the old kingdom of the brave Pyrrhus, a bold Greek, whose real name was CASTRIOTTIS, but whom the Turks called SCANDERBEG, was fighting might and main against the Turkish invaders. This Scanderbeg was one of four brothers whom the Sultan, or chief of the Turks, had taken prisoners in their youth. The three elder ones this cruel Sultan had poisoned. To young Scanderbeg, who was handsome and agreeable, he had given a high rank in his army, and fancied he had made sure of him. But the moment the Sultan tried to lay hands on Epirus, Scanderbeg revolted with all his men, and made war upon the Turks. For nearly a quarter of a century he fought them, summer after summer, and, strive as he might,

the Sultan never dared call Epirus his own so long as Scanderbeg was on the hills with his brave mountaineers. But at last, one luckless day, this gallant chief died of a fever, and then the Turks spread through all Northern Greece, and made it subject to the Sultan.

In the Morea the Venetians contended against the Turks.

VENICE is now, as you know, a very poor, old town, not so rich as any of our small sea-ports. The Austrians, who are taking care of it, for fear the people should hurt themselves, do not let the Venetians act, move, write, speak, or even look, of their own free will. In the days of which we are speaking—some four hundred years ago—Venice was one of the great maritime powers of the world, with a large army, numerous fleets, great riches, and a bold, earnest, industrious people. These Venetians held several small places on the coast of the Morea; they refused to give them up to the Turks, and when the latter tried to take them, they not only drove them back, but seized upon several places that were subject to Turkey—among others, the city of Athens.

For a hundred years or thereabout, the struggle between the Venetians and the Turks lasted. Twice during this period both nations were so weakened by the contest that they agreed to a truce in order to gain breath, and when they had recovered strength went to war again as fiercely as ever. At last, the Turks pressing the Venetians very hard, the latter sent to their great neighbors, the King of Spain and

the Emperor of Austria, and asked them if they would allow those infidel Turks to destroy a Christian power.

"By no means," replied their majesties; and, accordingly, the Pope, and the King of Spain, and the Emperor sent men, and ships, and arms to help the Venetians, and with them a famous general, DON JOHN OF AUSTRIA, the Spanish king's brother.

The Christian fleet met the Mohammedan fleet in the Gulf of Lepanto (the old Corinthian Gulf), on the seventh of October, one thousand five hundred and seventy-one. The battle began late in the afternoon, both fleets having lain idle all the morning for want of a wind, and before nightfall the Turkish fleet was finished. One hundred and thirty great galleys were taken by the Christians, and a vast number destroyed besides. Twenty-five thousand Turks were killed or drowned in the fight.

I suppose that this battle was one of the most important that ever was fought. If the Turks had been the conquerors instead of the Christians, it is possible that they might have followed up the advantage, and conquered Italy, Spain, and Austria. If they had got so far, no one can tell where they would have stopped. They might have made all Europe subject to them, and you and I might at this day have been believers in the Prophet and the Koran.

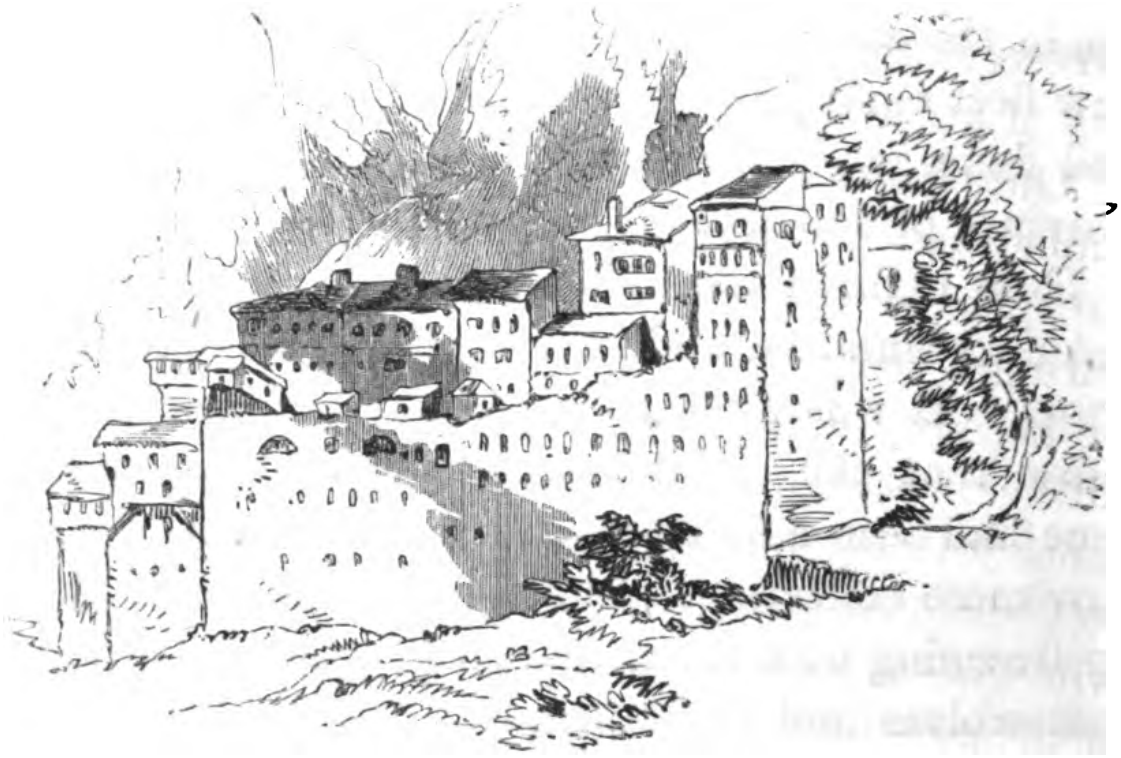
It was the valor of the Christian soldiers and sailors at Lepanto which saved us all from this fearful danger.

Unhappily, after the victory, the Christian allies

did not agree among themselves how to proceed. So, in the course of a year or two, the Sultan had a new fleet equipped, and the Christians, after all they had done, made peace with him, leaving Greece a province of Turkey.

How it fared with the unhappy country during the next hundred and twenty-five years we hardly know. It was almost blotted out of history. We know that the great towns, which once upon a time had been able to send forth whole armies, were now mere collections of huts, sometimes with a castle frowning over them, and so helpless and desolate that wolves and foxes attacked the people in their own houses. We know that the Turks screwed all the money they could out of the Greeks, piling up the taxes upon them in every shape and way; we hear of one tax which went by the name of tooth money, which was paid in order to recompense the Sultan and the Pachas for the labor of chewing their food. And we know that whenever the active Greek spirit roused the people to build vessels and trade, the pirates who infested the Mediterranean robbed them—robbed them so boldly and so often that, whenever the people of a sea-board village saw a sail approaching, they ran directly to the woods, and hid themselves in caves and hollow trees for fear of pirates.

We know, also, that, notwithstanding the destiny of Mohammed, the Greeks, through all their troubles and misery, did not change their religion, or cease to be Christians. More than once the Mohammedans tried to convert them by the gentle methods I



A MODERN GREEK MONASTERY.

have mentioned; but the Greeks were so firmly attached to their faith that, after several efforts, the idea of making Mussulmans of them was given up, and they were allowed to worship God in their own way on paying heavily for the privilege.

A GREEK CHURCH.

Athens was rather better off than the rest of Greece. This was owing, it is said, to the endeavors of a fair Athenian girl whose name was Basilia.

Once upon a time there reigned a Sultan whose name was ACHMET. He was not a fighting Sultan; he spent his life idly in his harem with his wives, caring for nothing but pleasure and sloth. When he became Sultan, he sent word to the governors of all his provinces that they must all look out for the most beautiful girls in their province, and send them to Constantinople to be his wives. The governors, who knew what they had to expect if they were slow or disobedient, dispatched spies far and wide to look for beautiful girls; whenever they found one, they tore her out of the arms of her family, in spite of her cries and her tears, and sent her directly to Constantinople.

Now there was living at Athens a very poor family, whom the Turkish governor hated, and oppressed in a very cruel manner. In this family was one girl, BASILIA, who was yet a child. As she grew up, her father and mother saw that she was going to be very beautiful; and, instead of rejoicing, as fathers and mothers would in our time, they were greatly distressed by their daughter's loveliness. They dressed her badly, kept her hair uncombed, and tried in every way they could to make it appear that she was no better looking than her neighbors, hoping that, in this way, she would escape the notice of the Sultan's spies.

But one day, the Governor of Athens, riding through the ruined old city, saw Basilia, and fancied

he detected her beauty under its disguise. He had her seized by his soldiers and dressed; then, seeing that she really was exceedingly beautiful, he shouted for joy, and boasted that his master had not in all his harem a wife so lovely as the Athenian girl.

"Fair Basilia," said he, kneeling humbly at her feet, "may thy slave hope for thy gracious remembrance when our lord the Sultan shall have made thee mistress of all?"

Basilia could only burst into tears and pray to be left with her mother in her own Athens, which the hard-hearted governor would not permit.

When the day came for her to leave, a grand retinue of soldiers came to her father's house. Women brought splendid dresses for her to wear, and the governor himself tried to thrust a purse into her hand. She, weeping bitterly, hung on her mother's neck, refused all the governor's gifts, and still begged and besought them to let her stay at home. They were obstinate, and at last said they could wait no longer: they would take her by force, if necessary.

"Go, daughter," said her mother; "and, should Heaven grant you influence and power, never forget the wrongs of Athens."

The Sultan had so many wives that some of them were often months in his harem before he ever saw them. Basilia had been many days in the palace, pining over her sorrow, when one day, as she sat mournfully gazing into a fountain in the garden, Achmet saw her, and was smitten by her beauty. He asked her name, her country; talked with her

of Greece and of Athens; thought she was the most charming girl he had ever seen, and could not tear himself away from her.

The thousand wives of Sultan Achmet were beside themselves with rage and jealousy. Every one soon knew that Basilia, the Athenian, was the favorite. Courtiers sent her presents and verses; all Constantinople was talking of her wonderful beauty, and the absorbing love of the Sultan for her. He could not let her out of his sight. He who had been used to cutting off his wives' heads just by way of a joke, was the most humble, crouching slave to this fair Athenian. He neglected his public duties to be with her, chafed and raged because she would never ask him for any thing, loaded her servants with rich presents, and served her himself as though he, and not she, had been the slave.

All this did not lift the load which lay on fair Basilia's heart. She was still sad and care-worn; her thoughts were always of her old home—of her father, and of her beloved mother, in their poor hut in the ragged suburbs of Athens. All the Sultan's caresses could not cheer her up; when she smiled it was only to please him, and there were tears in her smile.

All at once a change came over her. She took pains with her dress, and perfumed herself, and did her best to restore the roses to her cheeks. When Achmet visited her she was all smiles and gladness; when he caressed her she returned his fondness; she was only sad when he left her. He was in ecstasy at the change, and in the wild transports of his love

had fresh bales of presents brought every day to her door. But she would take none of them.

"Poor Basilia," said she, "asks no boon but the fond glances of her Sultan's eyes."

There came sailing a ship from Athens, and in the ship a messenger with a letter for Basilia. Doors flew open, guards rushed with messenger and letter, slaves bowed to the ground before the man whom the Queen of the East deigned to know. Fair Basilia read her letter: it was from the wisest and oldest men of Athens.

When next the Sultan sat on the purple cushions in Basilia's room, and his Athenian wife laid her beautiful head on his knees, and he asked her, as he had so often asked before, what favor he could bestow on her he loved so well, she threw herself at his feet and said,

"Behold me, at last, a suppliant to the king of kings: may the Prophet shine upon his days! I have a boon to crave. It is, my prince, for the guardian of the harem. Give him, I pray you, the revenue of the wretched city of my birth, and let its governors be forever of his choosing."

Achmet was rather disappointed that she asked nothing for herself; but he granted her prayer on the spot. Athens was made over to the chief of the black eunuchs, who, having no other dominions to care for, took better care of the people than the Sultan's governors, and who was always ready to redress the sorrows of poor Athenians who applied to him—a thing no Sultan ever did.

After Achmet had granted Basilia's prayer, the

poor girl relapsed into her old sad state. She grew pale, and her eyes lost their brightness. She had done all that she cared about doing, and now she had nothing to live for. Achmet loved her more dearly than ever, and was in great distress at her low spirits. His whole thoughts were spent in trying to amuse her; but she sank lower and lower day by day, till at last she died.

Her husband, in the phrensy of his grief, had the most beautiful of his wives seized and thrown into the sea in sacks, on suspicion of having poisoned her; and, in memory of his unchanging love for the fair Basilia, he decreed that the grant of Athens to the chief of the black eunuchs should never, on any account, be withdrawn.

So it was that during these miserable years of Turkish rule Athens was rather better off than her neighbors.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

FIRST STRUGGLES FOR FREEDOM.

ABOUT the time that the English took New York from the Dutch, the Turks chanced to be low in spirits, in pocket, and in heart; so the Venetians, who always hungered after Greece, dashed over in their great galleys and conquered it.

When their army laid siege to Athens, the general, COUNT KONIGSMARK, sent word to the Turks that they had best surrender, as he would surely take the city, and he didn't want, if he could help it, to damage the fine old buildings of the ancient town.

The Turkish general answered that he wanted no fine words; let him come on.

Count Konigsmark then fell to battering the walls with his cannon and bombarding the place. On the third day, his shells, which had knocked over a great many of the finest buildings, set fire to the city. The flames burst out on all sides, and when the Turks hung out a white flag at last, and the Venetians took possession, half of Athens was burned down. It was in this fire that the greater part of the monuments of old Athens perished.

After Greece had been subject to Venice about twenty-five years, the Venetians began to break up and lose their power. They had a wretched government, the people being sorely trampled by the

nobles; so they went to pieces at last, and the Turks laid hands on Greece once more. Once more Turkish governors, or Pachas, as they are called, rode over the people of the Greek towns and villages, and the officers of the chief of the black eunuchs ruled Athens.

But a change now began slowly to take place.

In many parts of Greece great-hearted men arose and said that the Greeks must have schools, to learn to read, and write, and think.

When the Turks heard of it, the old Pachas almost died of laughing. They thought that learning was a useless incumbrance for Turks; but the idea of teaching the Greeks was positively ridiculous. They felt, I dare say, as we should feel if any one proposed to set up a school for the instruction of monkeys.

However, well as the Turks loved ignorance, there was one thing they loved better, and that was money. The Greeks knew this, and by giving the old Pachas large purses of gold, the great-hearted men, who had the matter in hand, succeeded in founding some schools. The Pachas did not approve of them; but they pretended not to know what was going on. Sometimes the Greeks, to humor the Pachas, called their schools prisons; and the old fellows, when they rode past with their sallow faces and white beards, would gaze at the boys going to school, and say slyly that there appeared to be a good many juvenile offenders in these parts. They had been well paid for the joke.

Having succeeded in this, the great-hearted Greeks

next tried to build up a great trade in Greece, to launch ships, and build warehouses, and so restore the old prosperity of the country. But this the Turks flatly refused to permit; and, as fleets and sea-ports can not be hid as easily as schools, the Pachas had no opportunity of selling the Greeks leave to do what they wanted in this instance.

This unjust refusal enraged the Greeks, as well it might; and the schools yielding fruit after their kind in intelligent, manly men, there was in Greece a party that was ripe for rebellion against Turkey.

It chanced that, just at this time, the bad, bold Empress of Russia, CATHARINE, was in want of something to occupy her mind. Now there were two reasons why Greece became this something: first, the Russians were of the same religion as the Greeks, both nations belonging to that sect of Christians called the Greek Church; and, secondly, the Russians, like Mohammed, had an idea about their destiny (I believe it prevails among them still), and that idea was, that they were some day or other to make an end of the Turks, and conquer Constantinople.

Musing on these two reasons, Catharine sent to Greece a Greek who was in her service, whose real name was Gregorius Pappadopoulo, but who was commonly called PAPPAS OGLOU, and bade him see whether any thing could be done in Greece that would hurt Turkey.

Pappas Oglou had more zeal than brains. He loved his country very dearly, and wanted to set it free; but he did not rightly understand the way in

which that could be done. When he landed in the Morea, he went to the MAINOTES, who were the most powerful tribe in the mountain country, and of their leaders, two bold brothers named MAURO MICHALI, he asked, Would they help to set Greece free?

"With all our hearts," said the bold brothers; "let Russia send us money, arms, and ten thousand men, and we will sweep Greece clean of Turks in six months."

Pappas Oglou went on his errand to other leading Greeks, and said the same words. They all answered that they would fight to the death for freedom, but that there was no use in rising unless Russia were ready to back them with arms, money, and men. All these Pappas Oglou promised faithfully that his mistress would furnish. So all the Greeks, in the north and in the south, in the cities and in the country, made ready for the great fight that was going to be made, and waited for the Russian squadron.

But alas! Catharine, with all her boldness, was a very bad staff to rely on. She had murdered her husband, and was now very fond of some worthless court favorites, among whom were two brothers named ORLOFF. When Pappas Oglou made his report on what he had seen and heard in Greece, she sent one of these Orloffs to Greece, with a few lubberly ships that would hardly sail, no money, and about five hundred men armed with muskets which were very likely to damage those who fired them, and very unlikely to damage any one else.

When the brothers Mauro Michali saw this miserable squadron arrive, they said the Empress had played them false, and that it was madness to fight against the Turks with such a force.

Afterward thinking that, poor as the chance was, they ought to share it, they joined Orloff, and let him lead them to besiege a fort on the coast of the Morea called Coron.

If any of the Mainotes knew aught of their old history, they must have had strange misgivings as they sat down before this place Coron; for it was here that the last of the old Greeks, Philopœmen, was caught by the Messenians and led away to his death. Whether they remembered this or no, they soon had plenty of reasons for being down-hearted; for Orloff, who had commenced the siege with many flourishes, battered away at the walls without making the least impression, and wasted ever so many weeks of precious time, while the Turks, of course, were not idle.

When Mauro Michali ventured to tell him as much, he haughtily replied, "Silence! you forget that I am the general of the Empress."

Then Mauro Michali, drawing himself up to his full height, and looking Orloff proudly in the face, replied,

"Hadst thou under thy command the whole forces of the Empress, instead of this miserable handful of men, thou wouldst still be nothing but the slave of a woman. As for me, I am the chief of a free people."

Finding that he could not take Coron, Orloff

marched off and battered other places, and didn't take them either. He tried a march inland (though he took care not to go himself), and his army met with the Turks near Tripolizza, and was utterly routed. Then the Turks attacked and cut to pieces other bands of Greeks and Russians, hanging the officers and priests wherever they found them; and so, in a very short time, the rebellion was crushed.

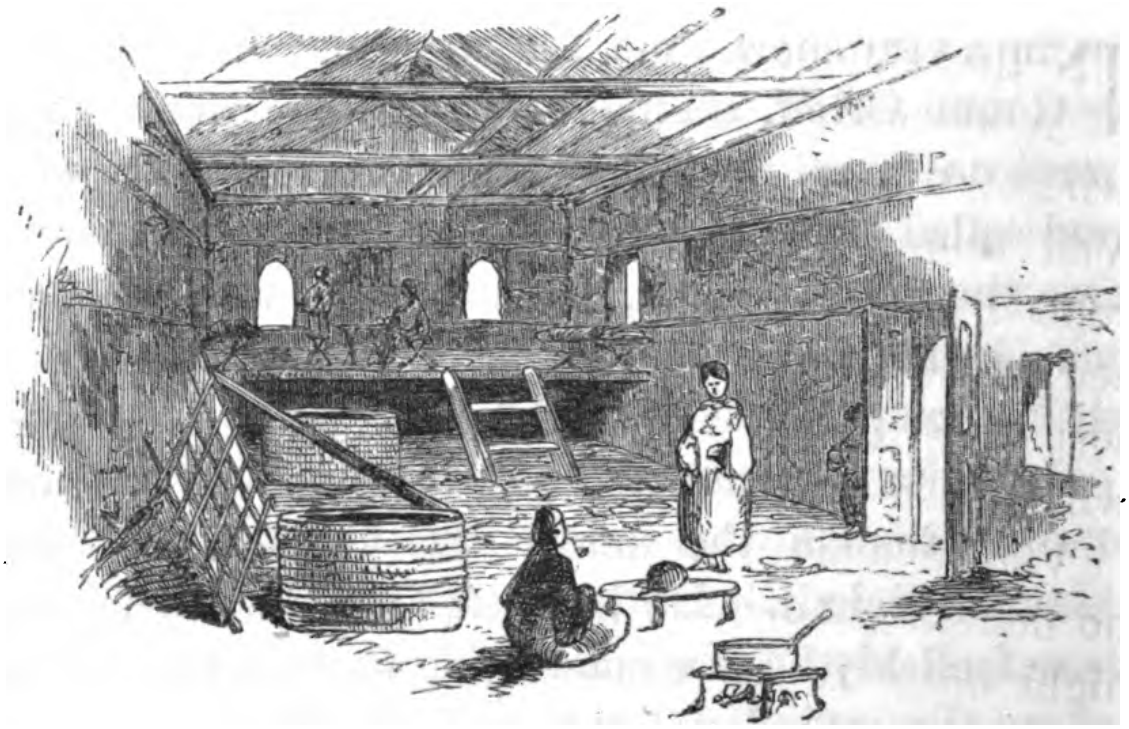
Count Orloff, seeing how matters were going, went on board his ships, with his remaining men, and sailed away, leaving on the island of Sphacteria five thousand Greeks, men, women, and children, who had come to seek his protection, without food, shelter, or guard.

I like to contrast with the meanness of this miserable Russian the manly behavior of the chief Mauro Michali. He had left Orloff when he saw how foolishly he was conducting the campaign; but, when the evil day came, and the Turks beat the Greeks and Russians, Mauro Michali began to fear that Orloff would not be able to effect his escape, and he sent word to him to say that, much as he blamed him, he would stand by him now.

And he set off with four hundred of his mountaineers toward the harbor of Navarino, where Orloff's ships were lying. On the way he was beset by five thousand Turks, and his little force almost cut to pieces. With twenty-four men, Mauro Michali shut himself up in a house and defended himself for three days. When the Turks set fire to the house, and stood outside to watch for the escape of the Greeks, a wounded old man tottered out, lead-

ing a little boy by the hand; these were Mauro Michali and his son—the only survivors.

So the first Greek struggle for freedom was crushed, chiefly through the bad faith of Catharine of Russia. The Greeks fell back, sore at heart, under the heel of their Turkish masters.



INTERIOR OF A MODERN GREEK HOTEL.

CHAPTER XLIX.

ALI PACHA, THE LION OF JANINA.

IN these times there lived, in the country called Albania (which is the Epirus of olden time), a wicked, bloodthirsty bandit, by name VELI. This Veli murdered his brothers, stole their property, robbed his neighbors, and so became the chief citizen of the village called Tepeleni. You see what sort of a country these Turks had made of Greece when a fellow like this could become a leading man.

Veli dying, the people of other villages hard by, no doubt in memory of his robberies, fell one dark night upon Tepeleni, robbed it, and carried off the women and children as slaves. Among others, they carried off Veli's widow, KHAMCO, his little son ALI, and his young daughter CHAINITZA; and, being rude, savage people, they treated these captives of theirs brutally, and shamefully insulted Khamco.

In course of time, the widow and her children were ransomed by a kind-hearted merchant, and went back to their old home. The boy Ali was bold and strong; his mother taught him to follow the trade of his father, which was that of a bandit, and taught him to fear nothing and to love no one. For Khamco was a woman of terrible energy; the insults she had suffered had made her heart as hard as stone; she had become, in truth, a perfect fiend.

Ali, growing up under the care of this mother, was famous for his boldness, and his strength, and his cruelty when he was only fourteen. The governor of a neighboring village, struck with his fine promise, gave him in marriage his daughter, a gentle girl named EMINEH, and undertook to push him forward in the world. He little knew the serpent he had taken to his breast.

When the rebellion which I described in the last chapter broke out, Ali advised his father-in-law to keep quiet, and not to join either side. The old man foolishly listened to him, on which Ali secretly denounced him to the Turks, and had his head cut off, hoping to be made governor in his place.

He did not get his reward, for the vacant governorship was given to another man, who, however, to make all pleasant, married Chainitza, Ali's sister. Chainitza was a true daughter of her mother; she took the first opportunity of murdering her husband, and then Ali won the prize. The pair—the brother and sister—now made a compact to stand by each other through life, and to strive for the mastery of Northern Greece.

First, Ali wanted to be head man at Tepeleni, as his father had been. He schemed and plotted a while, and gained a strong party in his favor; but as many of the people were against him as for him, and he saw that he could not succeed without a stratagem. He was in the habit of sleeping, after hunting, in a wood near the village. One of his friends, who had been taught his lesson by Ali, went to his chief enemies, and persuaded them to murder

him as he slept. The day was fixed; Ali's friend had shown the assassins where to lie in wait; all was ready. Just before the murderers arrived, Ali wrapped his cloak round a goat, tied its feet, and fastened it to the ground in the place where he had been accustomed to lie.

He had hardly got back to his hiding-place before the murderers crept up, and seeing, as they supposed, their victim fast asleep, sent half a dozen balls into the poor goat. Up sprang Ali and his men. The whole place was roused by the news that there had been an attempt to murder him; and before that day was done, the murderers were punished, Ali's enemies were killed or driven out of the place, and Ali was lord of Tepeleni.

The greatest town of those parts was Janina, or Joanina, which was not far distant from the site of the old Greek oracle of Dodona. It is now a poor town, too large for the people who live there; but in the days of Ali it contained fifty thousand souls, and several castles and mosques. Its governor was a faithful old man, who had ruled it for fifteen years. Ali resolved to oust him, and went about it in his usual crafty way. He hired robbers to plunder Janina and the country adjoining, then sent word to Constantinople that these robberies were due to the weakness of the governor. The Sultan was pondering the matter, when, suddenly, the old governor died; and so Ali became ruler of the place without bloodshed.

He was now the most powerful chief in Epirus; had an army well trained, and rich revenues. Just

at the time he became governor of Janina, his mother Khamco died. With her very last breath this terrible old woman adjured Ali to butcher the people of the villages where she had been insulted, and over her warm corpse Ali and his sister Chainitza swore solemnly not to rest till every one of the wretched villagers had been punished.

One of the villages—Tchornovo—was now within his reach. He marched against it suddenly—secretly—burst in at night, and butchered every living soul he could find. A few poor creatures escaped in the darkness to the hills; every one else was slain in the place. One man, who had held Khamco in slavery, Ali seized and gave to his faithful friend and lieutenant, YOUSEPH THE ARAB, who impaled the unhappy wretch, and, while he writhed on the stake, roasted him between two pots of burning coals.

Ali next tried to seize the dominions of a neighboring governor, IBRAHIM of Berat. Ibrahim, who was dreadfully afraid of his fighting neighbor, hired a tribe of Christians, called Suliots, to defend him. These Suliots were robbers, and made their living by plundering the Turks. They were, however, manly, bold fellows, who would, no doubt, have led honest lives if Greece had been free. They had been among the first to rise in rebellion when Pappas Oglou raised the cry of independence; and since then they had sent to Catharine of Russia to say that, if she would only give them powder and ball, they would fight to the death for the freedom of Greece. Catharine, who had said that all the

Greeks were heroes before the rebellion, sneered at them and reviled them when they had been crushed by the Turks through the folly and cowardice of her favorite Orloff; she flattered the Suliot envoys, but sent them home empty handed. So, instead of fighting for the independence of their country, they went on robbing as before.

Ali Pacha (this was his title as Turkish governor) soon heard that the Suliots were against him, and, to be beforehand with them, sent down an army to attack them in their home. They lived on the borders of the River Acheron. In the plain they had four villages and farms; and on the highest part of the rocky ridge, past which the river flows, they had a castle of great strength. When Ali's forces marched down, they found no Suliots in the plain. They had all taken refuge in their castle. To provoke them, the invaders burned their villages and farms. Roused by the light of their smoking homes, the Suliots dashed down from their crag, attacked Ali's army, and defeated it.

For two years after this the Lord of Janina let the Suliots alone; but, at the end of this time, feeling that he would never be master of Epirus so long as these turbulent robbers remained free, he marched against them again. On the way, he sent word to their leading men that he was not going to disturb *them;* he was going to punish another tribe, and would they be good enough to help him with a few men?

One of their bravest chiefs, TZAVELLAS, suspecting nothing, joined Ali with seventy bold Suliots,

who were, of course, seized and sent prisoners to Janina. To Tzavellas Ali offered great rewards if he would betray his countrymen.

Tzavellas said that he was only one chief out of many; but if Ali would let him return to Suli and consult with his friends, perhaps he might make an arrangement with them.

Ali let him go, keeping his young son PHOTO TZAVELLAS as a hostage. As soon as the father was out of Ali's reach, he sent him a letter in which he said,

"I have deceived you, and I am now going to defend my country against you. I know that my son must perish, but he will be avenged. If he is not prepared to die for his country, young as he is, he does not deserve to live, nor is he worthy of the name of a Greek. Come on, traitor: I long for revenge!"

Ali, bursting with rage, made a fierce attack upon the castle of Suli. But Tzavellas and his men fought so desperately, their very wives and daughters rolling down huge stones upon the heads of the besiegers, that Ali lost nearly his whole army, and ran away in bitter disgrace, to hide his head in Janina. This put an end for the present to Ali's hopes of crushing the Suliots.

He very soon had work to do elsewhere. Education was spreading throughout Greece, and every young man, as he grew up, was filled with ideas of setting his country free. A society was formed, called the HETERIA, or Society of Friends, whose members were pledged to stand by each other when the

great tussle came. One of the best men of Greece, RHIGAS, gave up his whole thoughts to the work of teaching his countrymen, and preparing their minds for freedom: he wrought year after year, scattering books, founding schools, forming plans of rebellion, until, one unlucky day, he fell into the hands of the treacherous Austrians, who chained him, and gave him up to the Turks, in spite of his earnest prayers that he might be allowed to die among Christians. At Belgrade the Turks led him out to execution. He was a strong man; at the scaffold he burst his cords, seized a sword, and laid two of his guards dead; but he was quickly mastered, beheaded, and thrown into the Danube.

There were very few men in Greece like Rhigas; but there were thousands ready to rebel. Whenever Ali Pacha heard of any of these, he dashed down upon them, as he said, to "punish their insolence," burned their villages, massacred all who ventured to resist, impaled or roasted the leaders, and sold the women and children into slavery. For which gallant deeds the government of the Sultan honored him with the title of the Lion.

This enables you to see what sort of people these Turks were: you must remember that these horrible deeds were done, and Ali thus rewarded for them, while General Washington was President of the United States.

The only places which Ali could not ravage were those around Suli; and once more, in the year eighteen hundred, he resolved to try to crush the Suliots. He raised an army of twenty thousand men—the

Suliots never had more than some three thousand—and he bought one of the leaders, GEORGIO BOTZARIS, who, for a large bribe, stole all the powder and ball of the tribe, and carried it over to Ali. Now, thought the Lord of Janina, they shall not escape me.

The Suliot leaders were Photo Tzavellas (whom Ali, as you remember, had once held as a hostage, and whose life he had spared through an odd whim) and a monk, whose name was SAMUEL, but who was known by the strange name of THE LAST JUDGMENT. These two men marshaled the Suliots, and when Ali came down, fought him, and were not beaten.

Ali resolved, as he could not storm the place, to starve out the garrison. He encamped round Suli, and sealed it up. The Suliots lay quiet in their rocky fortress, far above the besiegers. When winter came, Ali had pressing business in the north, and was out of patience with the siege. He sent to the Suliots to propose to give them land in any other part of the country, and to let them live without paying taxes, if they would only yield up their castle to him.

"Ali Pacha," said they in reply, "we salute you. Our country is dearer, far dearer to us than gold, or the happiest lands you have; you shall never purchase our liberty save with the heart's blood of the last of the Suliots."

Ali was beside himself with rage, and drew his lines still closer round the castle on the crag. The garrison began to suffer dreadfully. They had so little water that they used to lower sponges over the

walls with strings into the clefts of the rocks beneath, to suck up a few drops; and for food, they ate bark, acorns, and grass boiled with a little meal. Their limbs withered, their eyes sunk into their heads; they looked like moving spectres. But even then they never once—men or women—thought of surrendering.

Nor did their spirits even sink. One day, an ass which belonged to them strayed outside, and was caught by the Turks. They sent a messenger to treat for its restoration, promising to give the Turks full value for it. The ass was sent back; upon which the Suliots returned a Turk whom they had taken prisoner, saying that they supposed he was about equal in value to the ass.

After two years close siege, Ali was obliged to march away to the north to crush out some rebels who were threatening him at home. This done, he returned to Suli; but the Suliots had obtained plenty of provisions and ammunition in the mean time, and were harder to beat than ever. After some fighting, Ali offered to make peace with them provided they would give him up their gallant young leader, Photo Tzavellas. The Suliots were tired of the war, and, latterly, they had grown enormously fond of the monk whom they called the Last Judgment: to their eternal disgrace, they gave up their brave chief and agreed to a peace.

The moment Ali had Tzavellas in his possession, he offered him any thing and every thing to betray his countrymen, and help him to seize the castle. Tzavellas refused all his offers. Ali pressing him

all the more, he agreed to go to Suli to see what could be done, promising faithfully to return to Janina.

He no sooner arrived at Suli than he called his countrymen together, and told them all that Ali had proposed to him, warning them earnestly to put no faith or trust in his promises, and never, on any account, to be thrown off their guard by so perfidious a wretch. Having said this, he turned to go away. His friends and his people hung round him, imploring his pardon for what they had done, and beseeching him to stay with them. But he, very much astonished, asked,

"Did I not promise the Pacha to return to Janina?"

And he started off directly, and kept his word. Ali, soon learning what he had said to his countrymen, thrust him into prison and loaded him with chains.

Once more the siege began. Ali had gathered a larger army than ever, and shut the castle up on every side. The Last Judgment was now the chief of the garrison; he was brave, certainly, but he was crazy on some points, and a dreary old man at best. He would not let the Suliots sally forth to attack the besiegers, but kept telling them, in a besotted manner, that they had only to keep quiet, and a destroying angel would rid them of their enemies. So, with the help of this bad management, and the aid of a miserable traitor who sold his soul for ten purses, Ali at last got a small band of men into the castle, and mastered it. The Last Judgment held

out for a while in a strong building; but, having no water, he was forced to yield at the end of five days, and the Pacha's officers took possession.

When they met the wild priest, one of the officers said to him,

"And now, monk, what punishment do you think the Pacha has prepared for you, who are in his power?"

"He can not punish one," replied the Last Judgment, in a solemn, hoarse voice, "who thus shows his contempt for death." And, so saying, he fired his pistol into a barrel of gunpowder, and blew up the building, burying himself and the Turks in the ruins.

Ali had promised solemnly to give new lands to the Suliots; but he no sooner held the castle which had defied him so long, than he gave orders to hunt down and slaughter the fugitives. A few escaped, among whom was Tzavellas; but the greater number were butchered with unheard-of tortures. A band of Suliot women, chased by the ravenous Turks, clambered up a rocky height on the border of the Acheron, carrying their young children on their backs. From the top they saw on one side their pursuers watching for them, on the other the roaring torrent rolling to the sea. They gave their babes one kiss, and threw them over the precipice; then, singing a wild dirge in chorus, and joining hands, they sprang from the rock one by one, until the last of the band was buried in the torrent and whirled onward to the sea.

Ali got more honors and more titles from the Sul-

tan in consequence of this achievement; and by murdering his neighbors and seizing their towns unawares, still farther extended his power. The English and French were at war at the time. Ali contrived to make each believe in turn that he was their best friend, and got help from them when he needed it.

Among other places, he laid hands on Gardiki, which was the other village (Tchornovo he had already punished, as you remember) where his mother had been a slave. He had just entered it, when he received a letter from his sister:

"The hour of vengeance has at last arrived," said this daughter of Khamco. "You are unworthy the name of a man or a brother if you forget the oath you swore over the dead body of our mother. If you are the son of Khamco, you will not leave a man alive in the place; you may leave to me the women and children. I shall never rest on any other bed than one that shall be stuffed with the hair of Gardikiot girls."

Ali was very worthy indeed of the name of brother to this fiend. There was a stone inclosure near the village in which cattle were usually kept; he asked the Gardikiots to assemble there, in order to deliberate on their future plans. When they were all inside, he rode round the inclosure to see that none could escape. Then riding to his soldiers, he gave the word—kill!

The Turks grounded their arms, and said resolutely that they were soldiers, not butchers. A regiment of Albanians pretended not to hear the order,

and marched away. The Pacha's face grew purple with rage. Just then a gang of Greek traitors offered to do the work. They climbed the wall of the inclosure, and, taking cool aim, fired upon the poor creatures within. Ali stationed men below them, outside, to hand them loaded guns, and rode round listening to the shrieks, and the groans, and the sobs, until all was silent within. Near seven hundred good men were thus brutally murdered.

The women were given to Chainitza, as she had wished. Their heads were shorn, and her cushions

GREEK PEASANT WOMAN.

stuffed with their hair; then this abominable wretch tore their clothes off with her own hands, and sent them out into the woods to shiver and starve. She dared any one to give food or covering to the daughters of Gardiki. And so greatly was she feared, that no one braved her; the unhappy women wandered through the woods without clothing or food for several days, till even Ali relented, and had them all seized and sold as slaves. This was only forty-four years ago.

I am very happy to say that the Turks, who had abetted this monster in so many of his crimes, had heart enough to object to this one. Of course, they did not think of punishing so able an officer as Ali for the massacre of a few Greeks, but they wrote him cold letters, and it soon became known that he was out of favor.

In the course of a year or two the Sultan resolved to dismiss him. But Ali was on the alert. Every messenger who arrived in Greece with orders for his dismissal, was caught before he arrived at Janina, and put out of the way. Thus for four or five years the Turkish government was in the ridiculous position of being unable to get rid of a Pacha because they couldn't send him a letter to say they didn't want his services any more.

In the year one thousand eight hundred and twenty, the Sultan, worn out, and tired of writing letters, issued a decree declaring Ali Pacha an outlaw.

Every body hated the wretch so much that, at the approach of an army from Constantinople, his dominions fell away from him like a house built of

cards. He shut himself up in his castle in the lake by Janina, and boasted that the Turks would find the Bear of Pindus yet alive. With his young and beautiful wife VASILIKI (his first wife he had frightened to death by firing a pistol at her), and a few faithful servants, he waited for the Turks in a tower he had built adjoining his castle. It could only be entered by a drawbridge, which he kept drawn up. In the highest story he lived himself, with his wife and servants; the story below contained his treasures; and below this, again, was a powder magazine, which he had sworn to blow up if the Turks tried to take the tower by assault. So here he thought he was pretty safe.

But he who had deceived so many men was deceived at last. KURCHID PACHA, the Turkish general, offered him a safe home if he would yield to him. Ali was simple enough to believe him, and, according to his instructions, went to an unfortified island in the lake to meet the Pacha, and waited in a pleasure-house.

Kurchid's officer, HASSAN, with a party of men, entered the room where he was, and presented to him his sentence of death.

"Stop!" cried Ali: "what is this you bring me?"

"The order of the Sultan for your head," replied the officer. "Obey the decree of Fate; make your ablutions."

"The head of Ali," said the old chief, "is not so easily won;" and, drawing a brace of pistols, he shot Hassan and another officer dead on the spot.

A general fight followed, and in the melée Ali was struck down by a mortal wound in the side.

"Run," said he to a faithful servant at his side, "and put to death my beautiful Vasiliki, that she may follow me to the tomb."

These were his last words. His head was cut off, and sent to adorn the seraglio at Constantinople, according to Turkish custom; his body was buried by his faithful Vasiliki, who really loved him.

If you visit the island on the lake, you will be shown the room where he died; the blood has been washed away, but the floor is still furrowed by the balls that were fired in his death-struggle.

CHAPTER L.

THE WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

PROVIDENCE, working out its great ends by unseen means, turns even wretches to good account.

Ali Pacha, monster as he was, helped Greece perhaps more than any other man could have done; for, when the Turks made war upon him, he called the Greeks to arms, and the Turks did the same on their side; and so the Greeks, who cared nothing about Ali and his disputes, found themselves in the field, with arms in their hands, just at the very best moment for striking a blow for their independence.

The first attempt was very near ruining them; once more through the treachery of the Emperor of Russia.

ALEXANDER IPSILANTI, a Russian officer, and the head of the revolutionary society called the Heteria, which I have mentioned already, raised the standard of revolt in the north. To his side came the most ardent Greeks, among others a regiment called the Sacred Band, consisting of young Greeks who had been educated abroad: they wore a black uniform; their crest was a death's head and cross-bones; their motto that of the old Spartans—"Either bearing my shield or borne upon it."

The Emperor ALEXANDER of Russia had prom-

ised to help the Greeks when the time came; but when Ipsilanti sent him word that now was the time, he changed his mind, and said he would have nothing to say to them. So the Turks came out in great force, and attacked and scattered brave Ipsilanti's little army, sending him to die a prisoner in an Austrian dungeon, and leaving only twenty-five of the Sacred Band to tell the tale.

So once more the Greeks saw they had nothing to hope from Russia.

But from the Turks they had a great deal of help; for the moment the idea of a revolution in Greece was noised about, the Turks went mad from rage and spite, and fell upon the Greeks wherever they found them. In the city of Constantinople, bands of ruffians beset the houses of the Greeks. Whenever a Greek came out to buy food for his family, they shot him down, and left him where he lay. When so many dead Greeks lay in the streets of Constantinople that the corpses poisoned the air, the Turkish ruffians burst into several of the largest Greek houses, and slew every living thing they contained, hacking and hewing the corpses, and only sparing such young girls as were beautiful, and would fetch a high price in the slave-market.

On Easter morning, the Greek Bishop of Constantinople, a pious and venerable old man named GREGORIOS, was seized by a Turkish mob as he was coming out of his church, and hanged at the church door in his priestly robes. When his body was cut down, the Turks gave it to some villainous Jews, who dragged it through the streets till the poor

white head was all bedabbled with mud, then threw it into the harbor like offal.

Like deeds were done in all the Turkish cities. In every city in the East the Greeks were and are the most industrious and the most prosperous people, the Turks being in general an idle, unthrifty race. All these industrious Greeks were now mobbed and hunted down like wild beasts, the grown men murdered, the priests hanged, the women and children sold as slaves. The ditch outside some walled cities ran with Greek blood. Every Greek was killed at Smyrna, and in many towns which the Greeks had built up by their trade not a single Greek family was left.

I am amazed myself when I remember that these shocking infamies were perpetrated in the sight of Christian America and Europe, and that no hand was raised to punish the bloody Turks.

But in Greece they roused the people as one man. An aged archbishop headed the revolt in the Morea. MARK BOTZARIS was up and doing in the north. Throughout Greece there was but one cry, "Now or never!" With what arms they had—with old, rusty firelocks, with broken swords, with kitchen knives, with spades, and hard wooden pikes—they rose. They had no money; they had no provisions, no ammunition, nothing but spirit; but that was enough.

There was a battle fought at a place called Valtezza, in the Morea, and the Turks were beaten. And there was a battle fought at the pass of Thermopylæ, and a brave Greek named ODYSSEUS, or

Ulysses, beat a Turkish army ten times as numerous as his own, just as in olden time Leonidas, the Spartan, had stood his ground against a far superior force of Persians at the same place.

Then the Greek general COLOCOTRONI laid siege to the Turkish capital of the Morea, Tripolizza. It was full of Turks, and the walls were strong; worst of all, Colocotroni had no artillery. But Colocotroni shut the Turks up so closely that very soon their great numbers were a terrible injury to them: their provisions gave out. Even then the Turkish commander was mad and brutal enough to hang eighty Christian priests in a row on the battlements, in sight of the besiegers. It was very soon after this that the Turks let the Greeks approach the wall to sell them grapes. The Greeks, seeing the chance, scaled the wall, threw themselves into the place, and took it.

I am very sorry to say—though I confess I am not surprised—that the Greeks took a terrible vengeance on the Turks in Tripolizza, butchering them, old and young, in a ferocious manner, and turning the town into a vast charnel-house. But I would not like to answer for the conduct of any army whose friends and whose priests had been dealt with by their enemy as those of the Greeks had been by the Turks.

Thus masters of the greater part of their country, the Greeks held a congress at Epidaurus, and declared their independence, calling God to witness that, "despite the inhuman barbarity of the Turks, the Greek nation existed still." They chose one of

their best men, MAVROCORDATO, to take the head of their government, and sent to all the powers of Europe and to the United States to beseech aid.

No help came; but the Turks, as if to shame the foreign world, again showed how unworthy they were to exist as a nation.

SCIO was the loveliest of the islands of the Ægean. Its people were industrious, polished, and refined. They were perhaps the happiest, and among the best of the Greeks. Caring little for fighting, they were traders, and farmers, and men of learning; they sent fleets to sea, and trained their vines, and pressed their olives, and built cottages, and churches, and beautiful villas, and lived from year to year knowing nothing of the wars that raged around them. The men were handsome, the girls beautiful; all over the East the wish of young men was for a Sciot wife.

When the war broke out, the Sciots held aloof, as was their custom; but some Samians, landing there, attacked the Turkish garrison, which sent in all haste to Constantinople for help.

Up sailed a great Turkish fleet, under the command of KARA ALI, and landed an army on the island. The Sciots were very penitent, and reminded the Turks how long they had lived peacefully, and how much tribute they paid to Constantinople.

Kara Ali said that he remembered it all very well. He was sure he did not mean any harm to his good friends the Sciots, whom he really liked very much indeed. Only let them give up their arms, and he and they would be the best friends in the world.

The Sciots believed him, and gave up their arms. That instant Kara Ali let loose his men, with the old Turkish command—kill!

I am sure your heart sickens at the old story.

Twenty-five thousand Sciots were butchered; so many women and children were sold that the price of slaves fell one half in all the Eastern slave-markets; the whole of the beautiful island was laid waste, vines plucked up, groves burned down, gardens ravaged, and houses burned. When Kara Ali went on board his ship to sail away, there was not a living thing visible on the Sciot shore—nothing but ashes, blood-stains, corpses, and a deathly silence overhanging all.

But a just GOD avenged Scio. Two months afterward, Kara Ali was on board his flag-ship off the island. A gallant Greek, CONSTANTINE CANARIS, volunteered to steer a fire-ship into the Turkish fleet.

At midnight, a fair wind blowing, Canaris steered his ship straight at the three-decker which bore Kara Ali's flag. With his own hands he fastened the grappling irons, set fire to the pitch and sulphur, and rowed off safely in his boat, shouting through the dark night as he passed under the stern of the three-decker, "Victory to the Cross!" The Turks, startled from their sleep, made vain efforts to tear off the grappling irons. They held firm; and in a few minutes the flames roared and hissed up the rigging of the Turk, sped along the deck, and crept down the hatches. The sight of that pillar of fire lighting up the narrow strait was awful; and more awful still

the scene on board the burning ship, in which two thousand three hundred souls were crowded. Kara Ali, standing on the half-burned deck, swore a great oath that he would not leave his ship. His officers seized him, and dragged him by force into a boat; but, as they were putting off, the blazing mast of the three-decker fell hissing athwart the boat, and dealt a mortal wound to Kara Ali. He just lived to reach the shore of Scio, and died among the ruins he had made.

Canaris was a hero indeed. Hard by Tenedos, off the coast of Asia, lay the Turkish fleet, waiting for some new chance to repeat the deed done at Scio. One day, the sailors saw a strange sight at sea. Two vessels under Turkish colors were being chased by two Greek ships: the Turks were crowding all sail to gain protection of the fleet. On board the fleet, every man shouted and cheered on the Turks, and some got ready to go out and protect them. But this was not necessary. The Turkish ships sailed straight into the harbor, and the Greeks sheered off.

The larger of the two vessels which bore Turkish colors steered straight for the Admiral's ship.

"No doubt," said the Turkish seamen, "he bears dispatches;" and they stood gazing while the strange vessel ran straight alongside the Admiral's ship, and grappled fast to her rigging and bulwarks. Then the Turks saw a flash, and a spurt of flame, and they heard the clear voice of Constantine Canaris shout above the whistling of the wind, "Turks, you are burned as at Scio!"

The false Turk was a fire-ship. Canaris was

passing under her stern to escape in his skiff, when he saw that the wind had blown the fire out. Quick as thought, he put the helm up, dashed back, leaped on board, relit the fire, and again sprang into his skiff in safety, and made his way out of the harbor. Just as he was at the mouth, he turned round to look. There was the great Turkish man-of-war all in smoke and flame; next minute she blew up with such a shock that the earth trembled for miles round.

I should like to tell you of the many gallant deeds and of the stirring scenes that have made this Greek war famous. How MAHMOUD PACHA, with twenty thousand Turks, was set upon by Colocotroni and IPSILANTI with five thousand Greeks, and slowly worn out, and beaten again and again, and his great army at last finished; how Mark Botzaris and Mavrocordato fought like lions in the north, always counting it play till the Turks were at least five to one; how the Turks besieged Missolonghi with a vast force, twenty to one of the Greeks, and were beaten back, and lost thousands of men.

Also how, after all these glorious victories won by the Greeks, without money, without any stable government, and without help from abroad, Fortune began to turn against them at last; how bold Mark Botzaris, with three thousand Greeks, took the sacrament, fell upon twenty-five thousand Turks at dead of night, crying to his followers, "If you miss me, look for me at the Pacha's tent," spread havoc throughout the Turkish army, slew and took prisoners several thousand of them, but was killed himself in the hour of victory; how brave Odys-

seus fell into the hands of the Turks, was imprisoned in the Acropolis at Athens, and was found one morning outside the rock, stark and stiff, and much bruised, having been thrown over by the brutal Turks; how the Sultan sent to the Morea IBRAHIM PACHA, a man without a heart at all, who, with an army of Egyptians, swept the south of Greece, beating the Greeks wherever they showed themselves—taking no prisoners, but putting all the grown men to death, after cutting off their ears to send to Constantinople; often firing his prisoners out of great cannons, or blowing their heads off with powder forced into the mouth; and opening a new market for slaves, which he stocked so plentifully with fair Greek girls that a pretty child of fifteen could be bought for a few dollars. How RESCHID PACHA laid siege again to Missolonghi with an overwhelming army, and sent for Ibrahim to join him; and how the garrison, after destroying twice their number of Turks, and enduring unspeakable agony from cold, hunger, and disease, dressed their women in men's clothes, and dashed out one dark night and cut their way through the Turks, losing three fourths of their little band in the deadly struggle; how Athens, after being bravely defended by an Englishman, GENERAL CHURCH, was at last surrendered to the Turks; and how, finally, nearly all Greece again fell into their hands.

But you must look for the history of these memorable scenes in larger books than this.

The Sultan was rubbing his hands at the prospect of dealing with all Greece as he had dealt with

Scio; and his servant Ibrahim was doing a brisk business in packages of ears in the Morea, when, one day, the DUKE OF WELLINGTON had a short conversation with the new Emperor of Russia, NICHOLAS, about the affairs of Greece. The result of this conversation was a message from England, France, and Russia to the Sultan.

They said that they thought the war had gone on long enough; and would his majesty the Sultan be good enough to make peace, to put a stop to Ibrahim's butcheries, and take back Greece as a province of Turkey, and let her people have some small share in the management of their own affairs?

The Sultan answered that words failed him to express his indignation at the insolence of the three Powers. The Greeks were his subjects, he said, and he would treat them as he chose.

The three Powers made a very humble answer, entreating the Sultan to listen to reason, and to put an end to Ibrahim's wholesale butcheries. But he would not even listen to them.

Then said they, "We do not wish in the least degree to interfere with your majesty's kingdom, or to hurt your majesty's feelings; but if your majesty positively will not stop the butcher Ibrahim, we shall have to do it ourselves."

The Sultan's contempt for this last appeal was so great that he treated it with silence.

Ibrahim had a fleet lying in the Bay of Navarino (the very place where the Athenians had beaten the Spartans in the old Peloponnesian war); to the mouth of that bay a fleet of English, French, and

Russian ships sailed, and sent to Ibrahim to ask whether he would be so good as to suspend operations for a little while, and cut off no more ears, and blow no more men out of cannon for a few days, just to give the Sultan time to reflect?

Ibrahim answered that he had no orders to receive except from his master.

Then the allied fleet sailed into the bay, SIR EDWARD CODRINGTON leading the van in the British flag-ship. As soon as he had dropped anchor, Sir Edward sent a boat, with an officer and a flag of truce, to the Turkish admiral's ship, in order to try argument once more; but the Turks fancied the boat was going to board them, and fired upon it, and killed the officer.

Then the battle began, at about half past two in the afternoon. It raged till near nightfall, and only stopped when the whole Turkish fleet was utterly destroyed. I shouldn't wonder if some of the brave Englishmen and Frenchmen who fought in that battle of Navarino rammed their shot home the more heartily, and battered the Turks with the more zest, when they thought of the massacres of Scio and Smyrna, and of the cruelty of the ear-cropping Ibrahim. I confess, myself, I think one might have relished a shot at the bloodthirsty Turks without being much of a fighting character.

You may suppose, perhaps, that after this lesson the Sultan was more reasonable. Not a whit. When the allies sent to ask what his mind was now, he answered,

"The Sultan's positive, absolute, definitive, un-

changeable, eternal answer is, that Turkey will persist in working its own will on the Greeks till the Day of Judgment."

And he sent a bill in to England, France, and Russia for the value of the fleet destroyed at Navarino.

Of course, with a man whose head was of this thickness, hard knocks were the only argument that could be of any use. So, Ibrahim showing a tendency to loiter in the Morea, fifteen thousand Frenchmen were landed to quicken his memory; upon which he went away, and never came back.

Then England, and France, and Russia agreed to acknowledge the independence of Greece; and so the Turkish yoke was thrown off forever.

CHAPTER LI.

GREECE IN OUR TIME.

WHEN the war was over, and Greece was free, the Greeks elected a new president, COUNT CAPO D'ISTRIAS, and began to set matters straight for their future career as a nation.

But the three Powers, Russia, England, and France, did not like the names of presidents, and electors, and republics. They said, If the Greeks wanted to get along in the world, why didn't they set up a monarchy, with a king, and a court, and all the other respectable institutions which the English, and the Russians, and the French had?

The Greeks said that they had no doubt these institutions were very fine and very grand, but they didn't happen to want them.

"Oh! but," said the three Powers, "you must have them, whether you want them or no."

So the great men of the three Powers laid their heads together and began to look about for a king for Greece. As they were all three jealous of each other, no Englishman, or Frenchman, or Russian would suit; but they bethought themselves of PRINCE LEOPOLD OF SAXE-COBURG, a very fine young man, of a very noble family, who had nothing particular to do at the time, and they asked him, Would he go and be King of Greece?

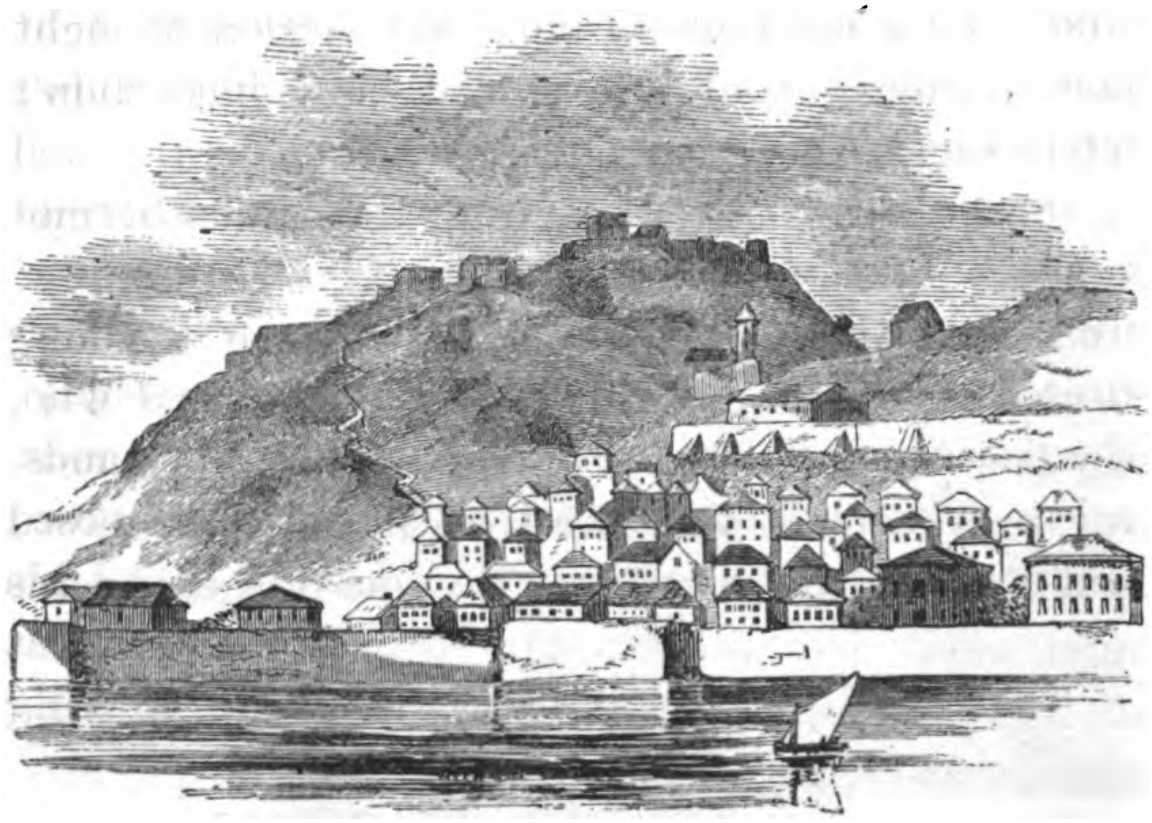
Prince Leopold asked what the Greeks thought on that matter; and finding that the Greeks didn't want him, or any other foreigner either, he thanked the three Powers, and said, No; he would rather not be King of Greece.

Then the three Powers stumbled upon a young Bavarian prince, whose name was OTHO, and who, like Leopold, had a good deal of time on his hands, and being the son of a king, was, of course, supposed to be born to reign. He, when he was asked his mind, never troubled himself about the Greeks at all, but said directly, Oh yes; he would be king with great pleasure.

Capo D'Istrias, the President, had just been murdered. He was a very able man, and perhaps meant well; but he had an idea—which I believe other rulers have sometimes had—that he knew what was good for the Greeks a great deal better than they did, and that they had best leave the government to him, and mind their own business. This not suiting some of the fiery men of the south, who had fought and bled for Greek freedom, two of the Mauromichali family fell upon him as he was going to church, and stabbed and shot him.

As he was out of the way, the three Powers resolved to waste no more time, but sent young Otho to Nauplia, in Greece, to be crowned.

He was just fifteen when he became king; and to take care of him, his father, the King of Bavaria, gave him a number of German tutors and counselors, and a number of German officers and soldiers, and a number of German servants as well, all of



NAUPLIA, FROM THE BAY.

whom were paid and kept in great state by the poor little kingdom of Greece.

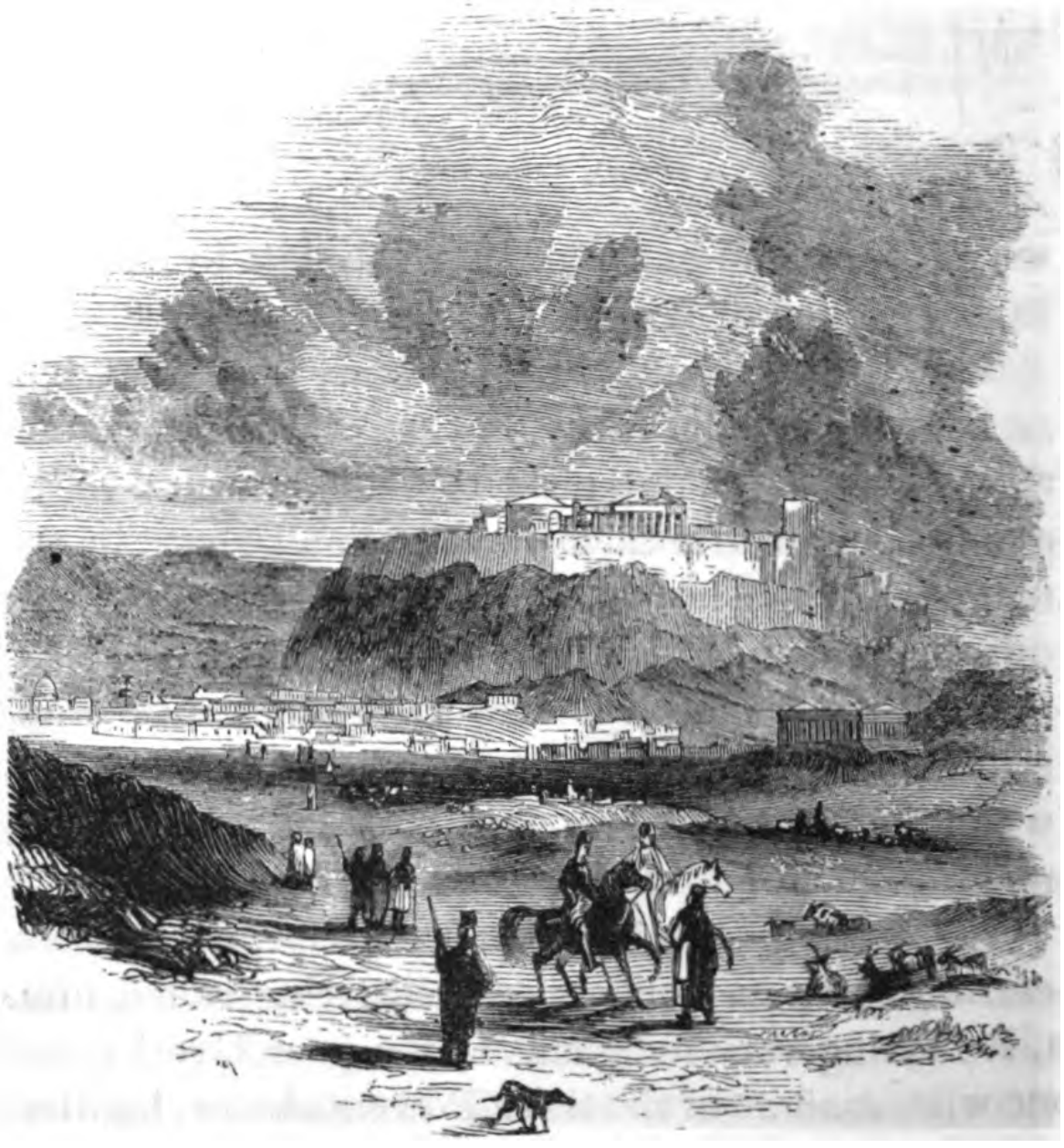
The Greeks said when he came that they had rather he had staid away, but as he was there, and they supposed he intended to remain, would he be good enough to let them have a small share in the making of their laws and the administering of their own government?

Otho answered, in a very mild and gentle way, that his father and his other friends didn't think that would be good for them, and would they go away, and not make any more noise and trouble?

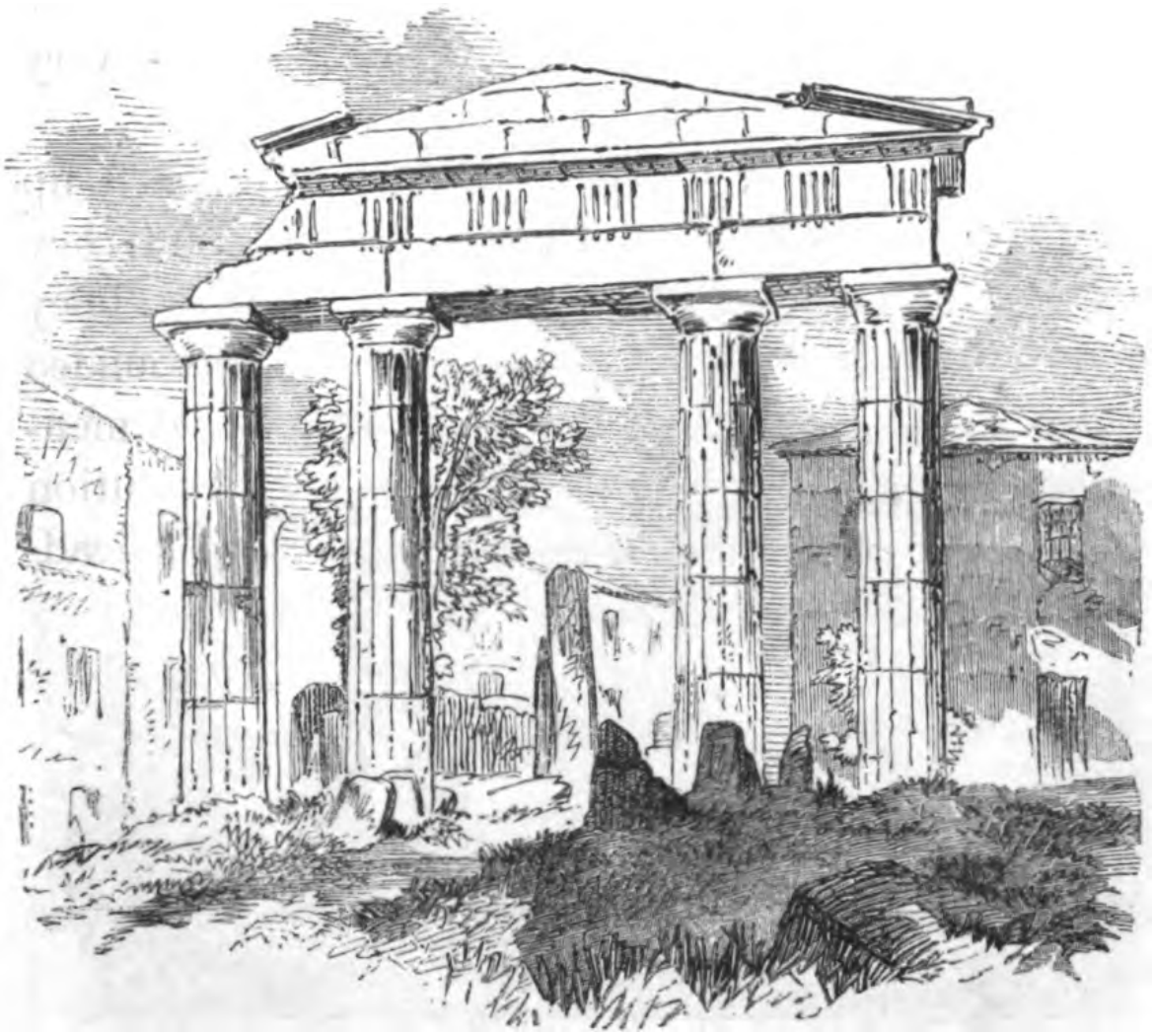
His German ministers, and his German officers, and his German soldiers, all clustering round him, and looking very indignant at the poor Greeks, and the embassadors of the three Powers also saying that the conduct of the Greeks was shameful, and what

would they want next?—the brave leaders of the Greek people shrunk away to their homes very wretched and down-hearted.

One day, ten years after that, they plucked up courage to renew their request. This time they were not so humble or so easily frightened. They collected together in a great crowd, and surrounded the palace, and shouted in a very angry and menacing manner that they must have a Constitution and a share in the government. One of their lead-



VIEW OF ATHENS.



GATE OF THE NEW AGORA.

ers, a bold Greek named CALLERGES, actually sat astride of a cannon which was pointed toward the palace.

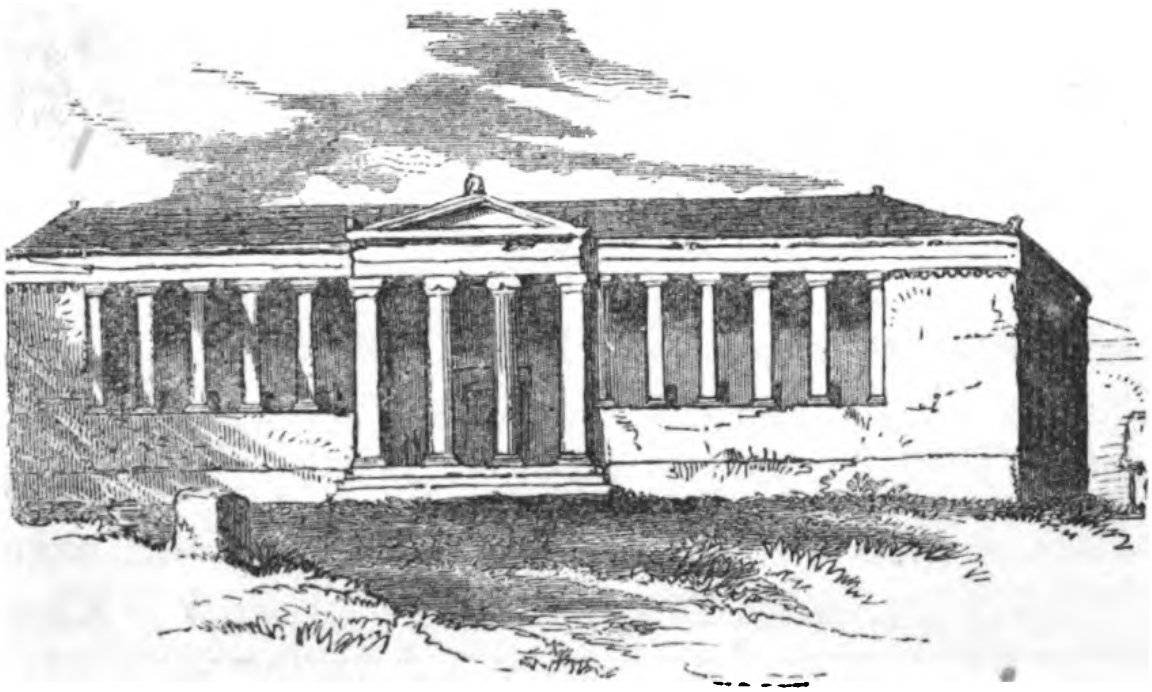
King Otho at first said, in his old, mild way, that he could not think of granting the prayer of the people. But his wife AMELIA entreating him with tears to yield, and some of his German friends, with very white cheeks, leading him to the window, and showing him the angry people swaying to and fro like a sea, and the cannon, with fierce Callerges astride of it, his eye fixed sternly on the palace, and the gunner with match lit at his side, his majesty thought better of it, and gave way.

A HOUSE IN MODERN ATHENS.

So the Greeks got their Constitution. It is a very good one. The Legislature, which is chosen by universal suffrage, makes what laws it chooses, and holds the purse of the nation. The Germans have been got rid of, and are not likely to return. King Otho still reigns; he is a foolish, frivolous man, who spends a great deal of money in gayeties and pleasure, and is not at all loved by the Greeks. One main reason why they dislike him is that he is a Roman Catholic, and a very bigoted one, while they belong to the Greek Church. He has no children; his successor is to be another Bavarian prince, who is to belong to the Greek Church.

The modern Greeks are about equal in number to the people of Massachusetts, having doubled within a few years. They are enterprising and successful traders. Their ships are doing all the carrying trade in the Mediterranean; their merchants are among the richest and most honorable in Europe. Education is as carefully provided for in Modern Greece as it was in old Athens; I do not know where to find better schools than some of those which Greek boys attend, or for a better university, in many respects, than that which is established at Athens.

So you see there is hope yet for dear old Greece.



UNIVERSITY OF OTHO, AT ATHENS.

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